

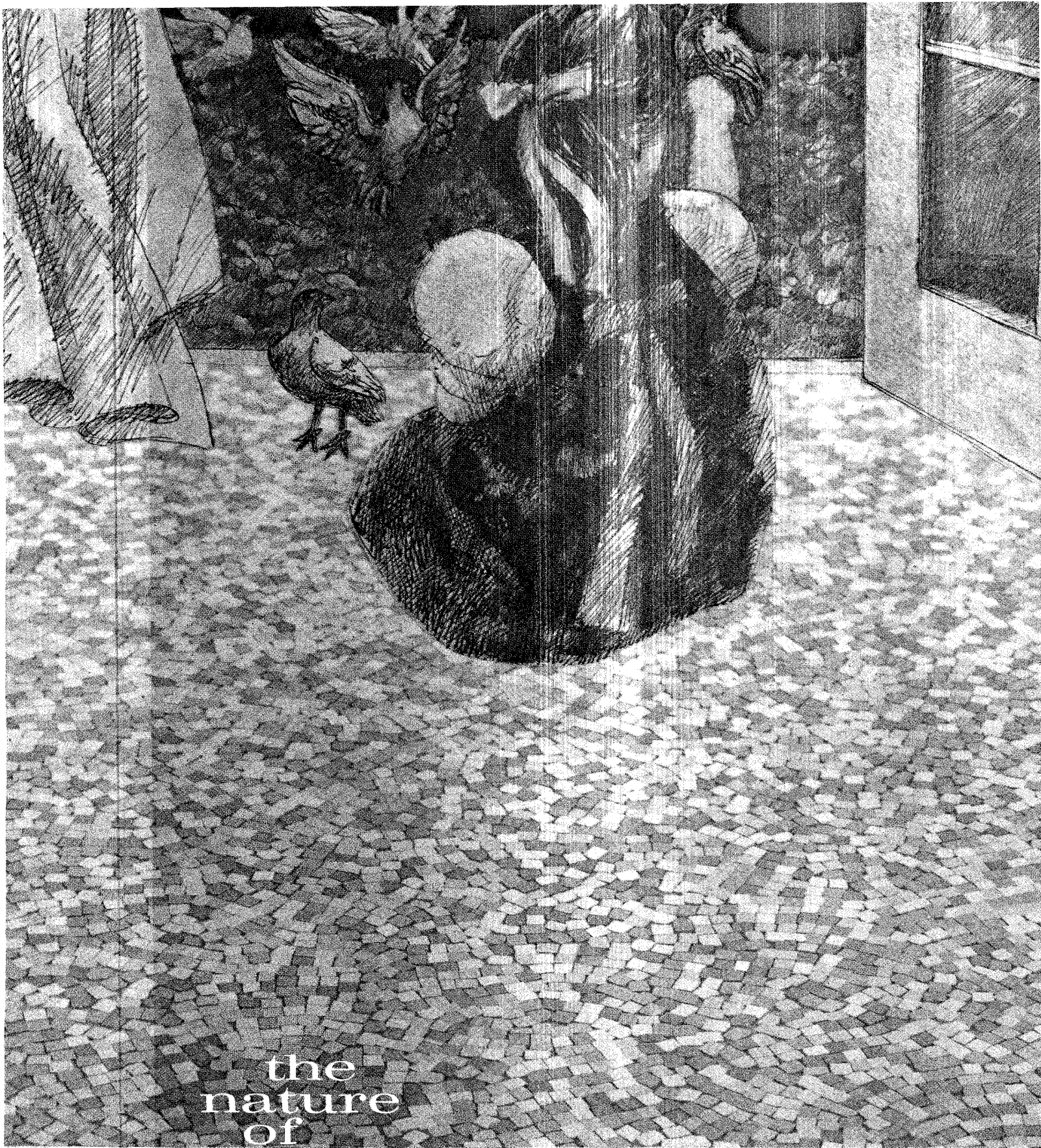
June 4, 1960

THE

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NEW YORKER





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. There is a hint of an Equity strike in the air at this writing, so it would be wise to keep an eye on the newspapers.)

PLAYS

THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL—A forthright courtroom battle in which Robert Burr and Albert Dekker lock horns for the life of Herbert Berghof, who plays a Civil War commandant accused of slaughtering Northern prisoners. Pungent, skin-deep stuff, directed by José Ferrer and written by Saul Levitt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE BEST MAN—Gore Vidal's lively and provocative presentation of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. Melvyn Douglas (upstanding) and Frank Lovejoy (amoral) are the rivals for the nomination, and they do well, as does Lee Tracy, cast as a former President who doesn't mind principles as long as they don't hurt the Party. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DUEL OF ANGELS—Giraudoux on promiscuity and chastity, in a translation by Christopher Fry. The burden of the argument is carried by Vivien Leigh and Mary Ure, who speak the lines imperturbably. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Sunday evening, June 5, with a benefit for the Actors' Fund.)

FIVE FINGER EXERCISE—Peter Shaffer, the author of this London success, invites us to look at an English middle-class family from at least ten points of view, five of them discreditable. Roland Culver and Jessica Tandy are Pater and Mater, Brian Bedford is their mixed-up son, and Michael Bryant is the German tutor who upsets the lot of them. Hard, bright brilliance all the way. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

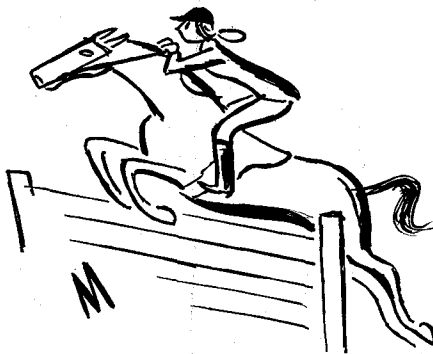
THE MIRACLE WORKER—Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Anne Bancroft is the teacher who rescues her. They are both splendid, but their author, William Gibson, can sometimes be a whimsical bore. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE TENTH MAN—A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. Long on ornate dialogue but short on solid thought. Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi manage sporadically to invest the proceedings with a bit of vivacity. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A THURBER CARNIVAL—Some folk prefer Paul Ford and others prefer Tom Ewell; it doesn't really matter, since they're both equally hilarious in this happy Thurberian anthology, which features the Master in all his phases from dog drawer to near-novella writer. Burgess Meredith directed. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOYS IN THE ATTIC—Maureen Stapleton, a spinster sister, is sensually attracted to her brother, Jason Robards, Jr., and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family about whom Lillian Hellman has written this confused but stirring play. Also with Irene Worth. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—A MAJORITY OF ONE: Cedric Hard-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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wicke and Gertrude Berg in a tale about a Japanese millionaire who finds his own true love in a Jewish widow. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 25.) ... **A RAISIN IN THE SUN:** Lorraine Hansberry's family play about Negro life in Chicago. Frances Williams, Ossie Davis, and Ruby Dee lead the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

BYE BYE BIRDIE—One of the season's happiest surprises: a musical comedy that is both comical and musical. Starring Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke, it has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart, plus dazzling direction by Gower Champion. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FINIAN'S RAINBOW—Jeannie Carson in a revival of the E. Y. Harburg-Fred Saidy-Burton Lane musical. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FIORIELLO!—The Little Flower transplanted to the stage with appropriate vigor. La Guardia's early career has been set forth

to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock, and to a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott. Mr. Abbott also directed the play, which is notable for a lively first act. (Its second act is somewhat less stimulating.) Tom Bosley is Fiorello to the life, and Pat Stanley and Howard Da Silva are admirable as a couple of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC—A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children and Theodore Bikel is the head of the Trapp family, who quit Austria in 1938 to make their names as singers in America. Ingenious and predominantly dull, with a flaccid book by Lindsay and Crouse. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, except June 4, at 2:30.)

TAKE ME ALONG—Nobody in the cast is Caruso, but the combination of Walter Pidgeon, Jackie Gleason, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie lends a warm, beguiling zest to this musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" The direction, by Peter Glenville, is immaculate, and Bob Merrill's music is entirely lulling. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5090. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY—Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Allyn Ann McLerie in a return engagement of Leonard Bernstein's musical, with book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—DESTRY RIDES AGAIN: A travesty of the celebrated movie about a gun-hating deputy sheriff who cleans up a gun-toting town. The leads are Dolores Gray and Andy Griffith. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **GYPSY:** The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ec-dysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother, and Sandra Church is cast as the eminent strip-teaser herself. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Eddie Albert) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **ONCE UPON A MATTRESS:** The old fairy tale about the princess who detected a pea through twenty soft mattresses. Carol Burnett is the princess. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE:** A mosaic of French farce and burlesque. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras are among the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5: "The Mikado." ... Thursday through Sunday, June 9-12: "Ruddigore." (Jan Hus

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THE NEW YORKER

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If she
wants the moon
— give her
Carpege!

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genet. The perverse fantasies of the customers are offered as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero, and featuring Nancy Marchand and Roy Poole. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES—A play adapted by Warner LeRoy from an Italian original by Diego Fabbri. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

CAMINO REAL—Tennessee Williams' play has Kilroy in it, and Casanova, Lord Byron, the Baron de Charlus, and many, many others. Perhaps that is why it seems such a confused piece of work. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursday, June 2, Fridays and Tuesday, June 7, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A COUNTRY SCANDAL—In a new adaptation by Alex Szogyi, this early play of Anton Chekhov's is unquestionably funny but doubtfully Chekhovian. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

ERNEST IN LOVE—A fatuous musical adaptation of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-2766. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door, chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE AND THE ZOO STORY—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener, Kathleen Murray, and Art Matthews are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun

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all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

MACHINAL—Sophie Treadwell's Expressionistic drama of 1928, to which the passing years have not been altogether kind, has been given a handsome production by a first-rate cast, which includes Dolores Sutton, Vincent Gardenia, and Gerald O'Loughlin. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

OH, KAY!—Marti Stevens and David Daniels in George Gershwin's 1926 musical, with book by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5776. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE PRETENDER—A play by Lionel Abel with an all-Negro cast directed by Herbert Machiz. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE PRODIGAL—A somewhat addled but promising first play by Jack Richardson, which deals with the progress of the young Orestes from happy trifter to unwilling hero. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LA RONDE—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual round robin has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament, but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 50th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The local "Second Shepherd's Play." In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

U.S.A.—This extremely discursive dramatization of John Dos Passos' novel doesn't add up to much of a play, but its component parts make an excellent revue. Six actors divide what appears to be several hundred roles among them. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

MISCELLANY

GRAND KABUKI—A company of sixty-five male performers from the Kabuki Theatre of Tokyo, appearing here for the first time, in a selection of plays from the classic Japanese repertory. Three different programs will be given during a three-week engagement, which starts Thursday, June 2; the first will run through Wednesday, June 8, and the second through Wednesday, June 15. A simultaneous translation will accompany each performance; receivers may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening performance at 7:45, for the benefit of the City Center Production Fund. Thereafter nightly, except

Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

DRAKE, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—Mon Plaisir, Serge Obolensky's newest imaginary kingdom, has Irving Conn's piano holding silence at bay until reinforcements, in the shape of his band, arrive. The dance floor is in use from ten to two during the week and from nine to one on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Perpetual motion, the secret of which has been in the management's family for two generations, is given a real whirl here. The motive power is Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the rambling, folksy musicale that sprawls across the Cotillion Room is the upsy-daisy Dolores Perry, as glittery as Fort Knox and full of voice and vigor. She's flanked in this inspection of the songs of all nations by a trio of pals. The fanfare takes place every night at dinner and additionally at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Joseph Ricardel's dance band and Ted Simon's trio run neck and neck in between. Closed Mondays. . . . Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a de-luxe affair.

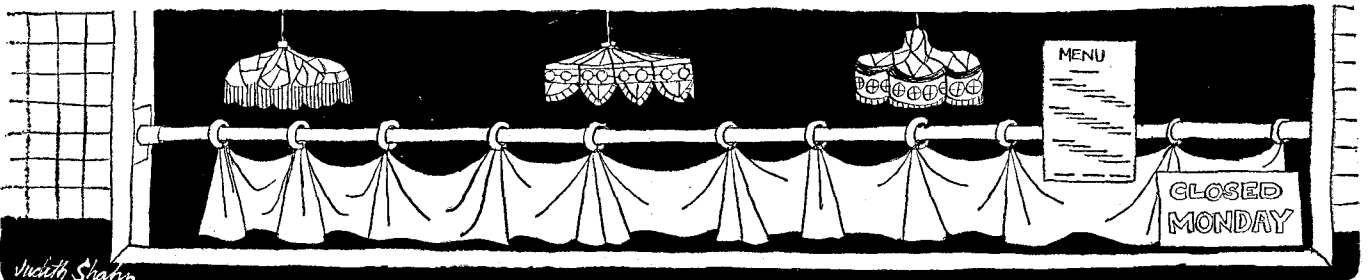
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jane Morgan's annual song recital, a five-pound box of candy, occurs during dinner and supper. The dance music of Ted Straeter, the nation's most resplendent maestro, and of Mark Monte's fusiliers, whose Latin accent is impeccable, occupies the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . Leo LeFleur's group plays orange-peko music in the Palm Court from four to seven and bœuf-Stroganoff music in the Edwardian Room for dinner. No dancing in either locale. . . . The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximilian Bergere's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The orchestra of Leo Reisman, who dates back to Eddy Duchin and the Central Park Casino, has come to life again, after all these years, in the Grill. The dance music goes on in spurts from dinner until around one. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A heavenly body, not too far above Manhattan, where one may simply live in peace and comfort or waltz about to the handiwork of Milt Shaw's baby band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Rome by moonlight describes the Columns, a dining hall that rustles sedately every night but Sunday to the tunes of Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's small orchestras, which, though they are quite at home in four-four time, are not afraid to be sentimental now and then about the waltz. Dancing from eight-thirty.

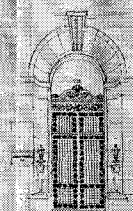
SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Life in modern Imperial America, or the Embassy Club, really begins at nine, when the dance musicians (Chauncey Gray's





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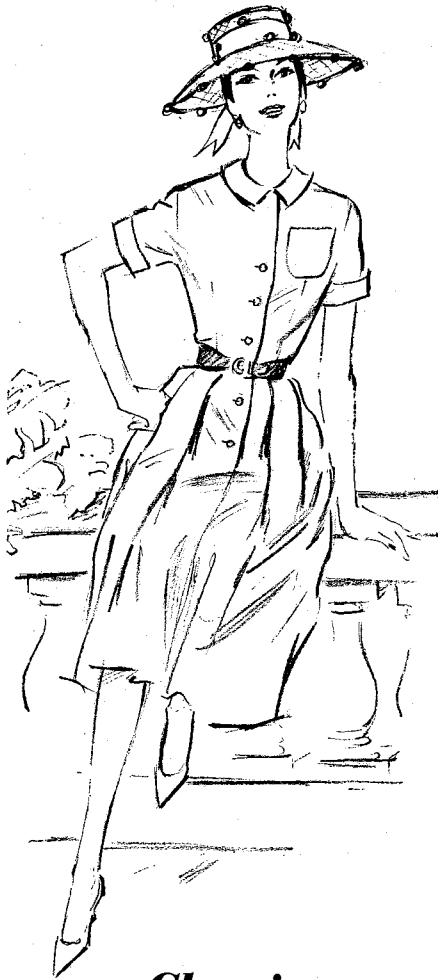
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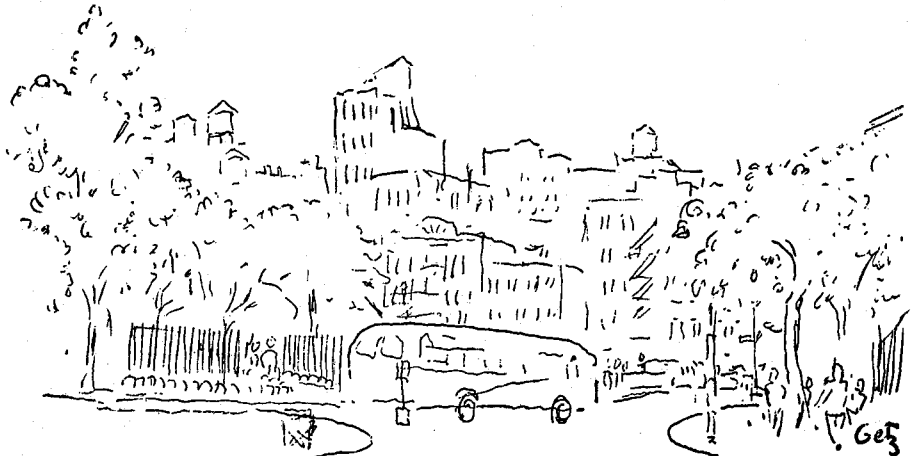
diplomatic corps and Quintero's rumba men) arrive; life in old Imperial Russia, or the minuscule Knight Box, begins at eight-thirty with string-and-piano musings by Jani Sarcozi's duo. Sundays are dark.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, apt to be the scene of one prom after another, has accordingly girded itself with Count Basic's boys, who can put on quite a bash, and the Hi-Lo's, who sing jump tunes the way the rest of Young America wishes it could. Closed Sundays. . . . In a clearing in the luxuriant wildwood of Peacock Alley, Michael Zarin's dance band and Ray Hartley's trio spell one another on weekdays from eight-thirty until one, and Béla Babai's gypsies operate alone on Sundays from eight to twelve.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL (No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): In this theatre in the round, it's hard to tell who's in the cast, who's in the audience even with a program. There's piano by Budd Gregg from eight o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Commencement Week on a permanent basis. The reunionists, though, leave elbowroom for a good many undergraduates of this definitely coeducational institution. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's improvisations on Manhattan folk tunes keep his piano in an excellent state of health from cocktails until one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening along the Via Veneto. The music is a holiday for strings under the direction of Herman Honigsberg, a peer of this sort of realm, and there's also a circumnavigating triad of chorister guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence, another Italian metropolis with a character of its own, is on exhibit here in miniature, and it's planned with the inner man in mind. Italian, too, is the burden of the sound track, which is Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio Thursdays through Saturdays, when (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidemen. Wednesday and Thursday evenings, segments of things such as "The Barber of Seville" flow like wine from a minute opera company. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A working model, drawbridge and all, of the sort of toy that French royalty liked to build for itself. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi and his Don Juan violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life after dark as practiced around Madrid, and the string music that goes with it. Fernando Sirvent's artful guitar is the author of the second commodity. Closed Sun-

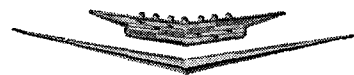
days. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A comfortable picture gallery, but surpassed in oddity only by the Guggenheim Museum. After ten, beneath all the oils and olios, there's good, honest piano by Lou Carter, who is backed by two sidemen, and ditties by Joanie Sommers, girl Gabriel, whose voice and manner have a certain whoop-de-doo charm. Nino Silva's silk-lined piano starts earlier. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Grandeur is the theme of this particular cityscape, in the bar of which Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The population, all resolutely Spanish, is given to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, largely flamboyant. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The candle power is not bright enough for reading the fine print in *Debut*, so mostly the patrons listen to George Feyer's now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep piano, which begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. The room is closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): The piano amidst of this fairly elaborate dining room is staffed from eight to two by Viviane Greene, who contributes, along with the customary bonbons, some sturdy on-the-beat blues. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian rhapsody in both music and décor. Voice and instrument (zimbals to the fore) never, never say die. Tibor Rakossy owns the most sentimental example of the voice. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Four winged (and stringed) Mercuries glide from table to table in a restaurant that might easily be perched on one of the seven hilltops of Rome. The pop concert goes on from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A great open space, the Casino-on-the-Park serves as leisurely dining room and as audition hall for the calm piano of Vincent Limoli at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **DORSET**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Addison Bailey does conservative, well-dressed piano in the café-bar, a peaceful haven, from six to twelve. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A board room, appropriately lined with oak panelling, that is apt to be awash with chairmen. For non-talkers, there's the tinkly piano of Rudy Timfield, who's around from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Anita Sheer, whose flamenco voice and guitar lend extra color to a *boîte de nuit* that is as worldly as it can be, arrives at nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): One looks in vain for Gauguin and Robert Louis Stevenson in this part of Polynesia. There is, though, a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and there are musicians whanging away at what is cer-





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BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Into this Garden of Eden, where the young ladies' clothes grow on fig trees, has come Kaye Ballard, a girl who lives by her wits, which are quick, acidulous, many-chambered, and menacing. Her cerebral humor is balanced by Jan Murray, man of the people and walker of well-trodden paths. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

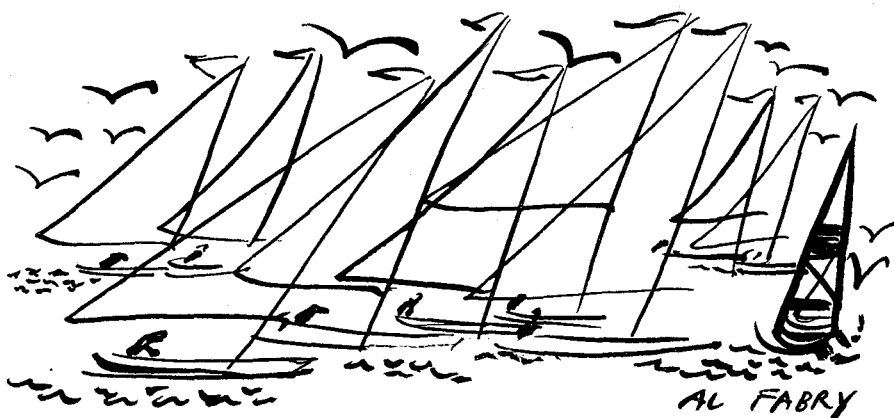
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): June Ericson's voice is all that a young girl's voice should be—full of compassion, comradeship, and cajolery. All that is absurd in womankind is the point of George Matson's expert needlework, every bit of it in pantomime. Also present: the Limelitters, a perspicacious pack of juvenile songbirds, and Don Adams, an abrupt, animadversive, and yet adept after-supper speaker. The backdrop is the joyous modernity of the Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his companions) and the piano of Bud McCreery and Otis Clements. . . . Except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty conducts his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M. every night but Saturday and Monday, there's also a heated chukker by the Lyons group. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The downfall of Western civilization, narrated in revue form by Julius Monk's assemblage of deadpan imps—Gerry Matthews, Ceil Cabot, Mary Louise Wilson, Gordon Connell, Frank Buxton, and Ellie Wood—who are all having the time of their young and obviously delectable lives. William Roy and Carl Norman are the exultant two-piano pit band, and the hours of truth begin at nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Another Julius Monk revue, on an even smaller stage and similarly devoted to correcting the examination papers of the human race. The girl instructors are Jenny Lou Law, a jolly harbinger of doom, and Claiborne Cary, whose bite is deeper than her bark; the boy instructors are Cy Young and George Furth. They team up at nine-forty-five and twelve-fifteen. The blithe pianos of Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood start at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): In this Sixth Avenue Quonset hut redone in Chinese Chippendale fashion, Janice Mars does her excellent best by songs of love life, lush life, lost life. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jorie Remus, whose bare existence is a series of those days when nothing goes right, is reading excerpts from her diary; Jack Douglas is discussing his own special life and death, both of which he has experienced a thousand times. Additionally, there is the nonsense of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of music for your Walpurgis Night out; the songs of Jimmie Daniels, a tenor and the keeper of the inn; and the interlude piano of Peter Daniels. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St.

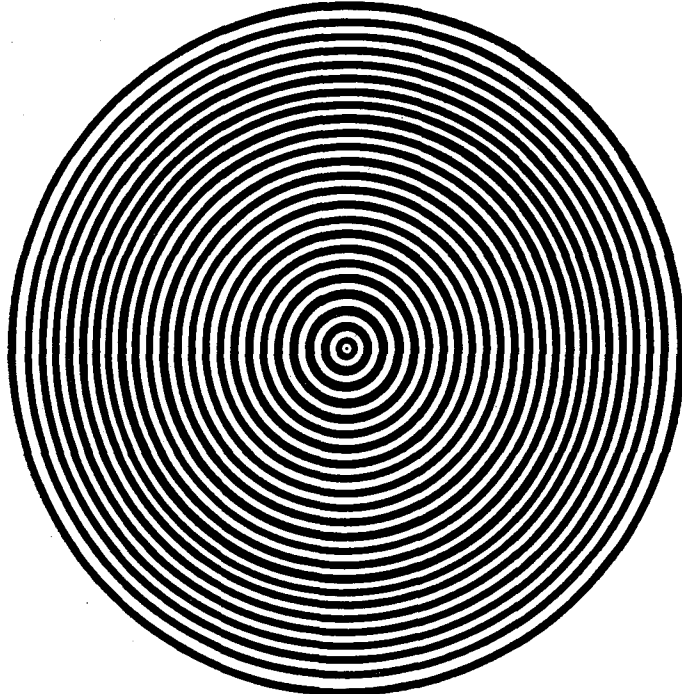
(PL 3-3773): In the minute alcove off the bar, Spanish guitar and voice of heartbreaking intensity; onstage in the main room, a very busy show of hands recruited entirely from the Latin Quarters of the world. Los Chavales de España, a nomadic group of musicians and multilingual choristers now revived by an *eau-de-vie* singer named Luis Tamayo and a pair of flamenco dancers quite ready to die for love, appear in the main pavilion, which is also the ballroom for the house guests, a group that can put in the shade many a pro. Sundays, the only activity is a matinee tea trot. . . . **ARPEGGIO**, 144 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0077): This old candelabra shop is nursing a split personality. It's Regency when Bobby Short, burning as brightly as a candle lit at both ends, is doing his fashionable and/or furious ditties; it's Latin when a tiny dance band gets going. Mr. Short's assistants are his own flip piano and two terse sidemen. They all depart Thursday, June 9. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Felicia Sanders, pillar of fire by night, is a songbird to be listened to with ears agog. Miss Sanders, whose support is Bobby Cole's trio, is off Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Riotous living, indulged in by such traditionalists as Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, Mousie Alexander, Leonard Gaskin, and (if the spirit moves) Mr. Condon himself. Bob Corwin gets the use of the piano whenever these bandmen cool their heels. The sound effects haven't changed since Cicero was up in arms about Capone and, for that matter, Catiline. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross, whose voices are their own swirling choir of saxophones, seem at times to be doing more for the good name of jive than anyone else on earth. Slide Hampton's octet makes the whole deal a bumper crop. Sundays, a four-thirty matinee as well as an evening session is part of the curriculum. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Benny Goodman, pied piper for two generations of music lovers, is now working out on a third one without compromising any of his rules and regulations about the conduct of swing. Eleven assistants support him in this Christian endeavor. Freddie Cole's trio fills in the intervals. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The Dukes of Dixieland, or white mule mellowed by a sojourn in charred kegs, supply the fire; Peter Appleyard's quartet supplies new-school décor. They halt on Saturday, June 4; on Monday, June 6, the trios of Buddy Greco and Teddy Wilson will be arriving. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Life on the Mississippi when Dixie was a pup, and a mischievous one. The narration is performed by Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Wilbur Kirk, and Garvin Bushell. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The jam sessions on Monday nights add a threesome composed of Tony Parenti, Zutty





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Singleton, and Mr. Frye to the regular fare. Closed Sundays. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar sits a piano operated by Marian McPartland in a semidetached modern fashion. She and her trio begin at ten. Lucille Howard does the interlude piano. No action Mondays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band is in the groove that was cut across the floor many, many years ago. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A crash program, operating day and night to get the work done. The matinees are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman, the soirées by a staggering array of manpower—Red Allen's sextet (off Mondays), Louis Jordan's quintet, (off Tuesdays), and Sol Yaged's quintet (off Wednesdays and Thursdays). The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. ... The upstairs room will be occupied on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, by the Jordans. ... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Gateway Singers, once a pillar of San Francisco's Hungry 1, are now occupying one of the town's most prominent gospel halls. No use showing up before ten on weekdays or ninety-three on weekends. Closed Mondays. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Turk Murphy's early birds (they're on duty at seven-thirty) taking the stand for Dixie. Their testimony is not always straightforward, but it is voluminous. They wind up on Saturday, June 4; on Monday, June 6, Jan August's trio, a sterling example of the confectioner's art, will come to rest here. Those who go to listen and not to attend the nightly front-row convention might as well arrive late. Sundays are dedicated to visiting minstrels. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The proceedings are now in the hands of the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet, which is in the current idiom of jazz; on Tuesday, June 7, they fall into the hands of Cannonball Adderley's quintet, which is more of the same. Closed Mondays. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The most compulsive underground movement on Broadway. Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, gravid with import, and the Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin sextet are on view. The Jazz Messengers bow out on Wednesday, June 8. Next evening, Illinois Jacquet's band and J. J. Johnson's quintet will come in. Jam sessions Mondays by earnest guest strivers. ... **TARTAN**, 146 E. 46th St. (OX 7-7888): Don Shirley, who for some years has hesitated between modern jazz and modern chamber music, has plumped for the second of these contiguous arts, and is devoting the technical brilliance of his piano—abetted by ample helpings of bass, by Ken Fricker, and cello, by Juri Taht—to the production of one ardent sinfonietta after another. The first begins at eleven. Mondays are soundless. ... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry are wandering hand in hand and horn in horn down a long lane that has a thousand turnings. Two sidemen sometimes gambol behind, sometimes prance ahead of them. The group is off Tuesdays; Jimmy Giuffrè's foursome, which likewise works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, is off Mondays. The scenery is stark and utilitarian. ... **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Another (but blander) part of the forest primeval, where you can't see the trees for the exhibition of art work that lines the walls. Nevertheless, John Coltrane's new quartet, to which the future is already a thing of the past, is going bravely on, along with the band of Dizzy Gillespie, who has had much to do with the shape of music as we know it today. Closed Mondays. ... **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Aboriginal, upstairs Greenwich Village, where Charlie Mingus, his fourth-dimension bass, and a few friends play leapfrog. They start at eight; Sundays, there are four-to-seven matinees, at which other friends sit in with the band. Closed Mondays. ... **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): If it weren't huddled under the subway, it would be far enough uptown for Northern Lights. Failing them, Billy Taylor's piano illuminates

the night with forty-fingered electronics, which are embellished by two sidemen. Eight-thirty is starting time. No notework Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

SALVADOR DALI—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings. For the benefit of the art gallery and library at Finch College. Through June 18. (Finch College Art Gallery and Museum, 62 E. 78th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

STUART DAVIS—Ten of the abstract paintings used as color illustrations in the new book "Stuart Davis," by Rudi Blesh; through Friday, June 3. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

EUGÈNE DE KERMADEC—Abstract oils and a few water colors by a contemporary French artist; through Saturday, June 4. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Abstract oils; through Saturday, June 4. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

STAN FREBORG—Abstract Expressionist paintings and abstract welded sculptures; through Saturday, June 11. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LEE GATCH—Oils and oil-and-collage combinations; through June 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CHILDE HASSAM—Impressionist water colors, pastels, and drawings (1882-1933); through Saturday, June 11. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

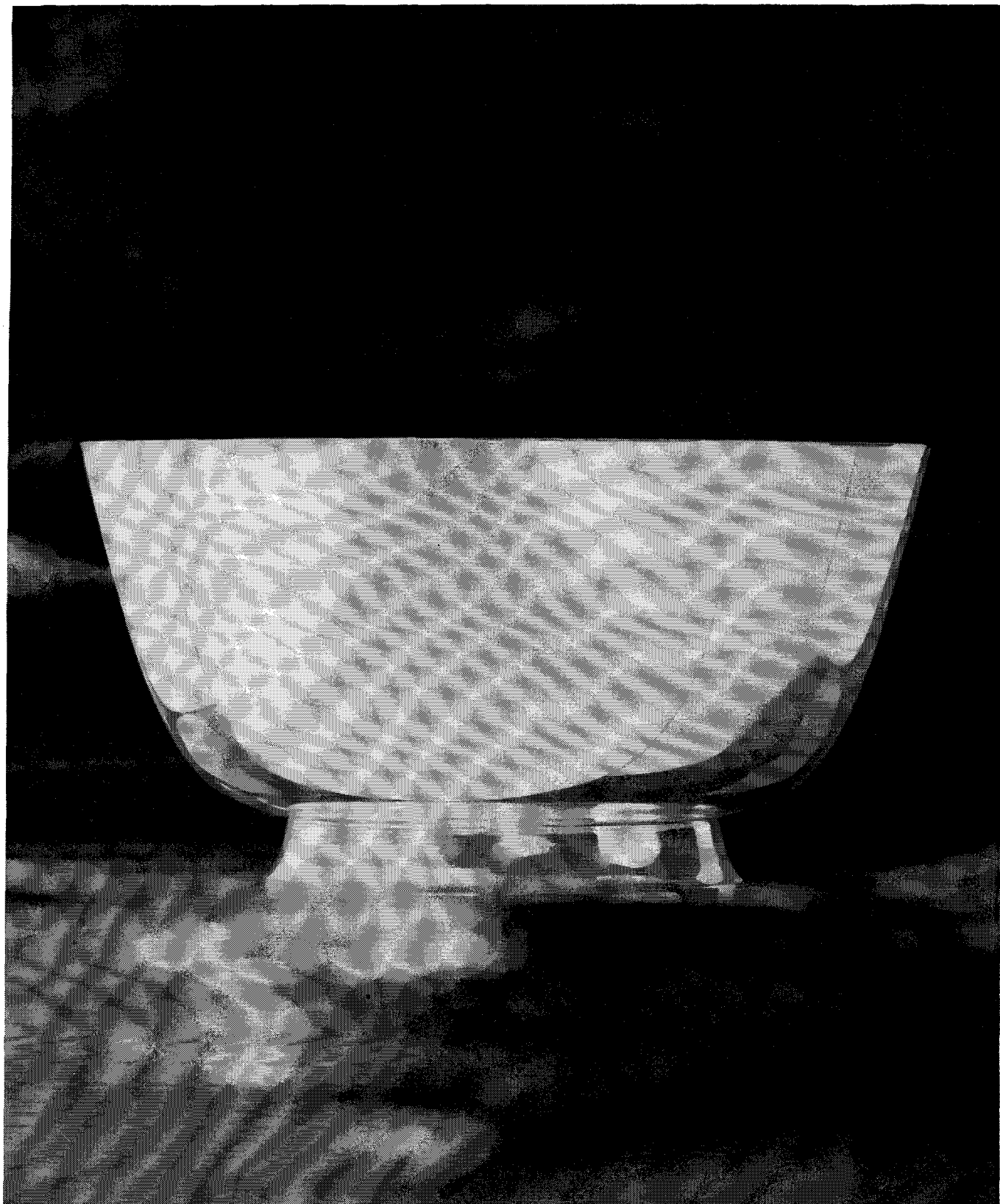
HARRY JACKSON—Bronze sculptures, drawings, and gouaches, all dealing with cowboy life; through Friday, June 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

BERTO LARDERA—Abstract gouaches and collages by a contemporary Italian; through Friday, June 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

LILIAN MACKENDRICK—Impressionist oils and pastels, including figures, landscapes, interiors, and still-lives; through Saturday, June 4. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

AFRICAN ART—A show entitled "Animism in African Sculpture," containing masks and statues in wood, ivory, and bronze; through June 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Jacob Lawrence, Nathan Oliveira, Easton Pribble, and Reuben Tam have paintings on display, and there are several reliefs by Jack Squier; through June 30. ... **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Herbert Ferber, Helen Frankenthaler, and Theodoros Stamos; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **GALLERY**, 200 E. 59th St.: Oils by James Kearns and Daniel Newman, along with sculptures by Roger Prince; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.) ... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Everett Shinn, Arthur B. Davies, and Louis Eilshemius are among the artists represented in a showing of paintings and drawings; through Friday, June 10. (Closed Saturdays and Mondays.) ... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Pictures by Chen Chi, William Draper, and others; through Aug. 31. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **HERBERT**, 14 E. 69th St.: Louise Nevelson, David Smith, Richard Stankiewicz, and other sculptors; through June 17. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **KRASNER**, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Arnold Blanch, Zygmunt Menkes, and William Pachner are three of the artists in a showing of small drawings, water colors, and gouaches; through Saturday, June 4. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by present-day and early-twentieth-century artists, including William Kienbusch, John Sloan, and Jane Wasey; through June 17. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective, comprising paintings and sculptures by Edward Betts, Waldo Peirce, Raimondo Puccinelli, and others; through July 1. ... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Stephen Etner, Ogden M. Pleissner, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July



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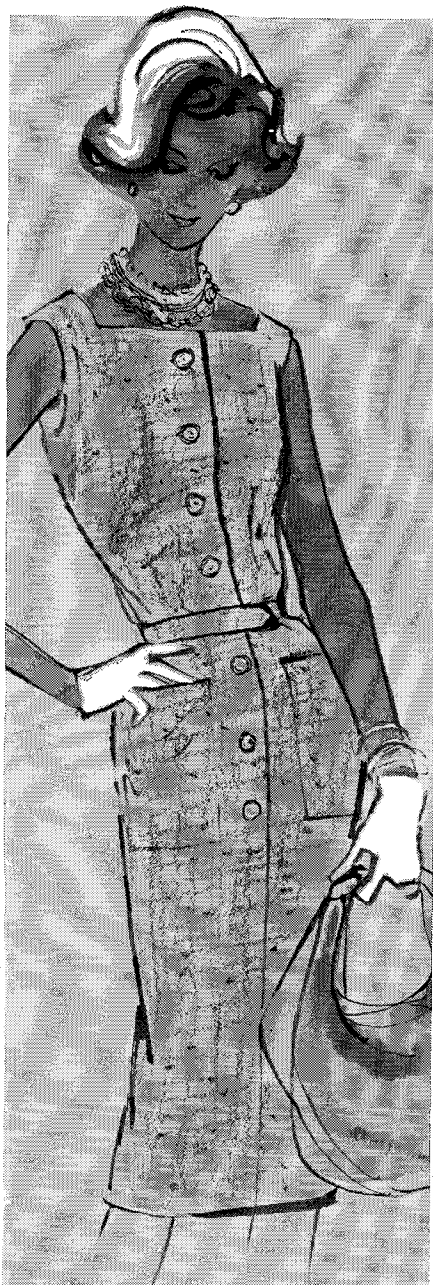
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

29. (Closed Saturdays)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Framed in Glass," an exhibit of water colors, gouaches, pastels, and drawings by Ben Benn, Noel Rockmore, August Mosca, and others of the gallery group; through June 30... **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: Work by the gallery's founders—the painters Charles Cajori, Lois Dodd, Angelo Ippolito, and Fred Mitchell, and the sculptor William King; through Friday, June 3. (Daily, 1 to 6)... **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints by (for instance) Lawrence Kupperman, Andre Racz, and Edward Renouf; through June 17. (Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Abstract and Impressionist paintings by artists ranging from Monet to Miró; through June 18. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Picasso, Rouault, Utrillo, and other modern masters; through Friday, June 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays and Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 19.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Renaissance to present-day European and American paintings by Fiorentino, Greuze, Pissarro, Edward Hopper, and others, on loan from the Nate and Frances Spingold collection; through June 19... **NOTE**—About a hundred and thirty drawings, dating back to the fifteenth century, lent by Walter C. Baker. Included are pieces by Rembrandt, Ingres, and van Gogh, as well as by contemporary American artists. Through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Portraits—paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs—from the Museum's collections. Among the artists are Marc Chagall, Gaston Lachaise, and Edward Steichen. Through June 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Twelfth National Print Exhibition, containing examples by such contemporary artists as Leonard Baskin, Gabor Peterdi, and Karl Schrag; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Robert Penn Warren, E. B. White, John Updike, and Virgil Thomson. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Marcel Duchamp, Alexander Calder, Eero Saarinen, and others; through June 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Gandhara sculptures of the second through the fifth centuries, principally from Pakistani museums; through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by Kandinsky, Miró, Arp, and others. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures (1934-59) in various mediums by Calvin Albert; through June 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Designer-Craftsmen U.S.A. 1960," an exhibit resulting from a competition on the theme "Designed and Handcrafted for Use." On display are tiles, murals, tapestries, furniture, tableware, fountains, jewelry, fabrics for clothing, and many other objects. Through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Some eighty items of primitive art (sculptures, masks, fetishes, bowls, helmets, figurines, toys, and weapons) from the Jacques Lipchitz collection; through Sept. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospec-

tives of the works of two figure sculptors—José de Creeft and Hugo Robus; through June 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, June 2: Count Basie's orchestra, Joe Williams, Sarah Vaughan, Ahmad Jamal, the Hi-Lo's, and the Dukes of Dixieland... **FRIDAY**, June 3: Louis Armstrong and his band, Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman, Gene Krupa, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. For the benefit of the News Welfare Association. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, June 3, at 8; Saturday, June 4, at 2; and Sunday, June 5, at 2 (double-header)... **Yankees vs. Chicago**, Monday, June 6, at 8; Tuesday, June 7, at 2; Wednesday, June 8, at 8; and Thursday, June 9, at 2... **Yankees vs. Cleveland**, Friday, June 10, at 8, and Saturday, June 11, at 2.

BOXING—Paul Pender vs. Sugar Ray Robinson, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Friday, June 10.)

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 11.)

GOLF—Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Monday, June 6.)

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. Sunday, June 5)... **Upperville Colt and Horse Show**. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 10-12)... **Helping Hand Horse Show**. (Old Westbury, L.I. Saturday, June 11.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase... **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, June 30. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, June 4; the Mother Goose, Wednesday, June 8; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:35 and 1, and Saturdays between 11:30 and 1:25)... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Friday, June 10, through Saturday, Aug. 6. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track)... **NEW WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 11.

TENNIS—Sears Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11)... **Church Cup Matches**. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:20; through Saturday, July 30... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 9, through Saturday, Oct. 15.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 4-5.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... **Hour-long tours** leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual flower mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday, June 7, from 10 to 5; Wednesday if it rains)... **A display of roses** and

peonies, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 8, from 1 to 4:15.)

AUCTIONS—Final auctions of the season—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, June 3, at 1:45: French, Italian, Dutch, English, and American furniture; paintings and drawings; silver; and Oriental rugs. From various sources.... ¶ Thursday, June 9, at 1:45: French and other garden and terrace furniture, sculpture, and decorative objects, assembled by Mme. Renée Guibal. Exhibition starts Friday, June 3.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Smith, Sunday, June 5; and Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, Wednesday, June 8.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: June 12, June 27 (benefit exhibition game, Yankees vs. Dodgers), June 28-July 3, and July 13 (All-Star game).

BOXING—Ingemar Johansson vs. Floyd Patterson, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Polo Grounds, June 20.)

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, June 18.)... ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse, June 18.)... ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England, June 29-July 2.)

GOLF—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. June 16-19.)... ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, July 7-10.)... ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. July 14-16.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 17-19.)... ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 23-26.)... ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. July 1-2.)... ¶ Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. July 14-16.)

RACING—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 16-19.... ¶ AQUEDUCT: July 1-30.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: June 18-19.... ¶ LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: July 2 and 4.

TENNIS—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. June 18-26.)... ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England, June 20-July 2.)... ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 25-July 4.)... ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. July 4-10.)

TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 4-8.

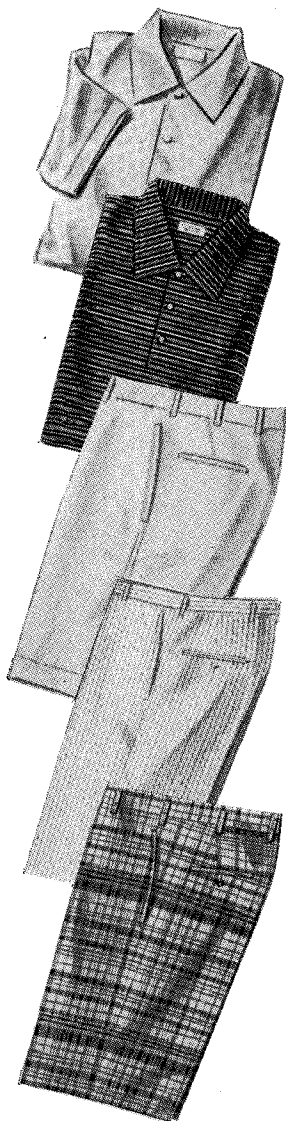
YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 18.

MUSIC—Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 15-Aug. 14.... ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 21-Aug. 6.... ¶ Newport Folk Festival, June 24-26, and Newport Jazz Festival, June 30-July 4, both at Newport, R. I.... ¶ Sunday chamber-music concerts by the Berkshire Quartet, at Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., July 3-Sept. 4.... ¶ Jazz and folk concerts, at the Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass., July 3-Sept. 4.... ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 6-Aug. 14.... ¶ Empire State Music Festival, Anthony Wayne Recreation Area, Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park, July 7-Aug. 7.

OTHER DATES—British Exhibition, at the Coliseum, June 10-26.... ¶ Commencements: Dartmouth, June 12; Vassar and Yale, June 13; Princeton, June 14; and Harvard, June 16.... ¶ Federal and New York State estimated income-tax payments are due Wednesday, June 15.... ¶ British Military Tournament and Tattoo, at Madison Square Garden, June 17-July 4.... ¶ The first day of summer is June 21.... ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Monday.... ¶ The Democratic National Convention will start on July 11 in Los Angeles.... ¶ The Republican National Convention will start on July 25 in Chicago.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES—The old order, represented by Peter Sellers as the head accountant of a Scottish firm rich in tradition, triumphing over the new, represented by Constance Cummings as an interloping American efficiency expert. A funny English film, derived from a story by James Thurber, which has the added advantage of the presence of Robert Morley as the lunatic laird in charge of the firm. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

BEN-HUR—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE CRANES ARE FLYING—This estimable film is the first dispatched to us by the Soviet Union as part of a cultural-exchange program between that country and the U.S.A. Much different from the sort of dreary propaganda film the Russians have sent us so often during the last couple of decades, the picture teaches us something about the condition of humanity in the U.S.S.R. during the Second World War. The emphasis is on the sad situation of a young woman emotionally unstrung by the fact that while her lover is off at the front she has made a loveless marriage with his cousin. Tatyana Samoilova is laudable in the role of the girl. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 8, tentative.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR—An imaginative, lyrical, and absorbing French film that tells of a tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. The direction, by Alain Resnais, is fascinating, and in the principal roles, Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are most satisfactory. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Peter Sellers, who is happily all over the place at the moment, doing a highly droll interpretation of a shop steward in an English plant where the workers—featherbedders one and all—have got the upper hand. The capitalists in this arrangement, among them Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough, are also a little short on ethics. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

ROSEMARY—A stimulating German film in which the habits of the *nouveaux riches* of the Fourth Reich are given a sardonic once-over. Based on a real account of a Frankfurt trollop who made her way with some Johnny-come-lately connivers in West Germany, the film has as its heroine a pneumatic and high-spirited blonde named Nadja Tiller. (Beckman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

TIGER BAY—A small girl witnesses a murder in Cardiff, finds the killer not a bad sort, and winds up accompanying him into all kinds of adventures as he flees the police. Hayley Mills, as the little one, is altogether beguiling in this English film. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK (1959)—The girl in the Amsterdam attic. With Millie Perkins and Joseph Schildkraut. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 4.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist" and "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 8, tentative.)

THE IDIOT (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 8, tentative.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON (1957)—A romp in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 5-7.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 8, tentative.)

PETER THE FIRST (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 7.)

LA STRADA (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 8.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's chronicle of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting June 8.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Three programs in a series of ten postwar Polish films—Through June 4, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Kanal" (1956). . . . ¶ June 5-7, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Last Day of Summer" (1958). . . . ¶ Starting June 8, showings at 3: "Eroica" (1957). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Fugitive Kind," Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, Joanne Woodward.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Rat Race," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Who Was That Lady?," Tony Curtis, Dean Martin.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Man on a String," Ernest Borgnine, Kerwin Mathews.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Pollyanna," Hayley Mills, Jane Wyman.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Sergeant Rutledge," Jeffrey Hunter, Constance Towers.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Crack in the Mirror," Orson Welles, Juliette Greco.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Wild River," Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Pay or Die," Ernest Borgnine.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn.
From June 8 (tentative): **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 7: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.
From June 8: "Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Stranglers of Bombay," Guy Rolfe.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.
From June 8 (tentative): "On the Beach," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through June 5: "Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
From June 6: "The Savage Eye," Barbara Baxley.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 7: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.
From June 8: "Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Stranglers of Bombay," Guy Rolfe.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian).

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
TIGER BAY.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROSEMARY (in German).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Wild River," Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 7: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.
From June 8: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 8 (tentative): "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 7 (tentative): "On the Beach," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.
From June 8 (tentative): "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 7: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.
From June 8: "Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Stranglers of Bombay," Guy Rolfe.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 6: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.
June 7: "Ulysses," revival, Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano; and "The Loves of Omar Khayyam," revival, Cornel Wilde, Debra Paget.
From June 8: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
"Come Back, Africa," a semi-documentary film.

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 7: "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.
From June 8: "Home from the Hill," Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker; and "The 3rd Voice," Edmond O'Brien, Laraine Day.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 7 (tentative): "The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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5	6	7	8			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

From June 8 (tentative): **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Dreams" (in Swedish), Harriet Anderson, Eva Dahlbeck.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 6: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.

June 7: "Ulysses," revival, Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano; and "The Loves of Omar Khayyam," revival, Cornel Wilde, Debra Paget.

From June 8: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 4: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**, revival; and "The Devil's Disciple," revival, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.

June 5-7: **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON**, revival; and "The Three Faces of Eve," revival, Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

From June 8: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and "The Adventures of Sadie," revival, Joan Collins, Kenneth More.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through June 7: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.

From June 8: "Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Stranglers of Bombay," Guy Rolfe.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Othello," Sergei Bondarchuk.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Crack in the Mirror," Orson Welles, Juliette Greco.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Next to No Time," Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through June 6: "Private Property," Kate Manx, Corey Allen.
From June 7: "Babette Goes to War" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 7: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.
From June 8: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 8 (tentative): **MODERN TIMES**, revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 7: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.
From June 8: "On the Beach," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner; and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 2: "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Doctor's Dilemma," revival, Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

June 3-6: "The Strange Ones," revival; and "The Storm Within," revival, Jean Marais—both Jean Cocteau films, in French.
From June 7: **PETER THE FIRST** and "Stone Flower" (both in Russian and both revivals).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
June 2: "Flame Over India," Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More; and "A Dog of Flanders," David Ladd, Donald Crisp.

June 3-7: "Journey to the Center of the Earth," Pat Boone, James Mason; and "D-Day, the Sixth of June," revival, Robert Taylor, Richard Todd.

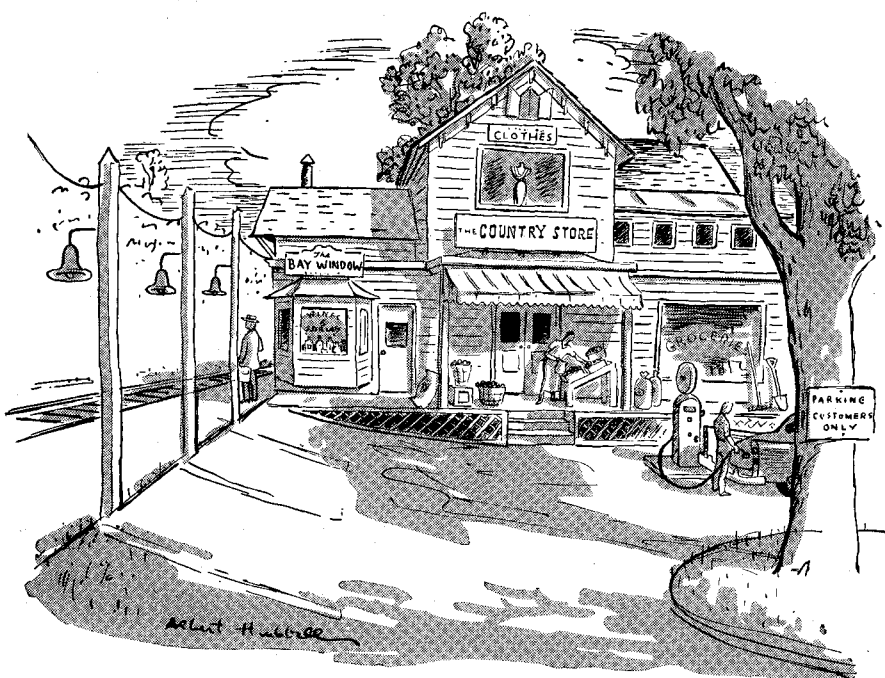
From June 8: "Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Stranglers of Bombay," Guy Rolfe.

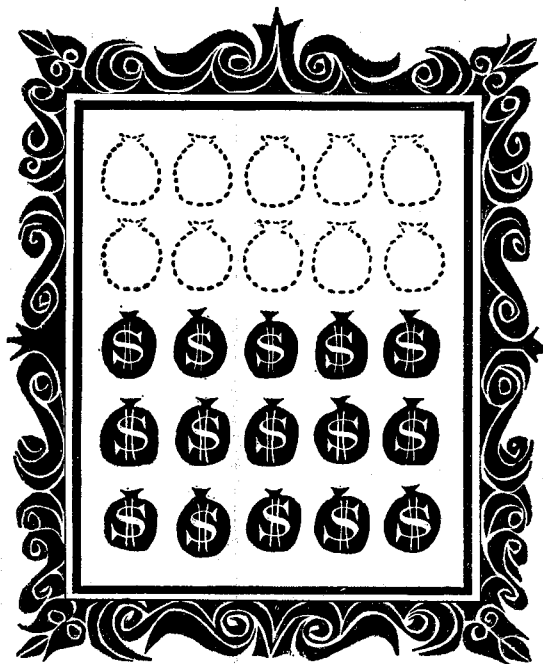
MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through June 7 (tentative): "The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From June 8: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 7: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.

From June 8: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 7: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.
From June 8: "Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Stranglers of Bombay," Guy Rolfe.





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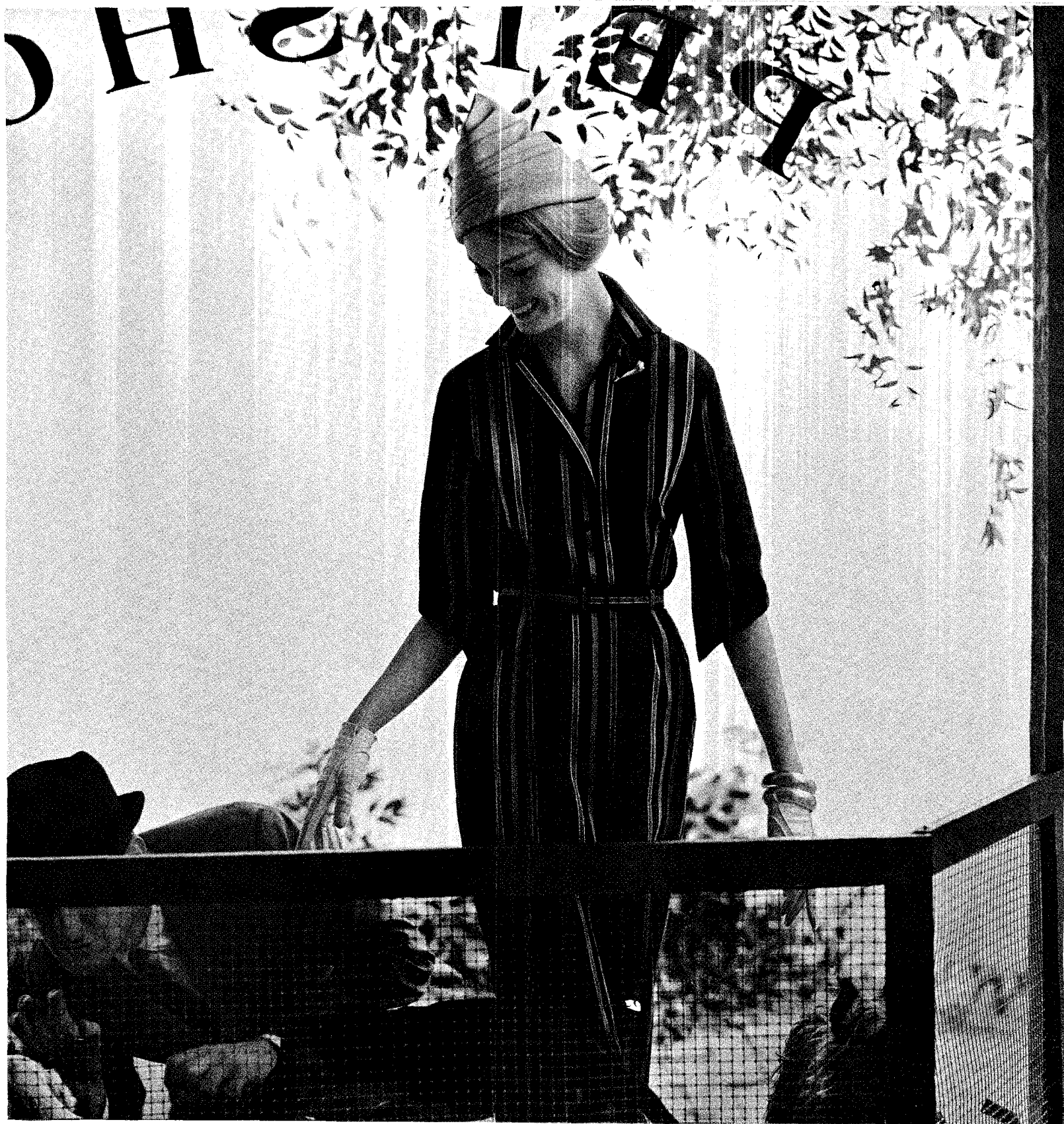
Size of Estate	Range of Shrinkage
\$ 300,000	\$ 22,485 up to \$ 90,064
500,000	71,878 up to 182,336
1,000,000	212,298 up to 425,602
5,000,000	1,564,128 up to 2,915,553

Anyone interested in getting the facts about shrinkage in estates is invited to write or telephone the Personal Trust Division of The Hanover Bank, 40 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. (Murray Hill 2-5200).

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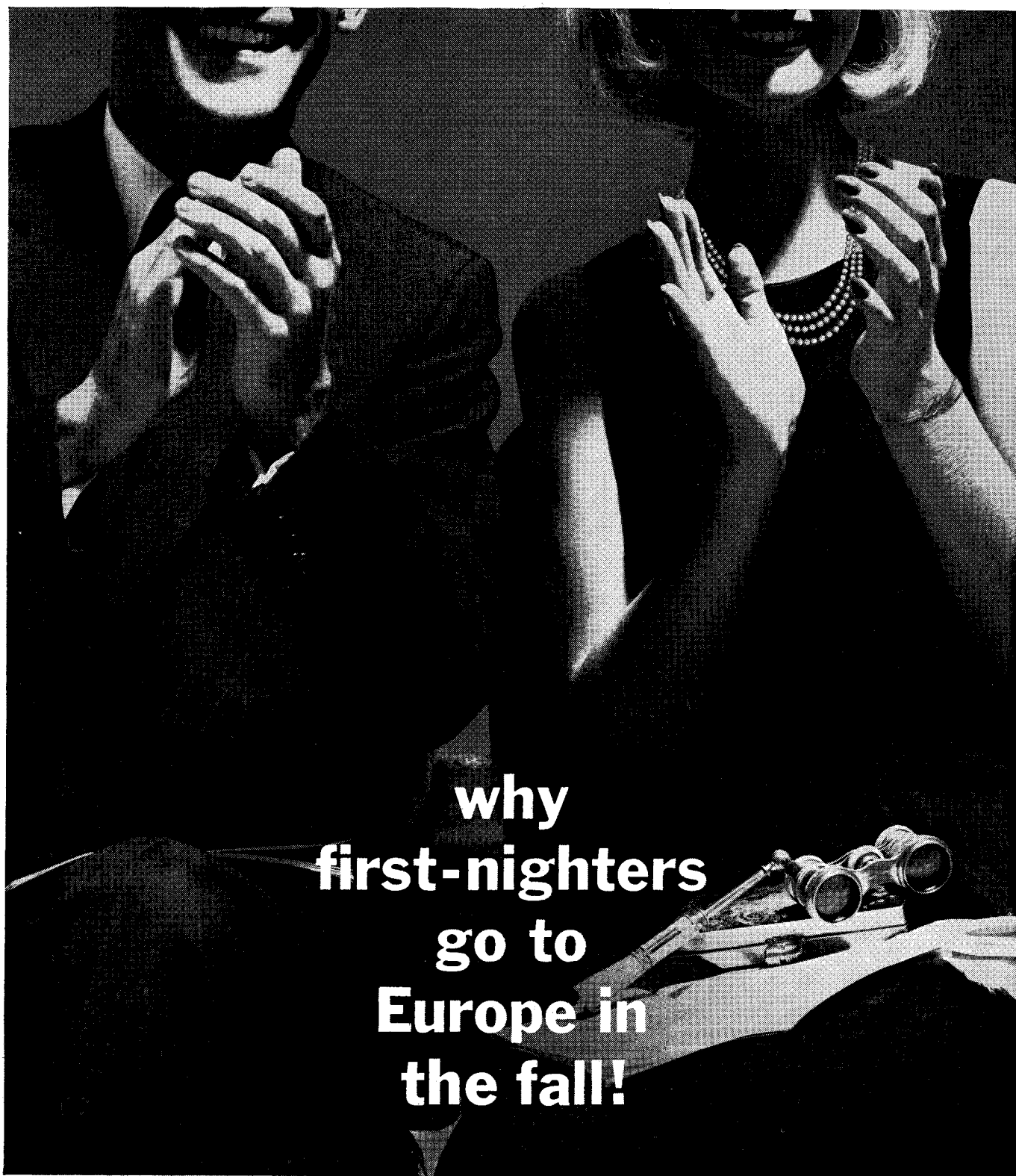
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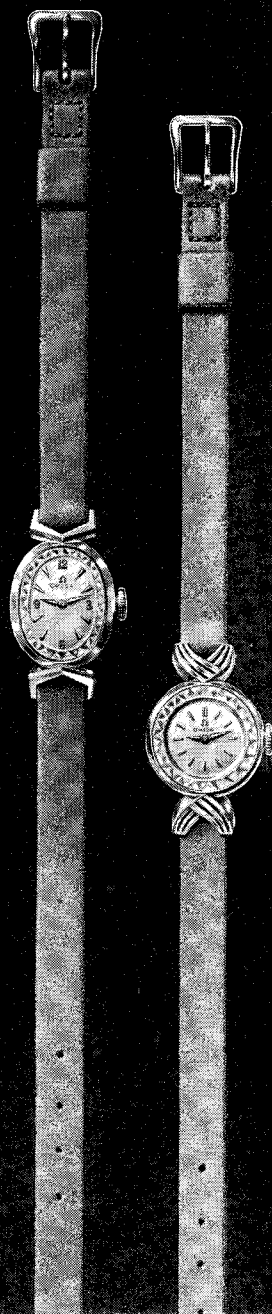
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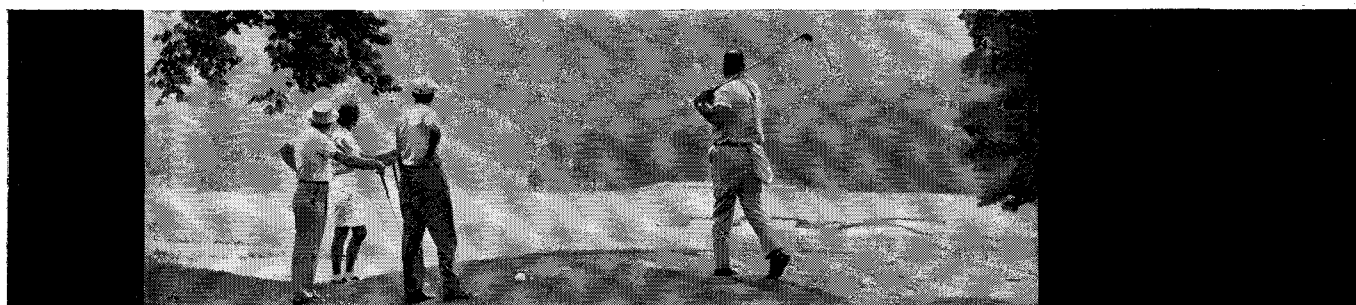
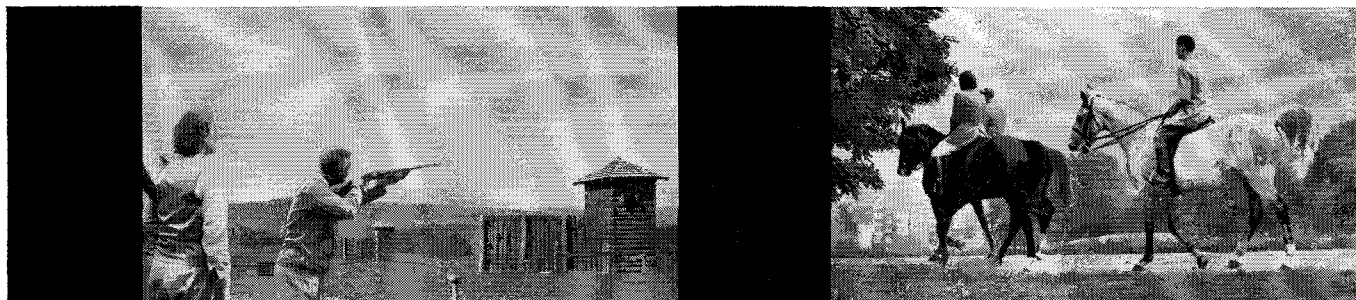
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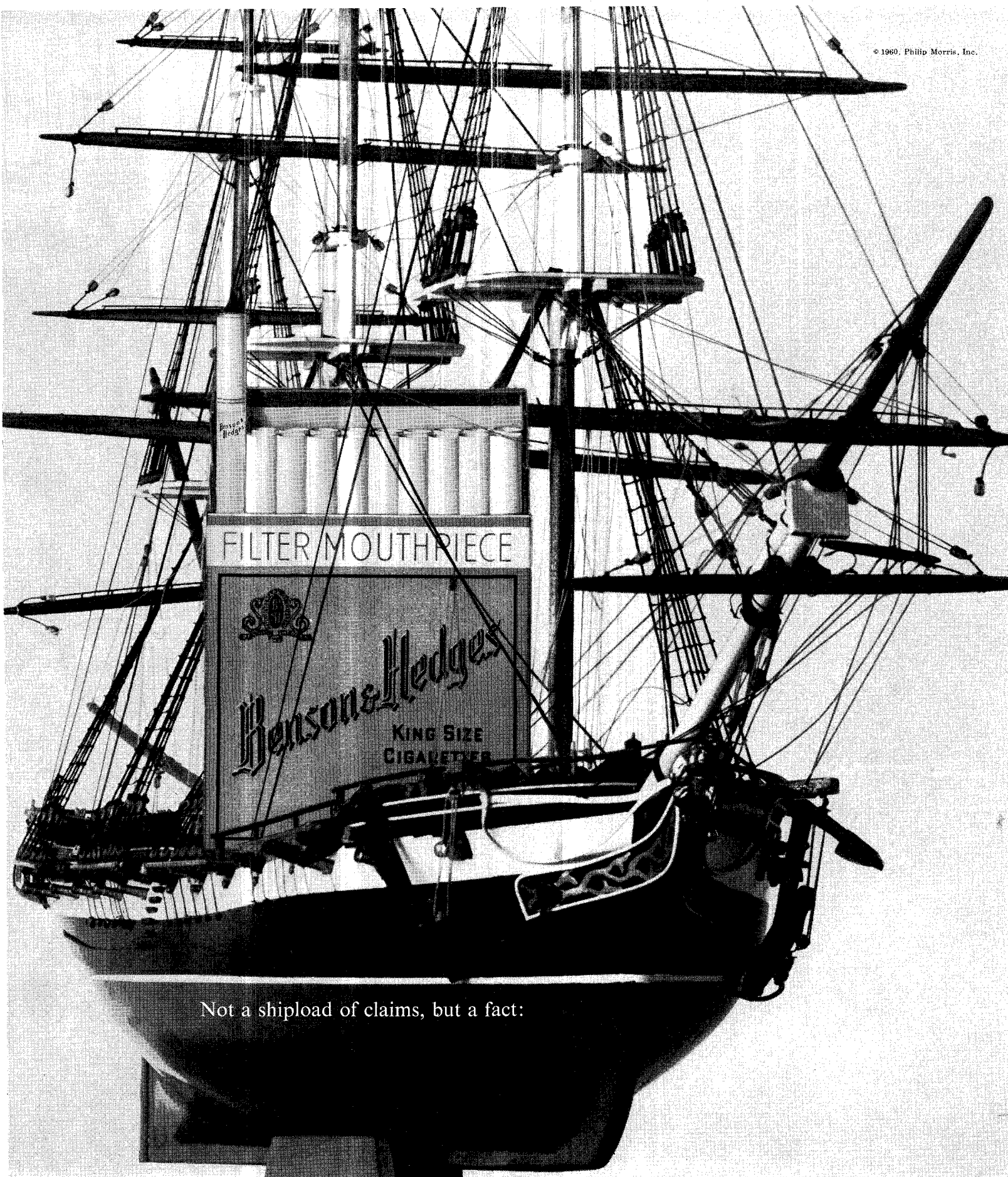


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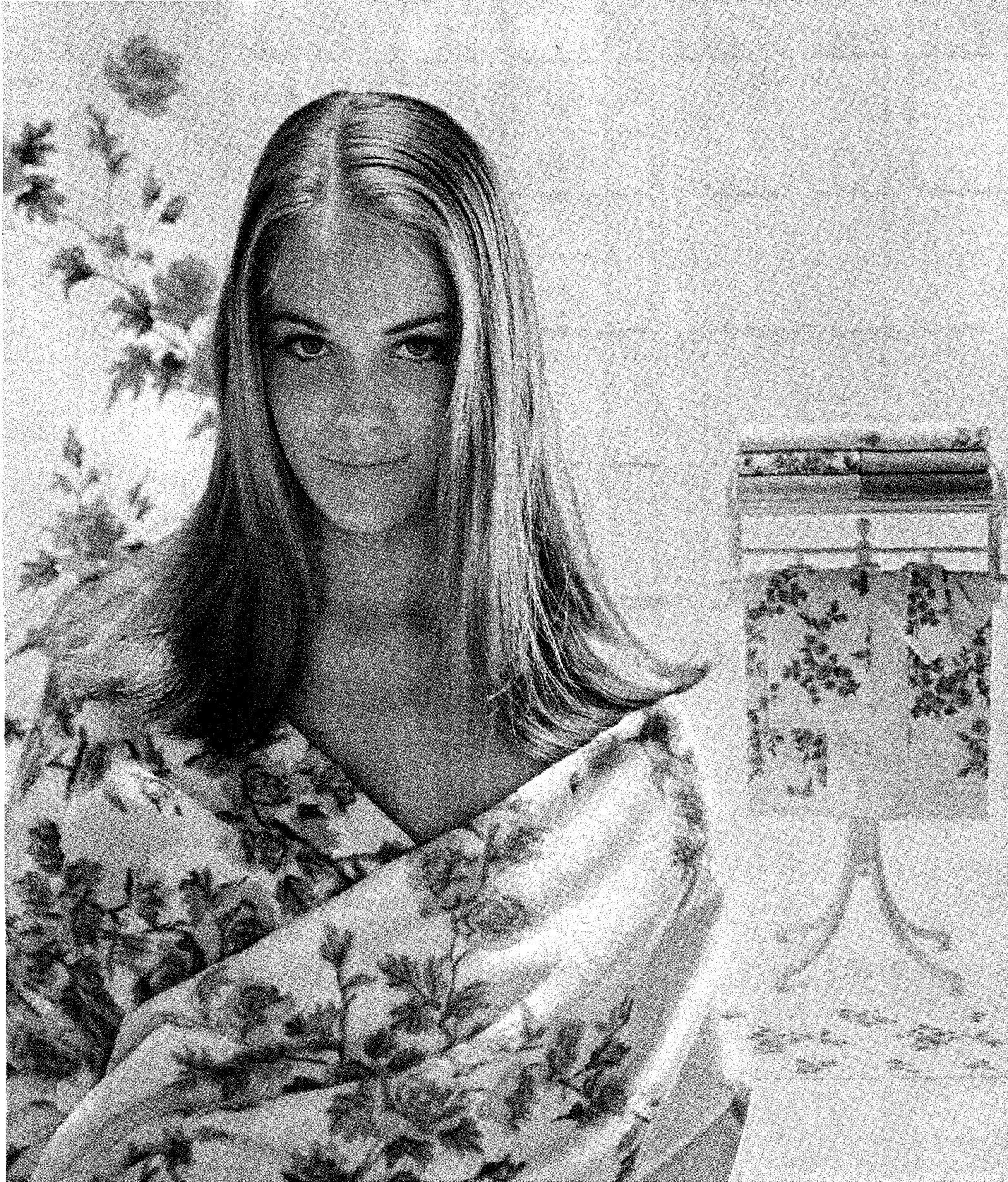
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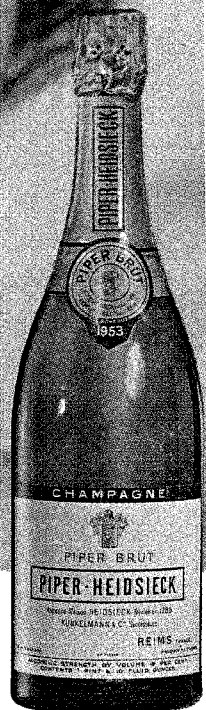
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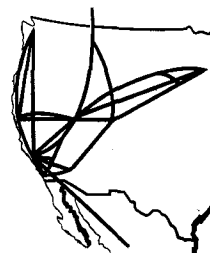
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE stood for quite a while the other afternoon in the formal garden of the United Nations—it is just to the north of the buildings, and hugs the river—and admired the roses. There must be well over a thousand rosebushes in the garden, and we had the impression that all of them had come into bloom at once—pink and red and yellow and white, and bursting with life and promise. It was a strange day—one moment sun, the next moment clouds—and the roses alternately gleamed and were thrown into shadow. Traffic was heavy on the river, and traffic was heavy over on First Avenue, too; we could hear its hum. The city was as vigorously alive as the garden, and was also bursting with promise. We stood so long in the garden that we almost forgot what had brought us to the United Nations. We had come over to listen to the Security Council debate on the Russian resolution condemning the U-2 flight as an act of aggression.

We went on up to the Security Council chamber and found a seat. The huge chamber was chockablock. Proceedings were about to get under way, and the place had a hum of its own—a muted, expectant buzz. We cannot honestly say that the hum was filled with promise or that it wasn't. But it was a hum, all right, and it signified that people were alive and talking. Mr. Gromyko entered the chamber and had his picture taken by a phalanx of photographers. He just stood there, unblinking, and let them snap away. We had not seen him in some time; the years, as far as we could determine, had not appreciably mellowed him. The President of the Council, Sir Claude Corea, of Ceylon, took his seat at the head of the horse-shoe-shaped table. He is a scholarly-looking man, with a gentle, kindly face, and it struck us that he felt the work in

which he was engaged to be perhaps the most important work in the world. Mr. Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General, arrived, quiet, reserved, and sunburned, and, after politely and distantly greeting a few friends, took his seat, to the right of Sir Claude. The other delegates strolled in: Mr. Lodge (somewhat pale, we thought); Sir Pierson Dixon, of the United Kingdom (as alert as an educated bird); M. Bérard, of France (a shock of white hair, and intelligence in every feature); and the delegates of Argentina, China, Ecuador, Italy, Poland, and Tunisia. It was M. Bérard's turn to speak (Mr. Gromyko had condemned us in a previous session, and Mr. Lodge had defended us), and while he held the floor there was no hum in the room, no sound but that of his voice, speaking out with Gallic clarity and precision. Even with M. Bérard speaking, the room seemed to us more silent than at any other time within our memory. The blue-and-gold curtains along the windows were drawn tight—no hum from the river or the city. When it comes to espionage, who is to cast the first stone, M. Bérard inquired. He mentioned mass destruction, instant annihilation, and the room became even more silent, and as he went on to say that these threats must be removed, the room seemed to float in

silence. Sir Pierson spoke next—dryly, calmly, and with understatement (“Since the end of the Second World War, a marked lack of confidence has existed between the two major power groups”), but when he, too, brought up the matter of surprise attack, mass destruction, “a *single* command, or the pressing of a *single* button,” the silence became more intense than ever. Mr. Gromyko stared straight ahead, his eyebrows slightly raised, signifying nothing (certainly not surprise), his face expressionless. We would have given much more than a penny for his thoughts, and we wondered if he was just possibly thinking of home, and Moscow's humming streets.

We left the chamber and wandered the corridors and lounges. Hundreds of tourists—mostly young people—were being guided through the halls, and tour guides were describing the work of the United Nations. Officials of the United Nations were drinking coffee in the lounges, reading newspapers, or talking quietly in small groups. A large exhibit in one corridor was headed, “Enemies of children in underdeveloped areas—malaria, tuberculosis, yaws, trachoma, leprosy.” We noticed a photograph of an Indian child drinking a glass of milk. A fine picture, full of promise. We ran across an old friend, an employee of the U.N. Secretariat, walking down a corridor. It was three or four years since we'd last seen him. His oldest daughter, he said, was in college. She was a freshman, and doing well. His son was still in the lower grades, and interested in music. “He shows promise, I think,” our friend said. “He needs time. Something may come of it.” We wandered back into the Security Council chamber. The delegate from Argentina was talking. Everyone, he said, is looking for a formula for peace.

In the late afternoon, we stopped again for a few minutes in the rose gar-



den. We found ourself wishing that the delegates would hold their meetings there on good days, and look around them, listen to the hum of the city, keep talking.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Now on sale in Provincetown is something called "Driftwood—Seconds."

Mature

THIS week marks the début of a new body of officers on our streets—a body of a hundred women unofficially known as meter maids and officially known as parking-meter attendants, who, dressed in natty blue serge uniforms rather like those of airline hostesses, will be keeping a sharp eye, on behalf of the Traffic Department, on the fifty thousand-odd parking meters scattered throughout the five boroughs and, where necessary, will be issuing summonses to owners of cars illegally parked at curbside meters, as well as in our municipal off-street parking lots. They will also check meters for slugs, faulty operation, and evidence of meter-feeding—a term used by the Traffic Department to denote the monopolizing of a meter by one car owner, who keeps dropping coins into it at regular intervals and thus hogs a certain space for hours or days on end. The Traffic Department, which will be ten years old next week, has never had a

traffic-enforcement division before, so the meter maids mark a radical step forward. They have been sworn in as special officers of the Police Department and are entitled to carry firearms, though no firearms have actually been issued to them. They *have* learned judo, and any automotive miscreant who picks a fight with one of them is asking for trouble, if not a sprained back, but Traffic Commissioner Wiley has urged them to display as their leading characteristics courtesy, efficiency, and impartiality.

The maids range in age from twenty-one to forty-five, are at least five feet two inches tall in their stocking feet, have had at least a high-school education, and rejoice in what the Department considers a "mature" outlook on life. Over half of them are married, and a lot of them have taken to meter-tending because they prefer, or think they prefer, outdoor work to in. All have undergone a rigorous training program, in the course of which they have learned not only judo but how to testify in court, how to apply makeup, how to read maps, and how to administer first aid; they have been told that their attitude must be one of rendering service rather than one of cracking down on delinquents. The Traffic Commissioner has impressed upon them that meters are a device for controlling traffic, not for producing revenue. The meters' chief purposes are to turn over curb space, facilitate the loading and unloading of

trucks, and cut down on double parking and the cruising of slowpokes looking for an empty space. "We park over seventy-five million cars a year in this city," Mr. Wiley has said, "and according to studies we've made, in some areas there's roughly a fifty-per-cent violation of meter regulations at any given time. A hundred meter maids ought to be able to cut that percentage in two. With enough meter maids, we could cut the figure down almost to zero."

Why meter maids instead of meter men? Because a hundred other cities throughout the country have been experimenting with parking-meter attendants and have found that women do a better job, largely by exercising greater tact and patience than men. Though we come late to meter maids, we have more of them than any other city (trust us to be bigger than other people, if not smarter) and have a more vexing problem in respect to moving them about. In a small city like White Plains, meter maids walk their beats; in Miami, they use three-wheeled motorcycles; in Beverly Hills, they use scooters. Here, the maids are to tootle about in spanking-white 1960 Plymouth sedans, five maids per car, three shifts of maids per car per day, in areas containing anywhere from fifty to fourteen hundred meters. One of the maids in each team will drive the others to their different areas and then go to work herself. The average maid is expected to check some eight hundred



"I don't know what 'plight thee my troth' means, either, but I didn't burst out giggling."

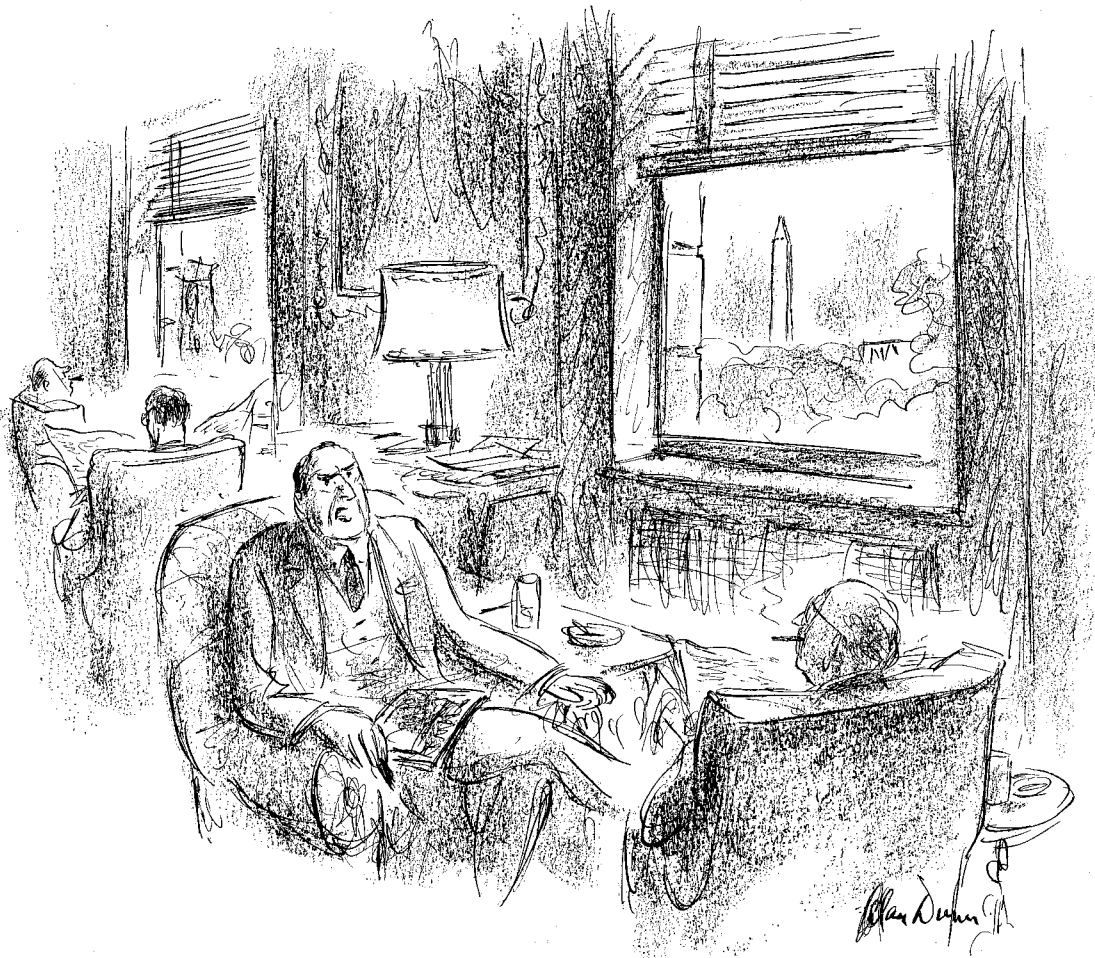
meters a day. For the first few days, they will distribute educational pamphlets, instead of summonses, to guilty parties. If the maids do as well as Wiley hopes, their number will probably be much increased, and they may be permitted to take over the enforcement of various parking regulations that are now in the rather limp hands of the police. For years, this magazine has been asking why streets plastered with "No Parking" signs can't be cleared of parked cars, and for years the police have scarcely made a dent in the problem. We wish the maids Godspeed with their meters, and trust that they will soon push on to greater things.

Helpful

A MOTHER who has been teaching her children to be mannerly on the telephone overheard her eight-year-old daughter answering a call last week. "I'm sorry, sir," the young lady said, "you must have a wrong number. But would you like to leave a message?"

The True Essence

FOR the past six months, the built-in seismographs with which jazz admirers record every move of their idols have been writing right off the page, short-circuiting, or simply going dead. The cause of this impressive disturbance, which has been equalled in jazz only by the Louis Armstrong eruption in the early twenties, the Benny Goodman explosion in the late thirties, and the Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie-Thelonious Monk upheaval in the mid-forties, is an unassuming and hitherto unknown thirty-year-old alto saxophonist from Fort Worth named Ornette Coleman, whose quartet has been performing off and on since last November before bulging houses at the Five Spot, a small Third Avenue-type bar on Cooper Square. (Suffice it to say that Coleman's playing, which is largely indescribable, involves a unique form of free improvisation, set forth in a flow of sounds that may resemble an automotive disorder in one measure and pure



"No income tax in Russia by 1965! That was really hitting below the belt!"

bird song in the next.) These houses have included every jazz critic in town; celebrated jazz musicians, like Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, Percy Heath, and Lionel Hampton, all of whom have become so exercised by Coleman that they have asked, and been granted, permission to sit in with his quartet; and a host of the merely curious, among them Leonard Bernstein, Faye Emerson, Julie Styne, the Ambassador to the United Nations from Ghana, Marc Blitzstein, Sam Levenson, Virgil Thomson, Betty Comden, and the thirty-four members of the senior class of the Stockbridge School, who made a pilgrimage to the Five Spot all the way from Massachusetts. In an effort to find out a little more about this Wizard of Oz, we arranged to have dinner with Coleman one evening last week at a restaurant on West Eleventh Street. He arrived a moment or two after we did, carrying a compact instrument case, a large navel orange, and a tightly furled umbrella, which swung easily from his left arm. A slim, handsome colored man of medium height, dressed in an impeccable dark-green suit and a black tie, and wearing a beard, Coleman checked his case and umbrella,

placed the orange carefully beside his butter plate, shook hands in the self-deprecating way that is often affected by the great, sat down opposite us, and, without hesitation, began a concentrated, non-stop, from-the-inside-looking-out monologue that had a lot in common with one of his instrumental solos: "I'm not very hungry. I just ate a little while ago, but I'll have a small Salisbury steak and a salad, maybe with some Thousand Island dressing. I haven't heard one person yet who can explain what I'm doing. People laugh at me, shake their heads. But I won't let any of that affect me. There's but one thing you can do—play the true essence of yourself. Talent and appearances have nothing to do with each other. Look at van Gogh. He cut off his ear; it didn't hurt his talent. Most people fail to hear what is being played at the *moment* it is played. They pay more attention to behavior and what they see than to what is happening musically. I know exactly what I'm doing. I'm beginning where Charlie Parker stopped. Parker's melodic lines were placed across ordinary chord progressions. My melodic approach is based on phrasing, and my phrasing is an extension of how

I hear the intervals and pitch of the tunes I play. There is no end to pitch. You can play flat in tune and sharp in tune. It's a question of vibration. My phrasing is spontaneous, not a style. A style happens when your phrasing hardens. Jazz music is the only music in which the same note can be played night after night but differently each time. It's the hidden things, the subconscious that lies in the body and lets you know: you feel this, you play this. Do you understand that? After all, *music* is harmless. It all depends on which way a person is using it. I give my musicians one of my tunes and tell them, 'You play that your way. You add to it what you can. Enlarge it. Extend it.' But this isn't easy, I know. The other night, at a rehearsal for a concert I played in of Gunther Schuller's music at the Circle in the Square, Schuller made me play a little four-measure thing he'd written six or seven times before I got it right. I could read it, see the notes on the paper. But I heard those notes in my head, heard their pitch, and what I heard was different from what Schuller heard. Then I got it right. I got it his way. It was as simple as that."

Coleman paused abruptly, picked up the orange, hefted it, and rolled it around reflectively in his hands. We asked him to tell us about his early career. "I started playing the alto when I was about fourteen," he said, replacing the orange and attacking his Salisbury steak. "My family couldn't afford to give me lessons, so I bought an instruction book and taught myself, but I taught myself wrong. I thought the low C on my horn was the A in the book, and when I joined a church band the leader said, 'Look at this boy. Playing the instrument wrong for two years. He'll never be a saxophone player.' You can't live down your mistakes, but if you keep thinking about them you can't emerge from them, either. I hooked up with a carnival band, then a rhythm-and-blues group, which stranded me in California in 1950. They kept telling me in that band I was doing this wrong, doing that wrong. In the next six, seven years, I travelled back and forth between Fort Worth and California, playing once in a while but doing day work mostly—stockboy, houseboy, freight-elevator operator. By 1957, I had got very depressed in California, and I wired my ma would she send me a bus ticket home, and on the day the ticket arrived, Les Koenig, of Contemporary Records, asked me to audition some of my tunes for him. I did, and he gave me my first record session. I began playing around California, and in 1959

John Lewis heard me in Frisco and asked me to come to the School of Jazz, at Lenox, Massachusetts, that summer, and after that, since I felt I'd never got a chance to exist properly, to know what I truly am, I migrated to New York. Now I'm set. Or, anyway, set to be set. What I'd like most now is a vacation, but I've got three musicians depending on me. I'm tired. Six hours a night, six nights a week. Sometimes I go to the club and I can't understand what I feel. 'Am I here? How will I make it through tonight?' I say to myself. I'd like to play a couple of nights a week is all. I'd have more to say. I'd get closer to harnessing my feelings, to getting down to the true essence. Well, it's time to work."

Coleman yawned, picked up his orange, and tossed it into the air.

"What are you going to do with that orange?" we asked.

"Why, eat it, man," he said, laughing. "What else? An orange is very pleasant two o'clock in the morning."

LETTER received by the graduate student adviser of the Department of Zoology of Columbia University, from a girl student:

This is to inform you that I am going to interrupt momentarily my graduate studies in your department due to the fact that I will soon become a mother. Thank you for your assistance up to this point.

Globicephala Melaena

THE female pilot whale recently washed up on the strand of Coney Island and taken into protective custody by the New York Aquarium was still swimming in slow, counterclockwise circles last week in one of the establishment's outdoor pools. In the company of Dr. Carleton Ray, assistant to Dr. Christopher W. Coates, the director of

the Aquarium, we watched her making her rounds the other morning, and, thanks to our companion, a handsome man of thirty-one whose knowledge of marine life is catholic, learned a good deal about her. She is twelve feet long, weighs about twelve hundred pounds, and is half grown. She has suffered some internal injuries, and her right eye is damaged, which may account for the leftward course she pursues in the pool. She is a member of the genus *Globicephala*, commonly known as blackfish, which includes three North American species: *Globicephala scammoni*, which roams the Pacific coast; *Globicephala brachyptera*, which is found along the Jersey shore and farther south; and *Globicephala melaena*, to which she belongs, and which explores our North Atlantic coasts. "This species of whale is subject to a kind of group madness," said Dr. Ray. "At times, they will rush to beaches, where they are almost sure to perish, and if they are hauled back out to sea, they will start right in again for shore. They have little resistance to cold drafts, so even a short period out of water may result in their catching pneumonia, and, apart from that, there is always the danger that sand will get into their lungs and cause disease. As far as intelligence goes, they make dogs look feeble-minded; they are right up there next to monkeys. Their brain is complex, and they are extremely sensitive. This one, for instance, although ill and injured in one eye, is quite aware of what is going on around her, and if she becomes well again, she will have the disposition and capacities of a porpoise. We are, of course, hoping that she will presently begin to eat. Whales of this type, which live exclusively on squid, are always slow about feeding in captivity. Even healthy ones that are caught on the West Coast won't eat in an aquarium for at least eight days, and all of them can go for two weeks or more without visible loss of weight because of lack of food."

Dr. Ray interrupted his discourse to suggest to an attendant that he try to tempt the whale with some squid. But when a bucket of squid was tossed into the water, the whale ignored the stuff. "We transferred her from a smaller pool to this one a few days ago," said Dr. Ray, "and in the course of the transfer Dr. Ross F. Nigrelli, our pathologist, gave her some penicillin and streptomycin shots, along with some B-complex, and we also had Dr. Walter S. Schachat, an ophthalmologist, give her eye a treatment. It is possible that her liver was ruptured, but at least she



seems better now than she did when she arrived."

At this point, we were joined at the pool by several small boys and a teacher, who was shepherding them.

"Is it real?" one of them asked.

"No," said another. "It's stuffed."

"How does it move around, then?" asked the first.

"They wind it up," said the second.

The teacher sighed. "The one who thinks it's stuffed is the brightest boy in the class," she remarked to us. "He's been claiming it's stuffed ever since he saw its picture in the paper."

The children drifted along, the tail-end of the lot waving an admonishing finger at the whale and crying, "You better eat, if you know what's good for you!"

"The whale's temperature has been worrying us a little," Dr. Ray remarked. "It should be ninety-nine, but it's been fluctuating between ninety-six and ninety-eight point five. However, we've fought through plenty of problems before. For instance, we had a lot of difficulty with walrus until we discovered that what they need is a diet high in protein and low in sugar, and hit upon a combination of whipping cream and clams. All these aquatic mammals are extremely delicate, and I don't think many human babies get as much care as we give them. Come on over and meet Ookie."

We followed Dr. Ray to an enclosure hard by a seal pond, where a fat and amiable young walrus was taking her ease in the sun.

"Hello, Ookie," said Dr. Ray, leaning over a low concrete wall to pat the walrus on the head. To us he said, "Dr. Francis Fay and my wife and I got Ookie up in the Bering Sea. She's just a year old, and very spoiled and smart." Ookie yelped happily, and Dr. Ray went on to tell us that he has studied marine life all the way from the Bahamas to the Arctic, and that he is very fond of observing fish and aquatic mam-

mals while skin-diving. The children we had seen at the whale pond had assembled near us once more, this time at the penguin pond, and as the birds lined up in their solemn fashion, all hands began to scream, "Hut, two, three, four!"

After this had gone on for quite a while, we suggested to Dr. Ray that we had better be getting along. "If you're going to have lunch out, here at Coney Island," he remarked, "you

might try Gargiulo's. They have the best squid marinara you ever tasted."

The whale, indifferent to *her* squid, was still going in circles when we left.

OVERHEARD at the Harmon station of the New York Central: "Can you imagine what would have happened if Teddy Roosevelt had been there?"



"I'll have another, and one more for my friend, the Immortal Bard."

A COIN WITH A HOLE IN IT

THE oldest male person living in my grandparents' house in Atlanta, in which I grew up, was my cousin Carl, who was nine years older than I was. On spring afternoons when I was eight or nine and my cousin was seventeen or eighteen, he used, after having spent the morning dressed in gym shorts, practicing javelin throwing in the side lot, to lie in the swing on the front porch and study. He was freshly bathed, wearing clean cotton-khaki trousers and an open shirt. His knees were propped up and a bare stretch of hairy leg showed between his white socks and the tan cuffs of his trousers. While he was lying there, I took great pleasure in sneaking up and grabbing his pencil, or giving the swing a push, or jerking one of the hairs out of his leg. The fear of being caught by him filled me with joy. As fast as I could, I rushed to the front steps and down into the yard. Then, if I was not chased, I waited awhile and, stooping down so that I could not be seen from the swing, stole around to the steps that were on the side of the house, at the far end of the porch, and watched him from there.

When I bothered him, my cousin would reach out and try to catch me, or even jump up from the swing and chase me a few steps. Sometimes he would shout at me to go away and leave him alone. But if he was in a good mood, he would lie with his algebra or trigonometry book held in one hand against his knees, his other hand resting inert across his stomach or along the wooden edge of the swing, and pretend to be lost in concentration on the page he was studying. I realized that his strategy was to feign unawareness in order to catch me. Cautiously, at a safe distance, still breathing heavily from my exertion and inhaling the odor from the pear tree in bloom in the side yard, or the bed of jonquils and narcissus that grew near the rear steps, I would wait until I saw some convincing sign of awareness or oblivion on his part. I knew what would happen if he caught me. He would hold me with my arm twisted behind my back until I promised to go away and leave him alone. He never hurt me, not even when he was angry. His anger took the form of curtly warning me that he was not in the mood for playing and that I was to cut it out, and this was defeat for me, for it meant that the game was over, and after it was over, there was no rela-

tionship between us. His mother—who was my Aunt Berta—his sister, and he lived on the second floor of the house, my mother, my brother, and I on the first. The six of us were the only people in the house, and, as is necessary in such a situation, the two families kept as separate as possible most of the time.

I was not consciously aware of the fact that there were no grown men in the house. It was almost as though they did not exist. I knew that my mother was divorced from my father and that he was living somewhere in Florida (his exact whereabouts was unknown to us), but Mother and Aunt Berta seldom talked about him—not from conspiracy but naturally, as they did not talk about razors and shaving cream and pocket hones. My uncles came to the house sometimes, but they seldom stayed for long. And there were no male teachers at the grammar school where I and my brother, who was two years older than I was, went to school.

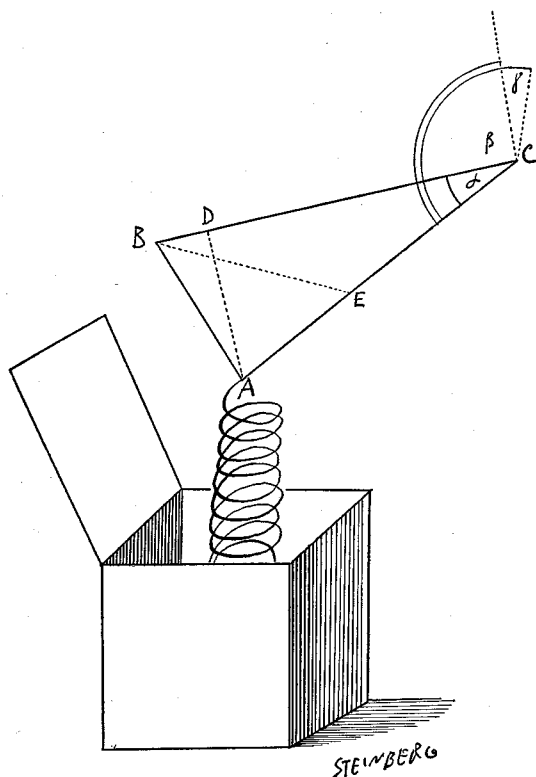
But I must have had some inkling of what was missing, and sometimes when my cousin was out of the house I slipped into the upstairs room in which he slept, and prowled around. I did not know what I was looking for. I would lift the discarded clothes I found on a chair, or open the cabinet at the top of his dresser and look at the cuff links, the razor and shaving brush and styptic stick stored there. I walked around the room very quietly, observing as I almost never observed at that period, consciously tak-

ing in details as though I were a traveler in a foreign land. But when I heard someone coming I slipped out. My cousin and I never became friends. I did not learn any ordinary everyday things from him. And even so simple an action as tying my shoe I did backward, in the reverse of the procedure a boy learns from watching a man, for I learned from seeing Mother tie my shoe when it was on my foot and she was facing me.

THE house was heated by fireplaces, and, because there was no man to build and tend the grate fire in our part, Mother did it. This was not an easy job. She let the living-room fire go out each night and built it again each morning. No fender or fire screen stood on the green tile hearth in front of the grate; my grandfather had not believed in them, and he had instilled in Mother the conviction that if a fire was banked overnight a live coal was likely to pop out and burn the house down, no matter what precaution was taken—a fear easy to propagate in a city that had once burned to the ground, as Atlanta had.

My brother and I helped as much as we could by bringing in two scuttles of coal and some kindling each evening before supper. But we could not cut wood—Mother, out of fear that we would hurt ourselves, would not let us use the axe. In the past, when my grandparents were alive and all their children lived at home, there had been a yardman to take care of this work, and old Early, an ancient Negro who had also worked for my grandfather, still came around sometimes and cut wood for us, but he was unreliable, especially in cold weather, and when he failed to turn up and we ran out of kindling, the job of cutting it sometimes fell on Mother.

Early each summer, she and Aunt Berta (as their father had before them) took advantage of low prices and ordered a railway carload of coal, which was stored in the "coal house"—a big enclosed space under the servants' room, behind the kitchen. You entered the coal house from the back yard—and the coal filled it almost to the door. But on the right, where the axe leaned against the wall, enough room remained for kindling to be stacked. Aunt Berta did not always find it easy to persuade my cousin to cut kindling when she wanted it, and so she and Mother decided to fill this space



with as much wood as possible during the summer, and to keep it in reserve for the periods when old Early did not show up. There was no question of buying wood, only of finding someone to cut it, for we had a large woodpile, but no one turned up to cut it.

My cousin had gone away early in the summer, and in June my brother went away, too, to visit the relatives in the country where we went each summer. But I had had risings in my ears, which had to be lanced and drained, and I still had to keep on seeing the doctor, so my brother left without me. For a week I wandered about the house and yard alone, hardly knowing what to do with myself, and waiting until I, too, could go away.

Then one afternoon a stranger, dressed in clean faded dungarees and a brown plaid work shirt, stopped at the house and asked for work. He was lean. His age was about that of my youngest uncle. And Mother and Aunt Berta decided that he looked less like a tramp than like a country boy. His mouth was sharply drawn, the whites of his eyes were clear, and he had long, sunburned muscles, none of which went with a shiftless or drinking character. Besides, one of their brothers, who had had a quarrel with his wife and had spent the night at the house, was still there, so they were not afraid. They told the stranger that there was no real work to be done but that if he would go to the woodpile in the back yard and cut some kindling they would give him something to eat.

The woodpile was a stack of blackened lumber, half covered by weeds. It had accumulated from the collapse of a number of buildings. First the doghouse and the fence around the dog yard had been pulled down. Then the chicken house. Finally, part of the barn. None of these had been demolished deliberately; they had simply sagged toward the earth until my brother and I, or our cousins, knocked them over in play, and the loose boards had been cleaned up and moved to this spot, which was away from the corrugated-tin garage and yet near enough to the house to be handy for firewood.

Aunt Berta took the coal-house key from the nail in the kitchen where it hung, attached by a string to a long narrow piece of wood, and went out



"Go look at yourself!"

with it to the back yard, where the young man was waiting. She unfastened the padlock on the door of the coal house, opened the heavy wooden door, and pointed out the axe. The young man said "Yes, ma'am" to each of her statements and smiled a smile that showed his teeth, very pale and even. Then he went to the woodpile and began to split beams, raising the axe all the way over his head and twisting his body in an arc at each swing.

I was sitting at the top of the back steps, watching him, when my uncle came out of the house. He was not yet thirty, but his waist was already going to fat and his features were becoming soft. Frowning at the sudden light, he stopped beside me and said, "Well, you look pretty damned busy."

I did not reply and he asked, "What do you think you're doing?"

I said that I was doing nothing.

"Nothing just about to hell covers it."

Again I did not say anything. The only sound was that of the axe against wood.

"How old are you?"

I told him.

"When I was your age," he said, "I could cut all the wood needed here, and my daddy saw that I damned well did it."

With a loud "huh," he went on down the steps and across the yard to

the garage, where he had left his automobile the night before. I went indoors until I saw his car turn from the driveway into the street. Then I came out again by the front door and went around to the back yard.

It was a warm day. The sun was solid and bright, casting shadows beneath the oak trees, and in the open lighting up the green weeds that grew beyond the woodpile. When I came around the corner of the house, I saw that the man had stopped to wipe the perspiration from his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt. He saw me, smiled, and asked where he could get a drink of water.

I showed him an outdoor faucet at the side of the back steps. As he crossed to it, he asked me if the person who had left was my father. I told him that he was my uncle—my father did not live with us and I did not know where he was.

While the man was drinking, leaning over, and letting the water run into his mouth, Mother called me into the kitchen and gave me a plate of food for him. He took it and sat down on the ground, in the shade of the largest oak tree, with his back against the tree trunk, and I wandered away and pretended to be interested in the yard.

Halfway between the blackened beams of the woodpile and the sandy track that automobile tires and water

from the broken rain pipe at the corner of the house had made diagonally across the yard, there were two round flower beds filled with marigolds, California poppies, and larkspur.

The man, pointing to them as he ate, asked, "Who made those?"

I told him that I had made one and my brother the other.

"I bet I can tell you how you did it." He took another bite of corn bread, then continued, "First, you laid an automobile tire down flat on the ground. Next, you dug up the dirt inside it, and then dug up some more dirt somewhere else and filled the tire with it. Then you took the tire away and put that circle of stones where it was."

He described the process exactly as though he had been there watching when I had made the flower bed, or as though he had been listening when my aunt in the country had told me how to make it. My surprise was obvious, and he smiled.

"My mother used to make them the same way," he said. "We lived in the country, in a place very different from here. There weren't any trees or any grass, just dust everywhere. But my mother kept one flower bed like those on each side of the house. And she drew up a bucketful of water for them each evening, no matter how much my old man objected to her using the water."

That had been a long time ago, he said. I did not know how long a long time meant to him, but in the silence that followed, as he took another mouthful of meat and corn bread, I imagined the time stretching around him as bare and dusty as the ground he had described. Then he smiled again and asked me if I had ever seen the ocean.

I told him that we had been to the seashore in Florida when I was small and we lived with my father but that I did not remember it; and since we had returned to Atlanta to live I had never been farther away than to visit my father's sister, who lived in the country, in the opposite direction from the ocean.

"I think you'd like the ocean," he told me. "You ought to go and see it sometimes. It's bigger than you can imagine. I've shipped all the way to China, and you don't see anything but water, all the way to the horizon all around you, for three weeks at a time. You'd like Japan and China, too. Osaka and Shanghai and Ningpo."

I had never heard any of these names, or even any like them. I stood grinning at the stranger. Then he made a funny little yapping noise, like a Pekinese, and said, "That's 'I'll never forget you' in Japanese."

ON LOOKING INTO "A CLOISTER'S BESTIARY"

(METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART CALENDAR FOR 1960)

Menageries like this are hard to find;
Our dooms are different, and the mind
That fashioned manticores
Is long discredited.

The cock has crowed a time or two since then,
And days are not the same on Venus.
These zoos are closed; not soon again
Will Harpy and horse be only months apart.

Still, patience preserves these beasts, and art:
The whale with bushes growing from his back,
The weasel woven out of reach of wolves,
An aging crane turned black—
All powerless as pageantry.

Space has few cloisters, and the modern mind
Finds any vision curious that brings
A reckoning in antelope and owls; yet even now,
Arboreal or not, the primate swings
Between the fading forest and the stars.

—DEATT HUDSON

As I listened, I felt as I did when the rain or the night changed the familiar landscape of the back yard into a place as different from its usual self as a foreign city would be—an alien feeling that seemed in some odd way to connect me to the stranger. Since he had left his ship in San Francisco, he said, he had come back across the southern end of the country, hitchhiking or riding freight all the way. The names of the places he mentioned were almost as unfamiliar to me as the place names of the Orient. In Texarkana he had stopped to see his family, but when he reached the farm where he had lived no one was there. The doors and windows were all open. There was not a stick of furniture in the small house. And of the flower beds on either side of the yard

there remained only the bare circles of stone.

After a pause, he smiled again and added, "I'm going to the East Coast now and take a ship and see what the Atlantic looks like."

He gave me the plate and I took it inside. When I came out again, he was working once more, cutting up an old cedar fence post that was yellow toward the outside and red in the center and that filled the air with a strong fragrance. He called to me, "Come and watch me and I'll show you how to split kindling." The post had already been cut into lengths and he was chopping up the short, thick pieces. He did it carefully, and I stood just outside the range of the swinging axe and watched the wood somersault up into the air and straight back to earth as, with single blows, he split the lengths into halves, the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths.

When he was finished, the two of us stacked the kindling into a neat pile in the corner of the coal house, near the door; then I went inside and told my mother that the man was ready to go. We came out onto the back porch and found him at the faucet, washing his face and hands. Mother had prepared a sack of sandwiches for him to take with him, like the sacks she prepared for my brother and me when we went to school. My aunt, who went out to the coal house and locked the door, was pleased with the amount of work he had done and told me to come inside with her. She hung the key to the coal house



on its nail and handed me a quarter to give him.

I hurried out to the back porch again, but he was no longer at the water faucet, and when I had gone down the steps to the ground, I could not find him anywhere in the yard. I ran across the sandy automobile tracks and up the unpaved driveway, anxious and bewildered. Then I saw him, framed in the posts of the gate that separated the front from the back yard, walking slowly, ready to turn from the driveway onto the sidewalk.

In his hand he carried his tan sweater, as he had when he arrived at the house; and when I called to him and he turned and looked at me, I saw that his brown hair, wet from his wash, lay unnaturally dark and formal along his forehead. I gave him the quarter. He thanked me. For a moment we stood smiling at each other. Then he drew his hand from his pocket and held it out to me. In the palm there was a round, copper-colored coin with a square hole in it. He asked if I knew what it was. I shook my head.

"It's a cash," he said. "A Chinese coin. I brought it back with me, and I'd like to give it to you to remember me by. It isn't worth anything here, but whenever you look at it you'll think of me."

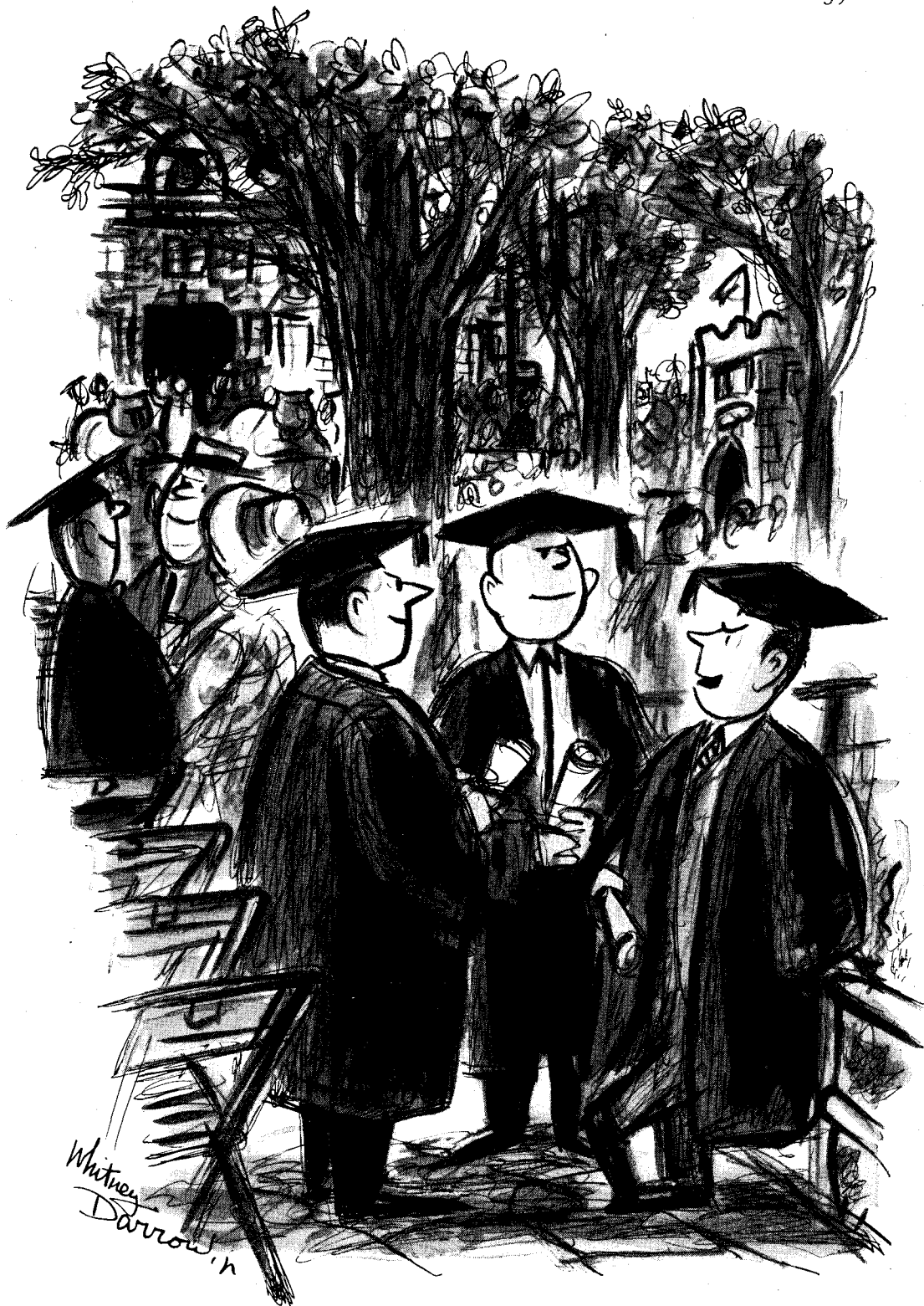
A STRAW sewing basket, on which a design was stitched in red and blue wool, sat on Mother's dresser in the back bedroom. At the top, to lift the lid by, the threads held a coin like the one the stranger had given me; and when I showed the cash to my brother and told him what it was, he did not believe that the man had brought it back from a foreign country. It was probably an ornament off a sewing basket like Mother's, he said, and even if I got to China it would be of no value.

But for once I did not believe him. When I looked at the copper-colored coin, I thought of the vagrant's brown plaid shirt; of how, on the inside, where

the sleeve was rolled up, I had seen the plaid pattern repeated in a lighter tan the same shade as his face, as though the sun at the same time that it had faded his shirt had darkened his skin until the two met. The color joined with the brown fading snapshots of my father in our family photograph album, snapshots of places as flat and strange as the foreign

names the stranger had used—stretches of sand at Daytona Beach, or level fields in pine woods cleared for growing pineapples. Between the shirt and the photographs there was the copper-colored coin in my hand. And somehow, out of the combination of all three, emerged the exact shade of my own longing and belief.

—DONALD WINDHAM



"I admit that Consolidated Aluminum has an attractive starting salary and good fringe benefits, but Allied Instruments offers all that, plus optional early retirement."

A DEDICATED MAN

IN the dark, raftered dining room, Silcox counted the coned napkins and, walking among the tables, lifted the lids of the mustard pots and shook salt level in the cellars.

At the beginning of their partnership as waiter and waitress, Edith had liked to make mitres or fleurs-de-lis or water lilies of the napkins, and Silcox, who thought this great vulgarity, waited until after he had made his proposal and been accepted before he put a stop to it. She had listened meekly. "Edwardian vulgarity," he had told her, taking a roll of bread from the center of the petalled linen. Whipping the napkin straight, he turned it deftly into a dunce's cap.

Edith always came down a little after Silcox. He left the bedroom in plenty of time for her to change into her black dress and white apron. His proposal had not included marriage or any other intimacy, and although they lay every night side by side in twin beds, they were always decorous in their behavior, fanatically prim, and he had never so much as seen her take a brush to her hair, as he himself might have said. However, there was no one to say it to, and to the world they were Mr. and Mrs. Silcox, a plain, respectable couple. Both were ambitious, both had been bent on leaving the hotel where they first met—a glorified boarding house, Silcox called it. Both, being snobbish, were galled at having to wait on noisy, sunburned people who wore freakish and indecent holiday clothes and could not pronounce *crêpes de volaille*, let alone understand what it meant.

By the time Silcox heard of the vacancy at The Royal George, he had become desperate beyond measure, irritated at every turn by the vulgarities of seaside life. The Royal George was mercifully as inland as anywhere in England can be. The thought of the Home Counties soothed him. He visualized the landscape embowered in flowering trees.

In his interview with the manageress he had been favorably impressed by the tone of the hotel. The Thames flowed by beyond the geranium-bordered lawns; there would be star occasions all summer—the Fourth of June, Henley, Ascot. The dining room, though it was small, had velvet-cushioned banquettes and wine lists in padded leather covers. The ashtrays advertised nothing and the flowers had not come out of the garden. "My wife," he said repeatedly during the interview. He had been unable to bring her, from consideration

to their employer. The manageress respected him for this and for very much else. She could imagine him in tails, and he seemed to wear the gray suit as if it were a regrettable informality he had been unable to escape. He was stately, eyes like a statue's, mouth like a carp's. His deference would have that touch of condescension that would make customers angle for his good will. Those to whom he finally unbent, with a remark about the weather or the compliments of the season, would return again and again, bringing friends to whom they could display their status. "Maurice always looks after me," they would say.

Returning to the pandemonium—the tripperish hotel, the glaring sky—he made his proposal to Edith. "Married couple" the advertisement had stipulated, and was a necessary condition, he now understood, for only one bedroom was available. "It has twin bedsteads, I ascertained," he said.

Marriage, he explained, could not be considered, as he was married already. Where the person in question (as he spoke of his wife) was at present he said he did not know. She had been put behind him.

Until that day, he had never spoken to Edith of his personal affairs, although they had worked together for a year. She was reserved herself and embarrassed by this unexpected lapse, though by the proposal itself she felt deeply honored. It set the seal on his approval of her work.

"I think I am right in saying that our employment is what matters most to both of us," he observed, and she nodded. She spoke very little and never smiled.

The manageress of The Royal George, when Edith went for her sepa-

rate interview, wondered if she were not too grim. At forty-five, her hair was streaked gray and clipped short like a man's at the back. She had no makeup and there were deep lines about her mouth that had come from the expression of disapproval she so often wore. On the other hand, she was obviously dependable and efficient, would never slop soup or wear dirty cuffs or take crafty nips of gin in the stillroom whenever there was a lull. Her predecessor had done these things and been flighty, too.

So Edith and Silcox were engaged.

Sternly and without embarrassment they made their arrangements for bedroom privacy. These were simply a matter of one's staying in the bathroom while the other dressed or undressed in the bedroom. Edith was first to get into bed and would then turn out the light. Silcox was meanwhile sitting on a laundry basket in his dressing gown, glancing at his watch until it was time to return. He would get into bed in the dark. He never wished her good night and hardly admitted to himself that she was there.

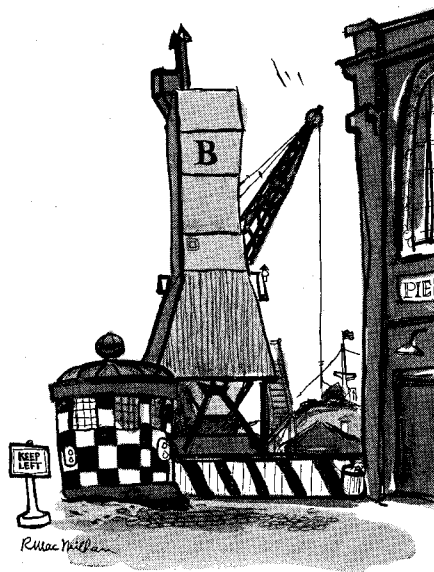
Now a week had gone by, and the arrangements had worked so smoothly that he was a little surprised this evening when on the stroke of seven o'clock she did not appear. Having checked his tables, he studied the list of bookings and was pleased to note the name of one of his bêtes noires. This would put a spur to his pride and lift the evening out of the ordinary ruck. Pleasant people were not the same challenge.

Upstairs, Edith was having to hurry—something she rarely deigned to do. She was even a little excited as she darted about the room looking for clean cuffs and apron, fresh dress preservers, and some pewter-colored stockings, and she kept pausing to glance at a photograph on the chest of drawers. It was postcard-size and in a worn leather frame and was of an adolescent boy wearing a school blazer.

When she went back to the bedroom after breakfast, she had seen the photograph for the first time. Silcox had placed it there without a word. She ignored it for a while and then became nervous that one of the maids might question her about it, and it was this reason she gave Silcox for having asked him who it was.

"Our son," he said.

He deemed it expedient, he added, that he should be a family man. The fact would increase their air of dependability and give them background and reality and solid worth. The boy was at a public school, he went on, and





"Some parts of quicksand are quicker than other parts, apparently."

did not divulge to his friends the nature of his parents' profession. Silcox, Edith realized with respect, was so snobbish that he looked down upon himself.

"How old is he?" she asked in an abrupt tone.

"He is seventeen and working for the advanced level."

She did not know what this was and wondered how she would manage to support the fantasy.

"We shall say nothing ourselves," said Silcox, "as we are not in the habit of discussing our private affairs. But he is there if wanted."

"What shall we— what is his name?"

"Julian," Silcox said and his voice sounded rich and musical.

Edith looked with some wonder at the face in the photograph. It was a very ordinary face, and she could imagine the maids conjecturing at length as to whom he took after.

"Who is he really?" she asked.

"A young relative," said Silcox.

IN Edith's new life there were one or two difficulties—one was trying to remember not to fidget with the wedding ring as if she were not used to wearing it, and another was being obliged to call Silcox "Maurice." This she thought unseemly, like all familiarities, and to be constant in it required continual vigilance. He, being her superior, had called her "Edith" from the start.

Sleeping beside him at night worried her less. The routine of privacy was

established, and sleep itself was negative and came immediately to both of them after long hours of being on their feet. They might have felt more sense of intimacy sitting beside one another in deck chairs in broad daylight, for then there would be the pitfalls of conversation. (How far to encroach? How much interest to show that could be shown without appearing inquisitive?)

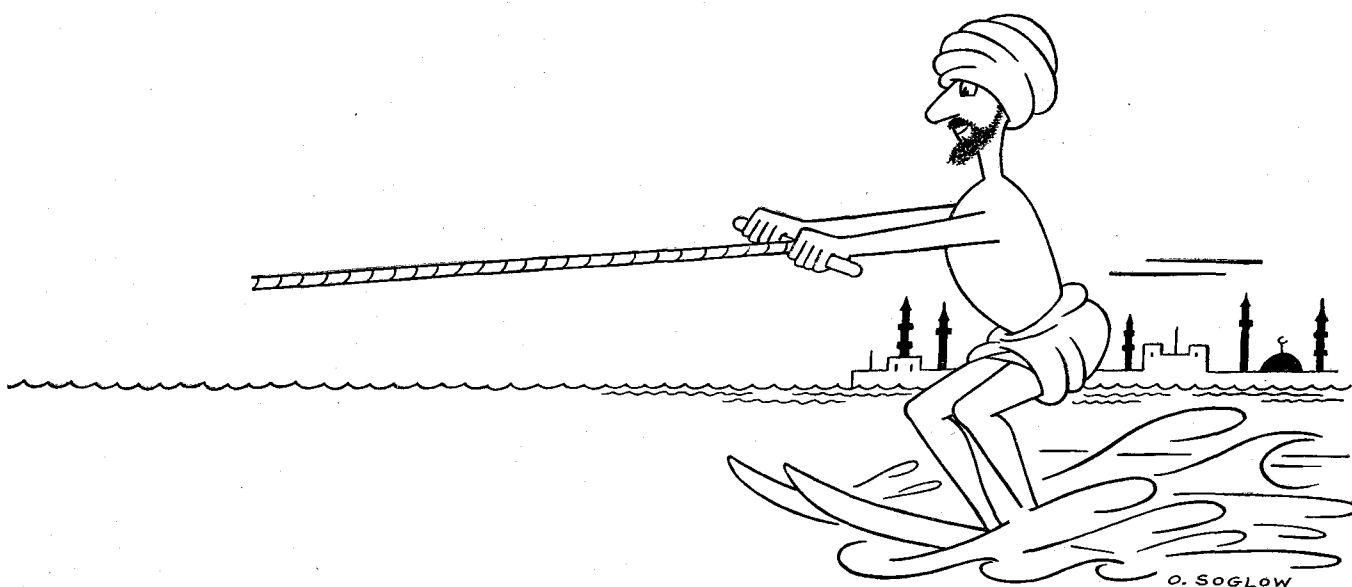
Edith was one of those women who seem to know from childhood that the attraction of men is no part of their equipment, and from then on have supported nature in what it has done for them, by exaggerating the gruffness and the gracelessness and becoming after a time sexless. She strode heavily in shoes a size too large; her off-duty gray coat and skirt were as sensible as some old nanny's walking-out attire. She was not much interested in people, although she did her duty toward them, and wrote each week to her married sister in Australia, and was generous to her at Christmas. Her letters, clearly written as they were, were still practically unreadable—so full of facts and times: where she took the bus to on her day off and the whole route described, where this road forked and that branched off, and at what P.M. she entered this or that café to progress from the grapefruit to the trifle of the table d'hôte (five and sixpence). Very poor service usually, she wrote—odd knives and forks left on the table while she drank her coffee, for no one took any pride nowadays.

Edith had no relations other than her

sister; her world was peopled with hotel staff and customers. With the staff she was distant and sometimes grim if they were careless in their work, and with her customers she was distant and respectful. She hardly responded to them, although there were a very few—usually gay young men or courtly and jovial elderly ones—to whom she behaved protectively, as nannyish as she looked when she wore her outdoor clothes.

The other person in her life—Silcox—was simply to her the Establishment. She had never worked with anyone she respected more—in her mind, he was always a waiter and she always thought of him dressed as a waiter. On his day off, he seemed lowered by wearing the clothes of an ordinary man. Having to turn her eyes away from him when she glimpsed him in a dressing gown was really no worse. They were not man and woman in one another's eyes, and hardly even human beings.

No difficulties they were beset with in their first days at The Royal George could spoil the pleasures of their work. The serenity of the dining room, the elaborate food, which made demands upon them (to turn something over in flaming brandy in a chafing dish crowned Silcox's evening), the superiority of the clientele, and the glacial table linen. They had suffered horrors from common people, and this escape to elegance was precious to them both. The hazards that threatened were not connected with their work, over which both had mastery from the begin-



ning, but with their private lives. It was agonizing to Edith to realize that now they were expected to spend their free time together. On the first day off they took a bus to another hotel along the river and there had luncheon. Silcox modelled his behavior on that of his own most difficult customers, and seemed to be retaliating by doing so. He was very lordly and full of knowledge and criticism. Edith, who was used to shopping ladies' luncheons in cafés, became nervous and alarmed. When she next wrote to her sister, she left this expedition altogether out of the letter and described instead some of the menus she had served at The Royal George, with prices. Nowadays, there was, for the first time in her life, an enormous amount that had to be left out of her letters.

She was dreading their next free day, and was relieved when Silcox suggested that they should make a habit of taking the train to London together and there separating. If they came back on the same train in the evening, no suspicion would be roused.

In London, she enjoyed wandering round the department stores, looking without surprise or envy at all the frivolous extravagancies. She made notes of prices, thinking that her sister would be interested to compare them with those in Melbourne, and she could spend a whole day over choosing a pair of gloves, going from shop to shop, studying the quality. One day, she intended to visit the zoo.

Silcox said that he liked to look in the jewellers' windows. In the afternoons, he went to a news cinema. Going home in the train, he read a newspaper and she looked out at the backs of houses and little gardens and, later, fields or woods, staring as if hypnotized.

One morning when she had returned to their bedroom after breakfast, he surprised her by following her there. This was the time of day when he took a turn about the garden or strolled along by the river.

When he had shut the door, he said quietly, "I'm afraid I must ask you something. I think it would be better if you were less tidy in here. It struck me this morning that by putting everything away out of sight you will give rise to suspicion."

Once, he had been a floor waiter in a hotel, and knew from taking breakfast in to so many married people what their bedrooms usually looked like. His experience with his own wife he did not refer to.

"I overheard Carrie telling one of the other maids what a tidy pair we were and she had never met anyone like it. Not a pin in sight when she came into this room, she said. I respect your intentions," he said grandly, "but the last thing to serve our purpose is to appear in any way out of the ordinary. If you could have one or two things lying about, your hairbrush, perhaps—well, I leave it to you. Just a pot of something or other on the dressing table. A wife would never hide everything away in the drawers. Carrie's right. As it is, there isn't even a pin to be seen. Nothing to show it's anyone's room at all, except for the photograph."

Edith blushed and pressed her lips tightly together. She turned away and made no reply. Although she knew that it had been difficult for him to make the suggestion, and sensible and necessary as she saw it to be, she was angry with him. She wondered why his words had so humiliated her, and could find no reason. He had reproved her before, about her work—the water-lily nap-

kins, for instance—but he had never angered her.

She waited for him to leave her, and then she removed from a drawer a large, harsh-bristled brush, a boxful of studs and safety pins, and a pot of Vaseline, which she used when in cold weather her lips were chapped. In the early evening, when she came up to change, she found Silcox's brushes beside hers, a shoehorn dangled from the side of the mirror, and his dressing gown had been taken from his clothes cupboard and was hanging at the back of the door.

She felt very strange about it all, and when she went downstairs she tried to direct all her thoughts toward her work.

"HE couldn't be anyone else's," said Carrie Hurt, the maid, looking at the photograph. She had the impertinence to take it up and go over to the window with it, to see it better.

"He is thought to take more after his father's side," Edith said, tempted to allow the conversation to continue, then wondering why this should be.

"I expect it's his father's side that says it," Carrie replied. "Oh, I can see you. The way his hair grows on his forehead. His father's got quite a widow's peak."

Edith found herself looking over Carrie's shoulder, as if she had never seen the photograph before. "As a matter of fact, he is a little like my sister's eldest boy," she conceded. "His cousin," she added, feeling wonder at the words.

"Well, you must be proud of him. Such an open face," Carrie said, replacing the photograph in its right position and passing a duster over the glass.

"Yes," said Edith. "He's a good boy."

She left Carrie and went downstairs and walked in the garden until it was time to go on duty. She went up and down the gravel paths and along by the river, but she could not overcome the excitement that lately disturbed her so, the sensation of shameful pleasure.

By the river's edge, she came upon Silcox, who had taken up fishing in his spare time—a useful excuse for avoiding Edith's company. He stood on the bank, watching the line where it entered the water, and hardly turned his head as Edith approached him.

"Where does he—where does Julian go to in the holidays?" she asked.

"He goes to relatives," Silcox answered.

She knew that she was interrupting him and that she must move on. As she did, he heard her murmuring anxiously, "I do so hope they're kind."

He turned his head quickly and looked after her, but she had gone mooning back across the lawn. The expression of astonishment stayed on his face for a long time after that, and when she took up her position in the dining room before lunch he looked at her with concern, but she was her usual forbidding and efficient self again.

"DON'T we ever go to see him?" she asked a few days later. "Won't they think us strange not going?"

“What we do in our free time is no concern of theirs,” he said.

"I only thought they'd think it strange."

He isn't real, none of it is true, she now constantly reminded herself, for sometimes her feelings of guilt about that abandoned boy grew too acute.

Occasionally, on Sunday outings from school, boys were brought by their parents to have lunch at the hotel, and Edith found herself fussing over them, giving them huge helpings, discussing

their appetites with their parents. "They're all the same at that age," she would say. "I know."

It was unlike her to chat with the customers and quite against Silcox's code. When he commented disdainfully upon her unusual behavior, she seemed scarcely to listen to his words. The next Sunday, serving a double portion of ice cream to a boy, she looked across at his mother and smiled. "I've got a son myself, Madam," she said. "I know."

Silcox, having overheard this, was too enraged to settle down to his fishing that afternoon. He looked for Edith and found her in the bedroom writing a letter to her sister.

"It was a mistake—this about the boy," he said, taking up the photograph and glaring at it. "You have not the right touch in such matters. You carry the deception to excess. You go too far."

"Too far?" she said brightly, but busy writing.

"Our position is established. I think the little flourishes I thought up had their result."

"But they were all *your* little flourishes," she said, looking up at him. "You didn't let *me* think of any, did you?"

He stared back at her, and soon her eyes flickered and she returned to her writing.

"There won't be any more," he said. "From me or from you. Or any more discussion of our affairs, do you understand? Carrie in here every morning gossiping, you chattering to customers, telling them such a pack of lies—as if it were all true, and as if they could possibly be interested. You know as well as I do how unprofessional it is. I should never have credited it of you."

Even when we were at the dreadful place at Paignton you conducted yourself with more dignity."

"I don't see the harm," she said mildly.

"And I don't see the necessity. It's courting danger, for one thing—to get so involved. We'll keep our affairs to ourselves or else we'll find trouble ahead."

"What time does the post go?" Without reading her letter through, she pushed it into an envelope.

Goodness knows what she has written, he thought. A mercy her sister was far away in Australia.

The photograph—the subject of their contention—he pushed aside, as if he would have liked to be rid of it. “You don’t seem to be paying much attention,” he said. “I only warn you that you’d better. Unless you hope to make laughingstocks of both of us.”

Before she addressed the envelope, she looked gravely at him for a moment, thinking that perhaps the worst thing that could happen to him, the thing he had always dreaded most, was to be laughed at, to



THE EAVESDROPPER

"'Look, Mr. Benson,' I said, 'I understood I was hired as a secretary.'"

lose his dignity. I used to be the same, she thought, taking up her pen.

"Yes, I made a mistake," he said. "I admit it freely. But we shall stand by it, since it's made. We can hardly kill the boy off, now we've got him."

She jerked round and looked at him, her face even paler than usual; then she seemed to gather her wits again and bent her head. Writing rather slowly and unsteadily, she finished addressing the envelope.

"I hope I shan't have further cause for complaint," he said—rather as if he were her employer, as in fact he always felt himself to be. The last word duly spoken, he left her, but was frowning as he went downstairs. She was behaving oddly; something was not quite right about her and he was apprehensive.

Edith was smiling while she tidied herself before slipping out to the pillar box. "That's the first tiff we've ever had," she thought. "In all our married life."

"I FIND her all right," Carrie Hurt said to the stillroom maid. "Not standoffish, really, when you get to know her."

"It's him I can't abide."

"I'm sorry for her. The way he treats her."

"And can't you tell he's got a temper? You get that feeling, don't you, that for two pins he'd boil over?"

"Yes, I'm sorry for her. When he's not there, she likes to talk. And dotes on that boy of theirs."

"Funny life it must be, not hardly ever seeing him."

"She's going to soon, so she was telling me, when it's his birthday. She was showing me the sweater she's knitting for him. She's a lovely knitter."

SILCOX found Edith sitting in a secluded place at the back of the hotel, where the staff was allowed to take the air. It was a cobbled courtyard, full of empty beer crates and strings of tea towels hung to dry. Pigeons walked up and down the out-house roofs and the kitchen cat sat at Edith's feet watching them. Edith was knitting a white cable-stitch sweater and she had a towel across her lap to keep the wool clean.

"I have just overheard that Carrie Hurt and the stillroom girl discussing you," Silcox said, when he had looked round to make sure that there was no one to overhear him. "What is this nonsense about going to see the boy, or did my ears deceive me?"

"They think we're unnatural. I felt

DON'T SIT UNDER THE FAMILY TREE

In every illicit gathering of schoolboys there is one sentinel crow,
Who, on the approach of authority, will squawk "Scram!" or "Blow!"
In my youth you exclaimed "Cheese it!," a locution no longer to be heard
even in Rahway,
While in England one hollers, in Latin, "*Cave!*," which may be pronounced
either "cavy" or "cahway"—
In England, that is, except for Penrith, in Cumberland, where the warning cry
is one that in my memory book I furtively stash;
The sentinel yells "Nash for it!" or, if the danger is imminent, simply "Nash!"
This I read in "*The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren*," by the Opies, Iona
and Peter,

And my curiosity couldn't be completer.

What was this shady eponymous ancestor, man or myth?

And what his murky deeds that haunt the tribal memory and affright the school-
boys of Penrith?

What crooked course did he steer, carrying what horrid cargo,
That his name should have become part of current Cumberland juvenile argot?
It is true that harmless men such as the Earl of Sandwich and General Burnside
and the Reverend Mr. Spooner have bequeathed their names to our
daily speech,

But I fear that Nash could have given marked cards and spades to each;

I fear he was an unsavory wretch,

That he has weaseled into our common tongue in company with Boycott and
Burke, with Quisling and Jack Ketch.

I sink beneath this newly revealed heritage of shame,

And I think that, until it has blown over, to something less execrable I shall
change my name.

—OGDEN DE SADE

so ashamed about it that I said I'd be going on his birthday."

"And when is *that*, pray?"

"Next month—the eighteenth. I'll have the sweater done by then." She picked up the knitting pattern, studied it, frowning.

"Oh, it is, is it? You've got it all cut and dried. But his birthday happens to be in April."

"You can't choose everything," she said. She was going on with her knitting, and smiling.

"I forbid you to say any more about the boy."

"You can't, you see. People ask me how he's getting on."

"I wish I hadn't started the damn fool business."

"I don't. I'm so glad you did."

"You'll land us in jail, do you realize that? And what is this you're knitting?"

He knew, from the conversation he had overheard.

"A sweater for him, for Julian."

"Do you know what?" he said, leaning toward her and almost spitting the words at her, one after the other. "I think you're going out of your mind. You'll have to go away from here. Maybe we'd both better go, and it will be the parting of the ways."

"I don't see any cause for that," said Edith. "I've never been so happy."

BUT her happiness was nearly at an end: even before she could finish knitting the sweater, the spell had been broken.

A letter came from her sister, Hilda, in Melbourne. She wrote much less frequently than Edith and usually only when she had something to boast about. This time it was one of the boys' having won a tennis tournament.

"She has always patronized me," Edith thought. "I have never harped on in that way about Julian. I don't see why I should have hidden his light under a bushel all these years."

She sat down at once and wrote a long letter about his different successes. Whatever Hilda's sons may have done Julian seemed to find it easy to do better. "We are sending him for a holiday on the Continent as a reward for passing his exams," she finished up. She was tired



of silence and modesty. Those qualities had never brought her any joy, none of the wonderful exhilaration and sense of richness she had now. Her attitude toward life had been too drab and undemanding; she could plainly see this.

She took her letter to the village and posted it. She imagined her sister looking piqued—not puzzled—when she read it.

Silcox was in the bedroom when she returned. A drawer slid quickly shut and he was suddenly busy winding his watch. "Well, I suppose it's time to put my hand to the wheel," he said in a voice less cold than it had been of late, as he went out.

Edith was suspicious of this voice; it was too genial, she thought; and she looked round to see if anything of hers had been tampered with. She was especially anxious about her knitting, which was so precious to her; but it was still neatly rolled up and hanging in a clean laundry bag in her cupboard.

She opened the drawer that Silcox had so smartly closed and found a letter lying on top of a pile of black woollen socks. A photograph was half out of the envelope. Though he had thrust it out of sight when she came into the room, she realized that he had been perfectly easy in his mind about leaving it where it was, for it would be contrary to his opinion of her that she would pry or probe. "He knows nothing about me," she thought, taking the photograph to the window so that she could see it better.

She was alarmed at the way her heart began to leap and hammer, and she pressed her hand to her breast and whispered "Hush" to its loud beating. "Hush, hush," she implored it, and sat down on her bed to wait for the giddiness to pass.

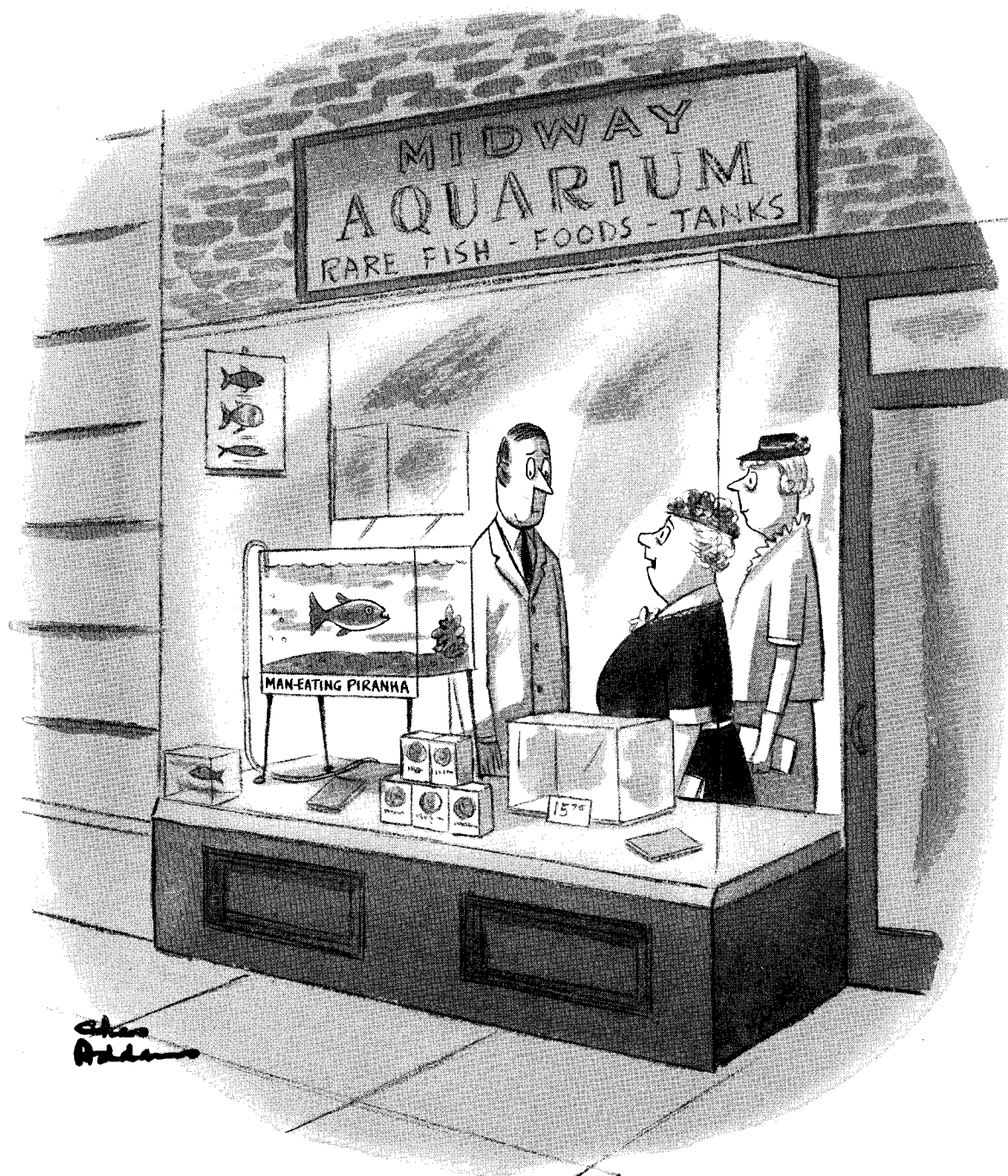
When she was steadier, she looked

again at the two faces in the photograph. There was no doubt that one of them was Julian's, though older than she had imagined and more defined than in the other photograph—the one that stood always on the chest of drawers.

It was so much like the face of the middle-aged woman whom his arm encircled so affectionately, who wore the smug, pleased smile of a mother whose son has been teasing her. She glowed with delight, her lips ready to shape fond remonstrances. She looked a pretty, silly woman and wore a flowered, full-skirted dress, too girlish for her, too tight across the bust. They were standing by the wooden fence of a little

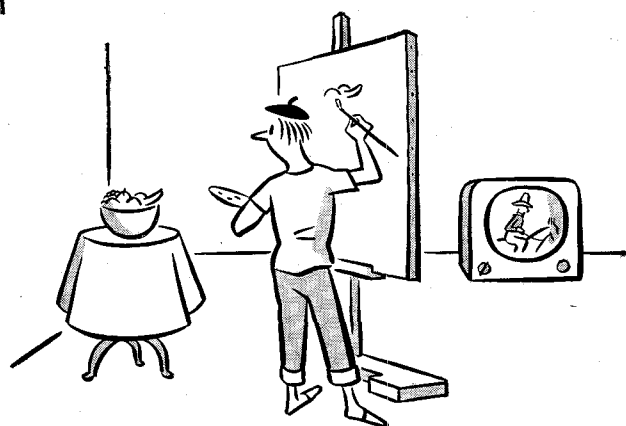
garden. Behind them, hollyhocks grew untidily and a line of washing, having flapped in the wind as the camera clicked, hung there, blurred, above their heads. Julian had stared at the photographer, grinning foolishly, almost pulling a face. It's all put on, thought Edith. All for the effect.

When her legs stopped trembling, she went again to the drawer and fetched the letter. She could only read a little of it at a time, because the feeling of faintness and nausea came upon her in waves, and she would wait patiently till it receded. After seeing "Dear Father," she was as still as a stone, until she could brace herself for more, for

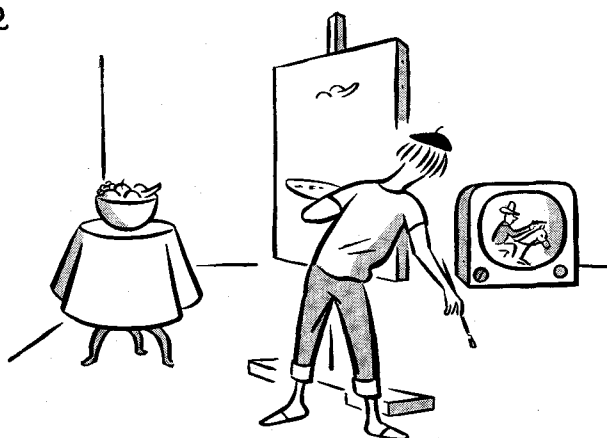


"When is feeding time?"

1



2



the rest of the immaturely written, facetious letter. It contained abrupt and ungracious thanks for a watch he had received for what he referred to as his twenty-first. He seemed, Edith thought, to have expected more. A good time had been had by all, with Mum pushing the boat out to the best of her ability. They were still living in Streatham and he was working in a car showroom, where, he implied, he spent his time envying his customers. Things weren't too easy, although Mum was wonderful, of course. When he could afford to take her out, which he only wished he were able to do more often, she enjoyed herself as if she were a young girl. It was nice of his father to have thought of him, he ended reproachfully.

Carrie Hurt pushed the bedroom door open at the same time as she rapped on it with her knuckles. "I was to say would you come down at once, Edith. There's some people in the dining room already."

"I shan't be coming down," Edith said.

"Don't you feel well?"

"Tell him I shan't be coming down."

Edith turned her head away and remained like that until Carrie had gone. Quietly, she sat and waited for Silcox to arrive. He would do so, she knew, as soon as he could find the manageress or a maid to take his place for a moment. It would offend his pride to allow such a crisis, but he would be too seriously alarmed to prevent it.

Her hatred was now so heavy that it numbed her, and she was able to sit, quite calm and patient, waiting for him, rehearsing no speeches. She was unhinged, snatched too brutally from that fitful hallucination, made quite incapable by the suddenness of the calamity and the impossibility of accepting the truth of it.

It was not so very long before she heard Silcox's hurrying footsteps. He entered the room as she had thought he

would, brimming with pompous indignation. She watched this fade and another sort of anger take its place when he saw the letter in her hand, the photograph on the bed.

"No, your eyes don't deceive you," she said.

At first, he could think of nothing better to say than "How dare you!" He said this twice, but as it was clearly inadequate, he stepped forward and grasped her wrists, gripping them tightly, and shook her back and forth until her teeth were chattering. Not for years, not since the days of his brief marriage, had he so treated a woman, and he had forgotten the overwhelming sensations to be derived from doing so. He released her, but only to hit her across her face with the back of one hand, then the other.

Shaken, but unfrightened, she stared at him. "It was true all the time," she said. "He was really yours and you disowned him. Yet you made up that story just to have a reason for putting out the photograph and looking at it every day."

"Why should I want to do that? He means nothing to me." He hoped to disconcert her by a quick transition to indifference.

"And his mother—I was supposed to be his mother."

He laughed theatrically at the absurdity of this idea. It was a bad performance. When he had finished being doubled up, he wiped his eyes and said, "Excuse me." The words were breathed on a sigh of exquisite enjoyment.

Coming to the door for the second time, Carrie Hurt waited after knocking. She had been surprised to hear Silcox laughing so loudly as she came along the passage. She had never heard him laughing in any way before and wondered if he had gone suddenly mad. He opened the door to her, looking grave and dignified.

"Yes, I am coming now," he said.

"They're very busy. I was told to say if you could please . . ."

"I repeat, I am coming now. Edith is unwell, and we must manage for today as best we may without her. She will stay here and rest," he added, turning and saying this directly to Edith and stressing his even tone by a steady look. He would have locked the door upon her if Carrie had not been standing by.

Edith was then alone and began to cry. She chafed her wrists, which were still reddened from his grasp, and moved her head from side to side, as if trying to evade the thoughts that crowded on her.

Carrie Hurt returned presently with a glass of brandy. "It can't do any harm," she said. "He told me to leave you alone, but there might be something she wants, I thought."

She put the glass on the table beside the bed and then went over to draw the curtains. Edith sat still, with her hands clasped in her lap, and waited for her to go.

"My mother has these funny spells," Carrie told her. Then, noticing the letter lying on the bed, she asked, "Oh, you haven't had any bad news, have you?"

"Yes," Edith said. She leaned forward to take the glass, sipped from it, and shuddered.

"Not your *boy*?" Carrie whispered.

Edith sighed. It was more than a sigh—a frightening sound, seeming to gather all the breath from her body, shudderingly expelling it.

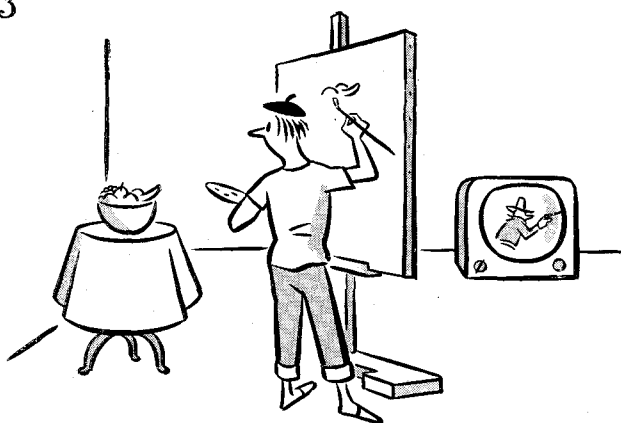
"He isn't ill, is he?" Carrie asked, expecting worse—though Silcox, to be sure, had seemed controlled enough. And what had his dreadful laughter meant?

Edith was silent for a moment and took a little more brandy. Then she said, in a forced and rather high-pitched voice, "He is much worse than ill. He is disgraced."

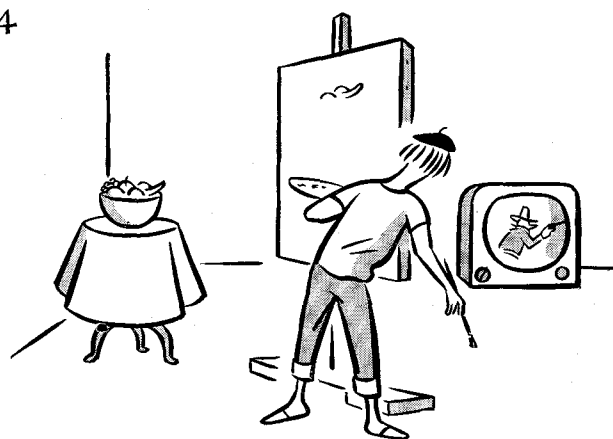
"Oh my God!" said Carrie eagerly.

Edith's eyes rested for a second on the

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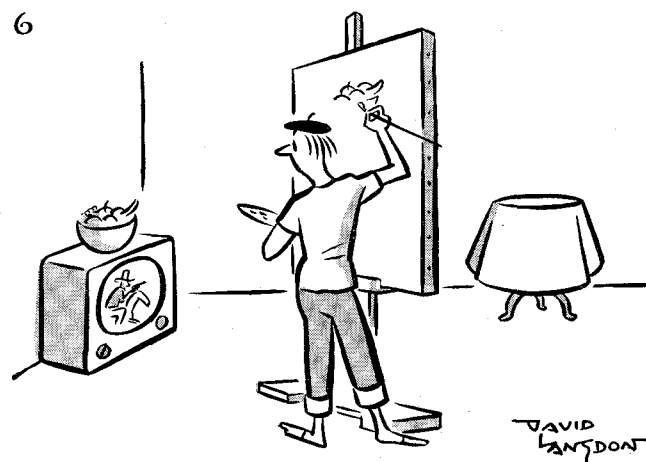
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photograph lying beside her on the bed and then she covered it with her hand. "For theft," she said, her voice strengthening. "Thieving," she added.

"Oh dear, I'm ever so sorry," Carrie said softly. "I can't believe it. I always said what an open face he'd got. Don't you remember—I always said that? Who could credit it? No one could. Not that I should breathe a word about it to a single soul."

"Mention it to whoever you like," Edith said. "The whole world will know, and may decide where they can lay the blame."

She drained the glass, her eyes closed. Then, "There's bad blood there," she said.

WHEN Silcox had finished his duties, he returned, but the door was locked from inside, and there was no answer when he spoke, saying her name several times in a low voice, his head bent close to the keyhole.

He went away and walked by the river in his waiter's clothes, stared at by all who passed him. When he returned to the hotel, he was stared at there, too. The kitchen porter seemed to be reassessing him, looked at him curiously, and spoke insolently. The stillroom

maid pressed back against the passage wall as he went by. Others seemed to avoid him.

The bedroom door was still shut, but no longer locked. He stood looking at the empty room; the hairbrush had gone from the dressing table and only a few coat hangers swung from the rail in the clothes cupboard. He picked up the brandy glass and was standing there sniffing it when Carrie Hurt, who had enjoyed her afternoon, appeared in the doorway.

"I don't know if you know—she's packed and gone," she said, "and had the taxi take her to the train. I thought the brandy would pull her together," she went on, looking at the glass in Silcox's hand. "I expect the shock unhinged her and she felt she had to go. Of course she'd want to see him, whatever happened. It must have been her first thought. I should like to say how sorry I am. You wouldn't wish such a thing on your worst enemy."

He looked at her in bewilderment and then, seeing her glance—as it swerved from his in embarrassment—suddenly checked by something out of his sight, he walked slowly round the bed and saw there what she was staring at—the wastepaper basket heaped high

with her white knitting, all cut into little shreds; even the needles had been broken in two.

BEFORE the new couple arrived, Silcox prepared to leave. Since Edith's departure, he had spoken to no one but his customers, to whom he was as stately as ever. Devotional he seemed in his duties, bowed over chafing dish or bottle—almost as if his calling were sacred and he felt himself worthy of it.

On the last morning, he emptied his bedroom cupboard and then the drawers, packing with his usual care. In the bottom drawer, beneath layers of shirts and rolled up in a damask napkin, he was horrified to discover a dozen silver-plated soup spoons from the dining room. —ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Nubar was part heir to his fabulous fortune, the largest part going to a philanthropic foundation.

It consisted of eggs in jelly spiced with a leaf of tarragon, roast saddle of lamb, served with a choice of three sauces, onion mint, and red-currant jelly followed by cheese and a strawberry meringue.—*Auckland (N.Z.) Weekly News*.

Fabulous, but hard to divide.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE GREAT STATE

II-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM

THE entry of a hero on the public scene goes unnoticed, but his *rentrée* always has an eager press. Napoleon coming back from Elba, Robert Bruce from rustication among the spiders, and Jim Jeffries from retirement in 1910 all drew heavy coverage; so, no doubt, did Odysseus after he announced his arrival at Ithaca. The betting public, sentimental only to a point, wants to know whether the hero's legs are sound and his spirits good, whether he has shed the lard of sloth, and, if so, whether he has weakened himself making weight. Such was the mood in Louisiana on August 1st of last year, when Governor Earl Long showed up in the midstate city of Alexandria (locally called Alick) to make the first major stump speech of his campaign for renomination on the Democratic ticket. In May, he had engaged in a knock-down-drag-out fight on the floor of the state legislature over the proposed enforcement of a Ku-Kluxish law to disqualify Negro voters. (Under the terms of the law, a voter could be disqualified for failing to dot an "i" or cross a "t" on a registration form. One Negro woman had been dropped from the rolls because she had erred by one day in calculating her total age; if she had been right to the day, she would have been asked for an accounting in minutes.) "You got to recognize that niggers is human beings!" the Governor had shouted. To the legislators assembled, this had clearly indicated the onset of virulent insanity, and the Governor had been bundled off to a Texas insane asylum. By cajolery, sheer indignation, and legal devices, he had fought his way back to power in June, and then had left the state on a tour of convalescence that took in Far Western race tracks and Mexican honky-tonks. Now he was back home and fighting with his thumbs and both feet, canebrake rules, in the best Long-family tradition, but his form was a mystery. The Governor promised, if nominated, to resign at least twenty-four hours before his election (which in Louisiana would be an automatic consequence of his nomination), intending by this maneuver to get around a provision in the state constitution that forbids a Governor to be his own *immediate* successor; technically, Long would be succeeding the Lieutenant Governor, who would have been Governor overnight. Opinion, all biassed, was split on how the

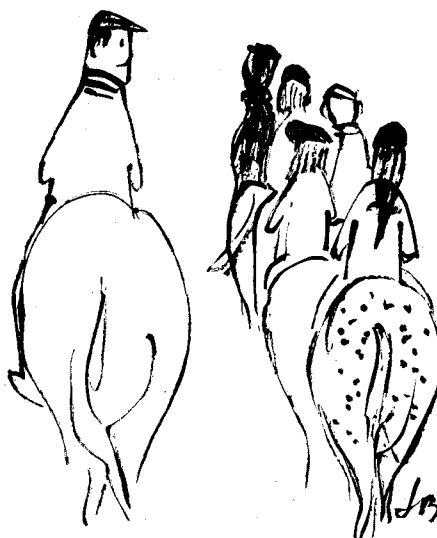
Governor would shape up in his campaign. This was August, and the date set for the primaries was December 5th. Like the Royalist journals in 1815, the *Times-Picayune*, the monopoly paper in New Orleans, held that the man from Elba was a burned-out shadow of a hollow shell. But Jim Comiskey, boss of the Regular Democratic Organization, which is the New Orleans equivalent of Tammany Hall, had assured me that Earl was "on the steady improve and champing at the bit to go." Mr. Comiskey was, for the moment, a red-hot Long man.

I had come down from New York in late July to see what happened to a state whose chief executive, the New York papers had assured me, was mad. My native guide to the labyrinth was a New Orleans newspaperman named Tom Sancton, whose paper, the *Item*, had been shot from under him the year before by three and a half million dollars, the price paid for it by the *Times-Picayune*. He was about as neutral as a Louisianian can be during a primary fight, which is not to say uninterested; he was like a cat with catnip under its nose. He had opened my education by introducing me to Jim Comiskey, and now he thought we ought to journey up to Alexandria to get a line on the returned Odysseus. Half the doctors in the South and Southwest had tabbed Uncle Earl as infected with all known diseases, from paranoid schizophrenia to warts and bronchiectasis, which means difficulty in clearing the throat, and even the Governor's own experts, who denied that he was demented, said that he had arteriosclero-

sis, damaged ratiocination from several small strokes, oscillatory blood pressure, and an irreverent gleam in his left eye. Tom felt that we ought to drive up in his car and see for ourselves.

THE distance from New Orleans to Alexandria is about a hundred and ninety miles, the first eighty miles of it, from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, on a thruway—a straight, fast road on the east side of the Mississippi, far enough back from the bank to avoid meanders and high enough over the marshes to obviate bridges. There is nothing worth a long look. The bayous parallel the road on either side like stagnant, weed-strangled ditches, but their life is discreetly subsurface—snapping turtles, garfish, water moccasins, and alligators. The mammals are water rats, muskrats, and nutrias, another kind of rat. The nutrias, particularly ferocious, are appropriating the other rats. Bird life, on the day we drove through, was a patrol of turkey buzzards, looking for rat cadavers. There pressed down on the landscape a scent like the smell of water that householders have inadvertently left flowers in when they went off for a summer holiday. It was an ideal occasion for talk about politics.

"Oil is to Louisiana what money is to a roulette game," Tom said. "It's what makes the wheel go round. It's the reason there are so many big bank rolls available to stake any politician who has a Formosa Chinaman's chance to get into office." Louisianians who make money in oil buy politicians, or pieces of politicians, as Kentuckians in the same happy situation buy race horses. Oil gets into politics, and politicians, making money in office, get into oil. The state slithers around in it. "Louisiana is now the second-biggest oil-and-gas-producing state in the country, after Texas," Tom went on. "The state gets an average of twenty-five cents in severance tax on every barrel of oil released from the earth, and last year the output ran to over eight hundred thousand barrels a day, which amounted to a take of around seventy million dollars. The state also puts an ad-valorem tax on all the real property of the industry. That's ten million more, and then there's all the millions for leases on state-owned oil land, inshore and offshore. We're in a class with Bahrein and Kuwait. This is a rich state full of poor people,





"So I forgot to turn on the light. I suppose you're perfect?"

just like those Arab sheikdoms. Ten years ago, Louisiana ranked thirty-ninth among the states in per-capita income, and it's probably not much higher now. But where the state differs from the Persian Gulf is that here the natives vote. The hardest fight Huey Long had was to put the severance tax on oil, but now no politician would dare talk of taking it off. It's the same with the pensions that the oil tax pays. Eighty per cent of the people over sixty-five in the state are on that blessed pension. Seventy-two dollars a month. And they aren't the only ones who benefit. They've all got children and grandchildren, who'd have to support them otherwise."

Tom's old station wagon slammed

along, like an old selling plater that knows a course by heart.

"Louisiana is the most complex state in the South," he said. "In almost all the other Southern states you have the same battle between the descendants of the poor-to-middling farmers on the scratchy lands—the ones that didn't justify an investment in slaves before the war—and the descendants of the rich planters on the rich lands, who held slaves by the regiment. Slaves were a mighty expensive form of agricultural machinery, with a high rate of depreciation. You could use them to advantage only on land that produced a cash crop. Well, we had that basic conflict, but in addition we inherited a lot of conflicts

that are all our own. In the other states, the battle was just between poor Anglo-Saxon Protestant whites and rich Anglo-Saxon Protestant whites. But here we've got poor French-Catholic whites and poor Anglo-Saxon Protestant whites and rich French-Catholic whites and rich Anglo-Saxon Protestant whites. Then you add in the traditional urban-rural conflict, and you get a split along another line—poor urban Catholic, not exclusively French; rich urban Catholic; poor urban Protestant, mainly Negro; and rich urban Protestant. Making out a ticket is tricky. Alexandria, in Rapides Parish, is the political navel of the state. Right in the middle. Southern bilingual French-Catholic Louisiana, the Land of



"... and God bless Mommy and Daddy. Amen. Over and out."

the Bougalees, shades into northern monolingual Anglo-Saxon Protestant Louisiana, the Land of the Rednecks. Alick is in the chunk of the state that holds the balance of power in an election. So there's always a lot of politicking and name-calling in Alick, and when Earl picked it to stump in, he showed that he was ready to fight."

The old car banged along. Its speedometer was not working, but it had a clock in its head, like an old horse that an old trainer, set in his ways, has worked a mile in 1:47 every Wednesday morning since it was three years old.

"If Earl is too sick to run," Tom went on, "a Catholic from New Orleans, like Morrison, might win big in New Orleans and south Louisiana, but he would be snowed under in the north, and he would have to run like hell in Alick and Baton Rouge to make it." (DeLesseps S. Morrison, the Mayor of New Orleans, a recurrent political opponent of Long's, had announced himself as a candidate for Governor.) "So probably there will be

no winner the first time around, and then, in the runoff between the two high men, anything can happen." What gives Louisiana politics particular zest for the connoisseur is the double-primary system. The first primary is open to anybody who is able to post the entry fee; if no candidate polls more than fifty per cent of the vote, the two top men meet in the second primary. Generally, all the losers gang up against the top fellow.

"Then how did Huey Long put all the bits and pieces together?" I asked.

"Huey got all the poor people over on one side," Tom said. "And there were a lot more of them. He made the poor Redneck and the poor Frenchman and the poor Negro see that what they had in common was more important for voting purposes than the differences. The differences couldn't be changed by ballot."

We got hungry and stopped at a glass-and-Monel-metal hangar that advertised BarBQue, PoBoys (the Louisiana term for a hero sandwich), and Shrimps. The BarBQue was out, the

shrimps were stiff with inedible batter, and the coffee was desperate.

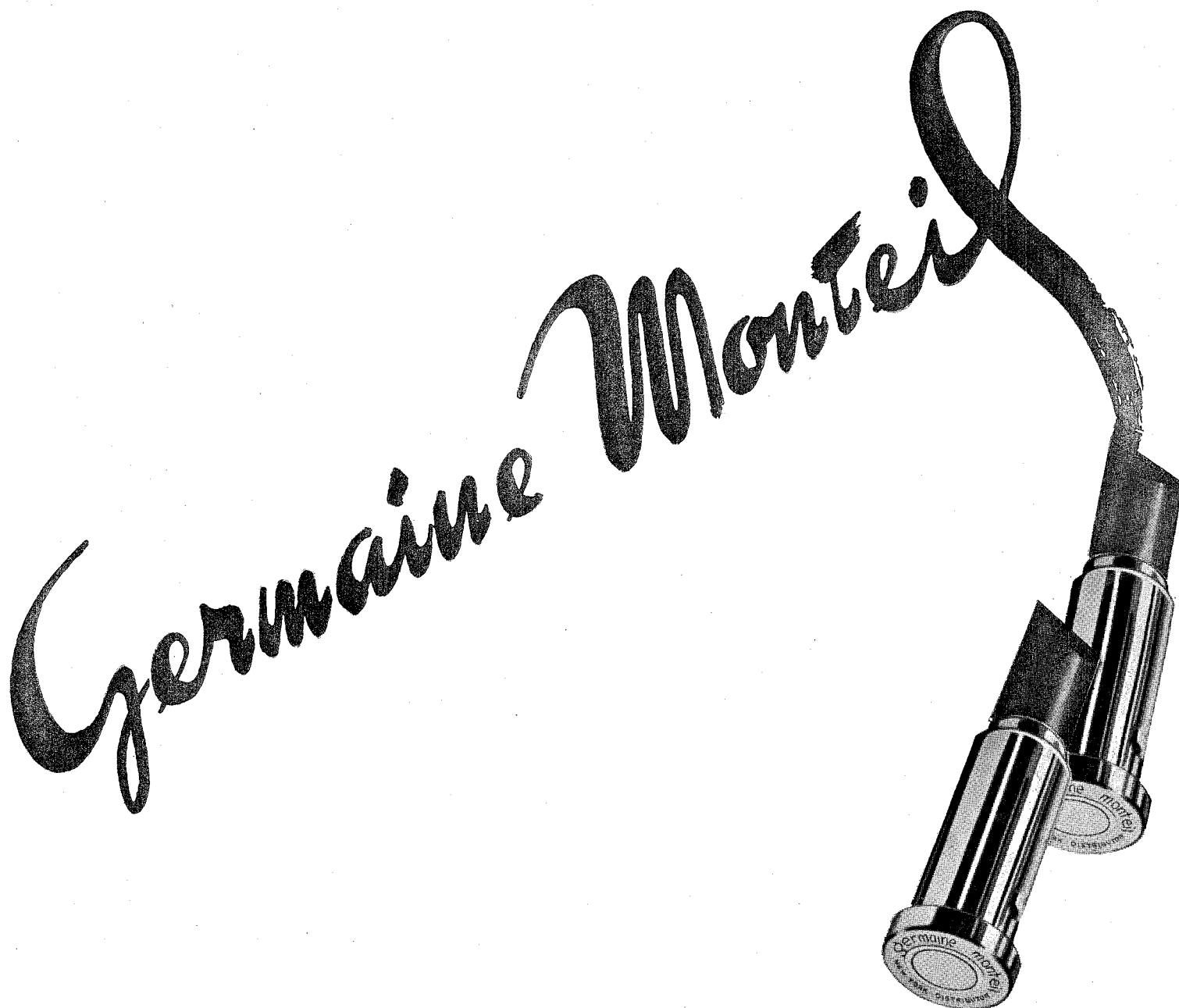
"We're hitting a new culture belt," I said. "This is the kind of cooking that goes right on up the center of the United States until it hits the Great Lakes. It's nearer to what you'd get in a roadside diner in La Grange, Illinois, than to the poorest oyster bar sixty miles behind us in New Orleans."

My companion—New Orleans born, like his parents—said, "You're right on that. We're Mediterranean. I've never been to Greece or Italy, but I'm sure I'd be at home there as soon as I landed."

He would, too, I thought. New Orleans resembles Genoa and Marseille and Beirut and the Egyptian Alexandria more than it does New York, although all seaports resemble one another more than they resemble any place in the interior. Like Havana and Port-au-Prince, New Orleans is within the orbit of a Hellenistic world that never touched the North Atlantic. The Mediterranean, the Caribbean, and the Gulf of Mexico form a homogeneous, though interrupted, sea. New York and Cherbourg and Bergen are in a separate thalassic system.

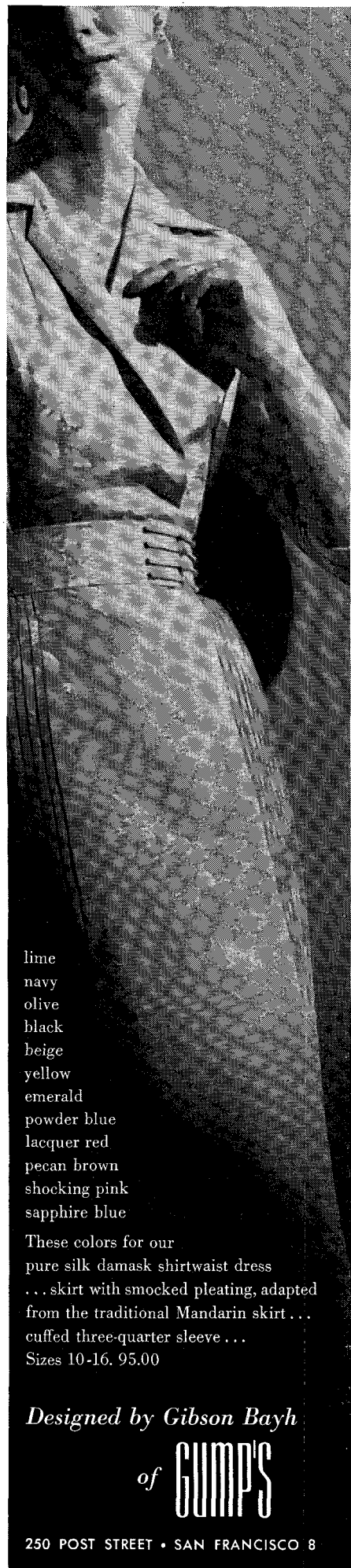
Hellenism stopped short of the Atlantic edge of Europe, but its Roman conquerors got there with a version in *Reader's Digest* form. Culture on both shores of the North Atlantic is therefore a paraphrase, as if Choctaws had learned English from Cherokees. The Mediterraneans who settled the shores of the Interrupted Sea scurried across the gap between the Azores and Puerto Rico like a woman crossing a drafty hall in a nightgown. They carried with them a culture that had had time to ripen properly. The middle of Louisiana is where the culture of one great thalassic littoral impinges on a debased form of the other (all cultures deteriorate as they work inland), and a fellow running for Governor has to straddle the line between them.

When we were sufficiently disgusted with the coffee of the inland-dwellers, we resumed our ride, bypassing the center of Baton Rouge to cross the Mississippi on the Baton Rouge Bridge. By now, I was sneaking compulsive glances at my watch. We had left New Orleans at four, and Earl was slated to



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speak at eight. Tom had said that the old station wagon could make it to Alick in four hours easy. It began to look not all that easy. I tried to estimate the car's speed by clocking it between signposts. From "BUNKIE, 27 MI." to "BUNKIE, 20 MI.," I caught it in a consoling seven minutes, but the next post, a good bit farther on, said "BUNKIE, 23 MI." Dusk had fallen, and the store windows in the one-street towns were lighted, so that, coming out of the dark, we galloped episodically between maple-finish plywood bedroom suites on one side and mannequins wearing seven-ninety-eight dresses on the other, scaring gaunt hounds from our course.

THE entrance to Alick was hardly more impressive than these others, except for two electric signs. One was a straw-hatted spook flapping great wings over the Hokus Pokus Liquor Store, and the other a giraffe and dachshund over a used-car lot ("High Quality, Low Prices"). Hurrying through otherwise undistinguished streets to the city-hall square, we heard loudspeakers blaring long before we got there. Somebody was on the platform in front of the city-hall steps, standing too close to the microphone and blasting. The crowd, massed immediately around the speaker's stand, thinned out toward the sidewalks. My companion dropped me off and drove on to find a parking place, and I ran onto the lawn for my first look at the Imam in the flesh. As I crossed over to the forum, a boy handed me a pink throwaway, which I examined when I got within range of the light diffused from the floodlamps over the platform:

GOVERNOR LONG SPEAKS
GOVERNOR LONG OPENS CAMPAIGN FOR
RE-ELECTION

Come Out and Bring All Your Friends to Hear the Truth. Come Out and See Governor Long in Person. Nothing Will Be Said to Offend or Hurt Anyone.

The Governor, standing on the platform in front of a row of seated subsidiary candidates, was saying to somebody I could not see, over in the other wing of the audience, "If you don't shut up your claptrap, I'm going to have you forcibly removed! You just nothing but a common nuisance and a heckler!"

"Amen!" an old man in front of me yelled. "Give it to him, Earl!"

Whoever it was that Earl was talking to had no microphone, so we couldn't hear him, but he must have answered in tones audible to the Governor, because the latter shouted into the mike, "I knew your daddy, Camille Gravel, and he was a fine man! But you're trying to make

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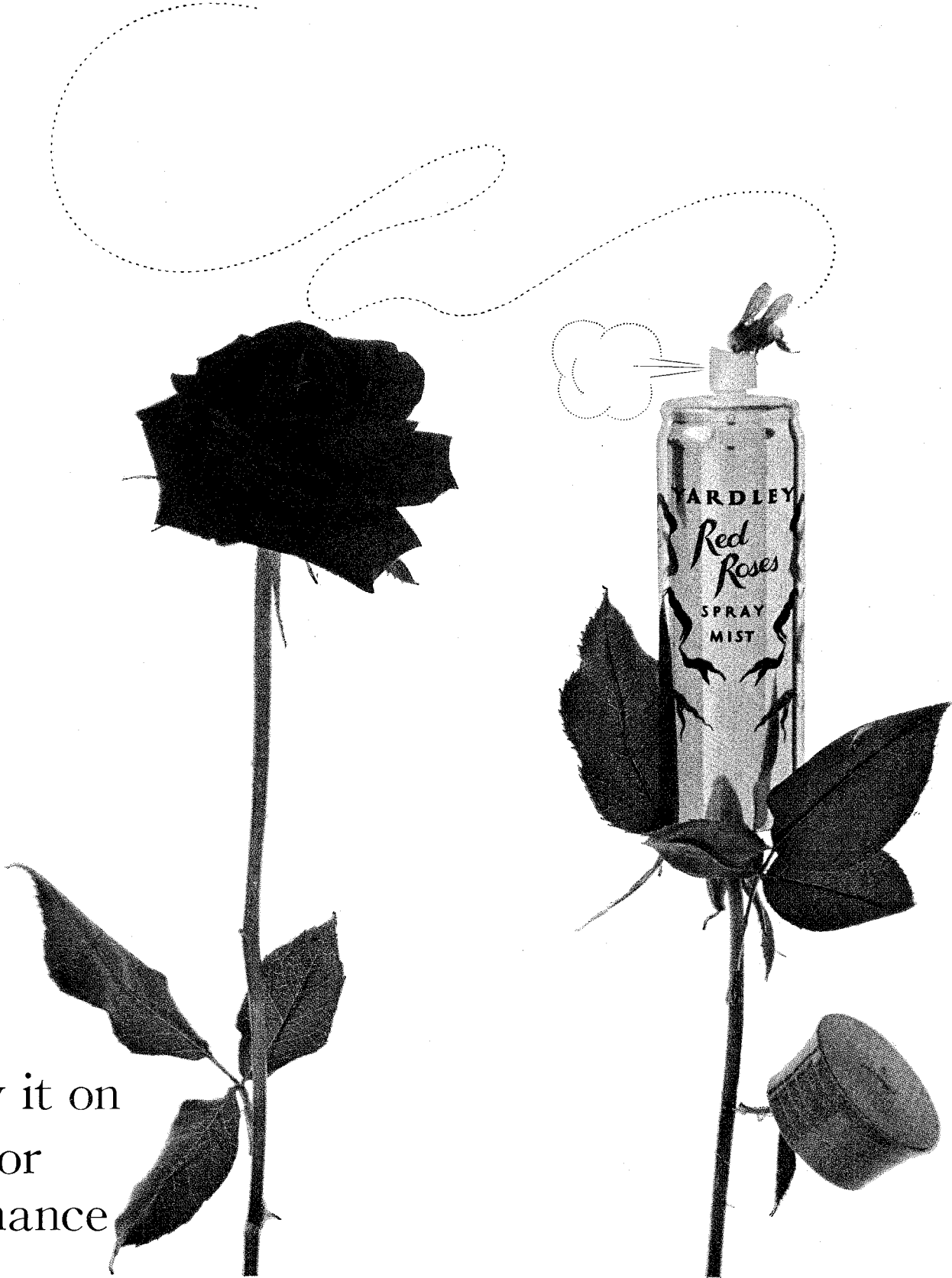
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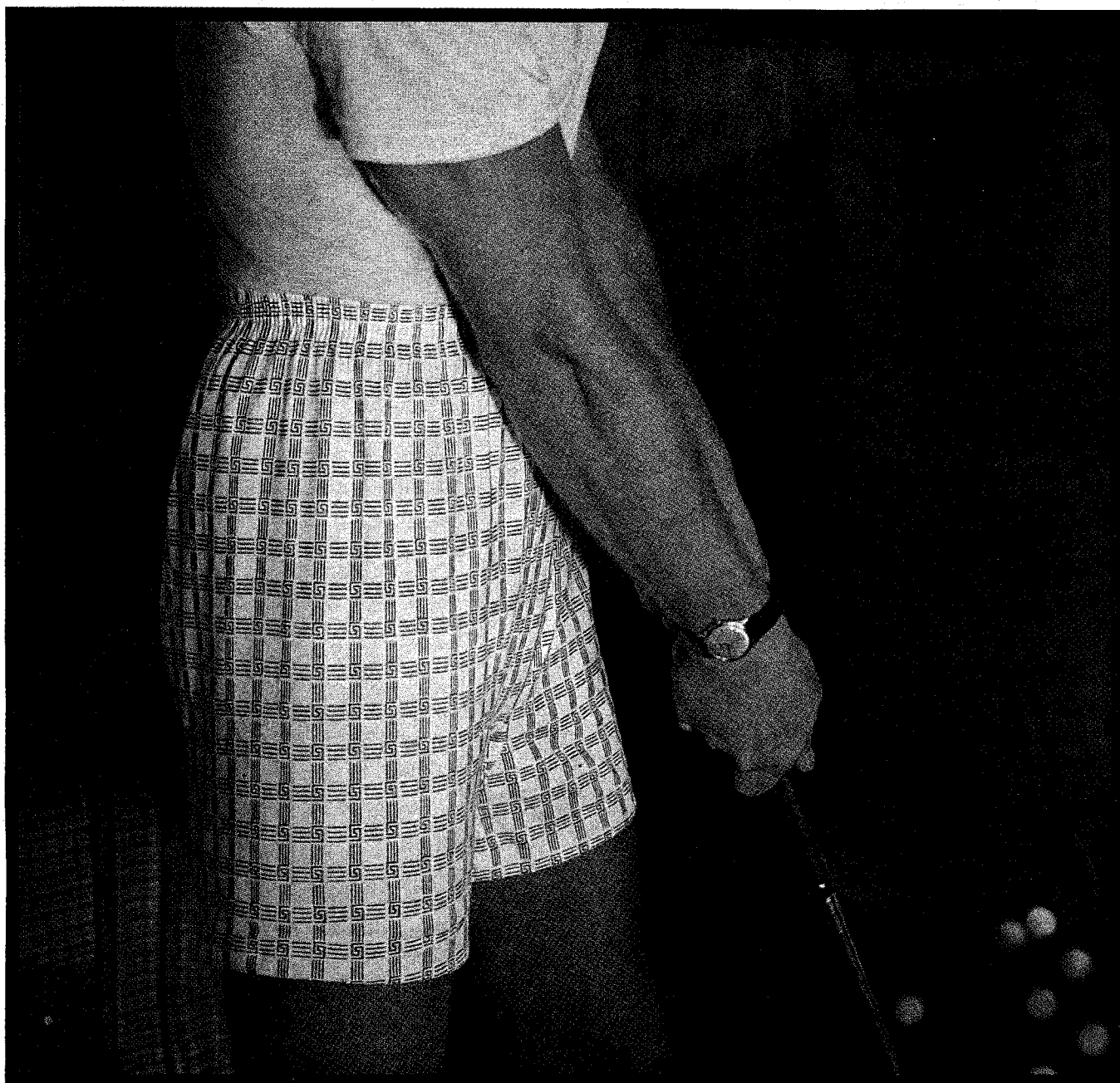


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Happiest of Klacks on Father's Day is Ernie with gifts of Carter's new knitted boxer shorts

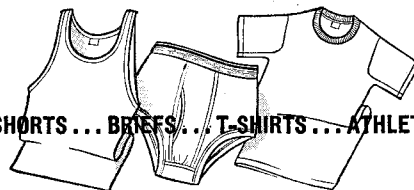
Father's Day always finds Irma and the kids being extra-nice to Ernie. Wheatcakes and the Sunday Sports Section in bed — then the family comes bearing gifts of Carter's *knitted* boxer shorts. (We suspect Irma of an ulterior mo-

tive: Carter's *cotton knits* never need ironing.) Ernie is a most happy Klack — surrounded by a goodly supply of superbly soft, dashingly smart Carter's *knitted* boxers. They'd be nice surroundings for you, too, on June 19.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

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yourself a big man, and you're nothing but a little insect!"

Tom, returned from parking the car, identified Mr. Gravel as an Alick lawyer who is the Democratic National Committeeman from Louisiana. The Committeeman must have spoken again, for the Governor thundered, "Mr. Gravel, I got nothing against you personally! Now you keep quiet, and I won't mention your name. If you don't, I'll have you removed." He paused for an answer we couldn't hear, and then bellowed, "If *you* so popular, why don't *you* run for Governor?"

It sounded like a dialogue between a man with the horrors and his hallucination. But the National Committeeman was there in the flesh. He had brought his ten children, and they were all mad at the Governor.

The night covered the lawn like a heavy blanket. Men stood in their sleeveless and collarless shirts, and sweat caked the talcum powder on the backs of the women's necks. Anti-Long newspapers the next day conceded that the crowd numbered between three and four thousand, and there may well have been more. Plenty of Negroes, always in little groups, were scattered among the whites—an example, I supposed, of Harry Golden's "vertical integration."

"That's the way I like to see it," the Governor said from the stand. "Not all our colored friends in one spot and white friends in another. I'm the best friend the poor white man, and the middle-class white man, and the rich white man—so long as he behave himself—and the poor colored man ever had in the Great State of Loosiana. And if the N.A.A.C.P. and that little pin-headed Willie Rainach will just leave us alone, then *sen-sible* people, not cranks, can get along in a *rea-sonable* way. That Rainach wants to fight the Civil War all over again." Rainach was still another candidate for Governor. A state senator from upstate Claiborne Parish, he customarily wore a necktie emblazoned with the Confederate flag. It was he who had been leading the forces of darkness and disenfranchisement that day in the legislature when Uncle Earl took sick.

I had been looking at the Governor with an amateur clinical eye, and his physical condition seemed to me to be a lot better than the doctors' reports had led me to expect. Walking between grandstands and paddocks on his tour of convalescence must have legged him up, for he pranced under the floodlights, which had raised the temperature to a hundred and ten or so. Wearing a



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jacket, shirt, and tie, he was a pattern of statesmanlike conventionality on a night when everybody off the platform was coatless and tieless. The tie was a modest Rorschach test of ink blots against an olive-and-pearl background—perhaps a souvenir of Texas. The suit, a black job that dated from the days when he was fat and sassy, hung loosely upon him, as once it had hung upon a peg in the supermarket where the Governor likes to buy his clothes. He was leaving the dude role to deLesseps Morrison. And, in fact, before the evening was over he said, "I see Deltasoups has been elected one of the ten best-dressed men in America. He has fifty-dollar neckties and four-hundred-dollar suits. A four-hundred-dollar suit on old Uncle Earl would look like socks on a rooster."

It is difficult to report a speech by Uncle Earl chronologically, listing the thoughts in order of appearance. They chase one another on and off the stage like characters in a Shakespearean battle scene, full of alarums and excursions. But Morrison, good roads, and the old-age pension popped up quite often. Of William J. Dodd, the state comptroller—a quondam ally and now another declared rival for the Governorship—he said at one point, "I hear Big Bad Bill Dodd has been talking about inefficiency and waste in this administration. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Well, let me tell you, Big Bad Bill has at least six streamlined deadheads on the payroll that couldn't even find Bill's office if they had to. But they can find that *post office* every month to get their salary check—oh, yeah." At another point, he said, "I'm not against anybody for reasons of race, creed, or any ism he might believe in, except nuttism, skin-gameism, or Communism. I'm glad to see so many of my fine Catholic friends here—they been so kind to me I sometimes say I consider myself forty per cent Catholic and sixty per cent Baptist." (This was a fairly accurate reflection of the composition of the electorate.) "But I'm in favor of *every* religion, with the possible exception of snake-chunking. Anybody that so presumes on how he stands with Providence that he will let a snake bite him, I say he deserves what he's got coming to him." The snake-chunkers, a small, fanatic cult, do not believe in voting.

The expression on the Governor's face changed with the tenor of his thought—now benign, now mischievous, now indignant. Only the moist hazel eyes remained the same, fixed on a spot above and to the rear of the audi-



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B. Lowenstein Memphis

TEXAS

Blackburn Bros. Amarillo
Lichtenstein's Corpus Christi
Reynolds-Penland Co. Dallas
Battelstein's Houston
Foley Bros. Dry Goods Co. Houston

VIRGINIA

Miller & Rhoads Richmond

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Boston Store Milwaukee

A FEW WORDS ON THE LOQUACIOUS SUM OF \$3,641,760

This money is positively eloquent. Not that \$3 million shouts in these days of a \$500 billion G.N.P., but this particular \$3 million may well foretell a trend in magazine advertising for 1960.

Enough of oratory and on to the fact. Advertisers invested \$3,641,760 *more* in The Saturday Evening Post during the first quarter of this year than last year. And the substance of the sum?

This gain boosts our first quarter revenue to \$23,250,503—the biggest quarter in our history. (And we go back to the days when pounds and shillings were the American currency!) That's only the beginning. You'll be hearing some

resounding announcements about our gains for April and May and June.

To those of you who say that money isn't everything, we reply: It's what makes the myriad media, as well as the mare, go. (Quid pro quo, Mr. Arbuthnot.) And if the smart money happens to be betting on the Post these days, well, take the tip and welcome.

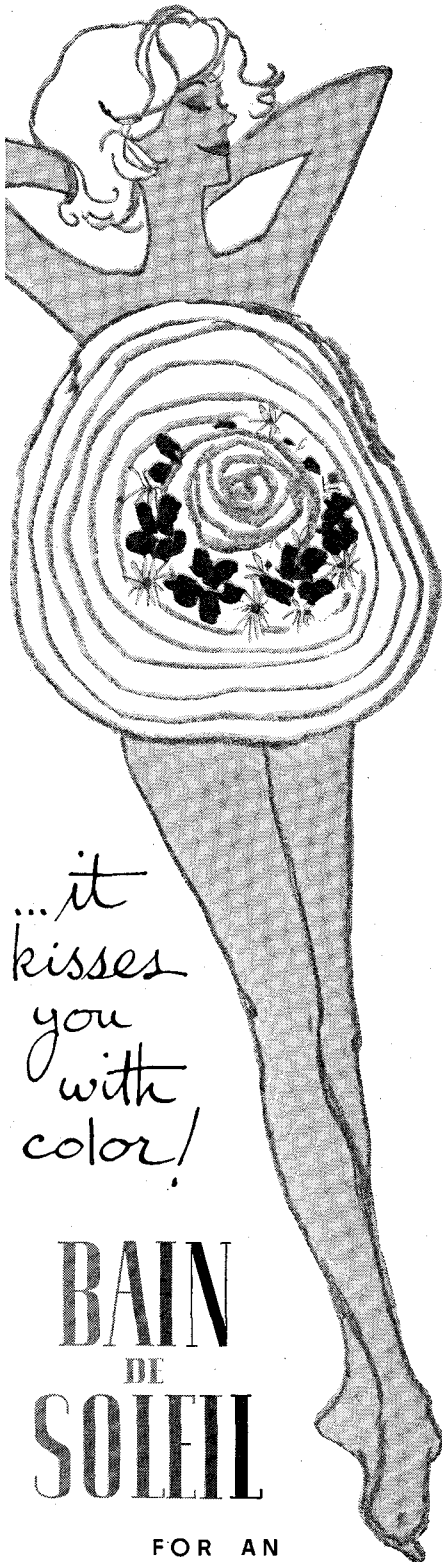
Having progressed from talking money to horses, we must, in all logic, conclude with a talking horse. We quote

our favorite, a filly named Vitality: "Advertisers with horse sense are at the Post." (216 *new* advertisers so far this year. Care to make it an even 217?)



READERS TURN AND RETURN TO YOUR AD PAGE
IN THE POST . . . THE HI-FREQUENCY WEEKLY!

Have a
love affair
with the sun...



...it
kisses
you
with
color!

BAIN
DE
SOLEIL

FOR AN

ANTOINE
TAN

ence, as if he were expecting momentarily the arrival of a posse. "I don't need this job," he said. "I don't need money." He stopped and winked. "I don't miss it except when I run out."

There was a round of laughter. "Amen, Earl! You tell 'em, Earl!" the old man in front of me said.

The Governor's face turned grave, as if he had not expected to be so cruelly misunderstood. "I'm serious about that," he said. "You know I'm no goody-goody. But if I have ever misappropriated one cent by abuse of my office, and anyone can prove it, I'll resign. I know lots of ways to make a living. I know how to be a lawyer, and a danged good one. I know how to be a travelling salesman. I know how to pick cotton, and have many times, although I've seen the days when to get my hundred pounds I had to put a watermelon in the bag."

There were gales of tolerant laughter now, even from farmers who would shoot any of their own help they found cheating on weight.

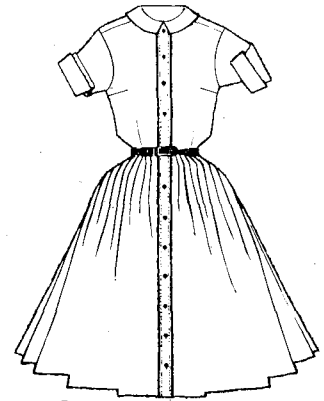
"All I ask," Uncle Earl said, with honesty throbbing in his voice like a musical saw, "is a chance once again to he'p the fine people of the Great State of Loosiana, and to continue to serve them as their Governor." Even a group of great louts in T shirts—perhaps high-school football players—were by now silent and impressed; earlier in the address they had made a few feeble attempts at heckling, like yelling "Hey, Earl, what's in the glass?" when the Governor paused for a drink of water. These boys might have been from well-to-do, anti-Long families, but they had the endemic Southern (and Arabic) taste for oratory, and they knew a master when they heard one.

Mr. Gravel, down near the platform, must have again attracted the orator's attention, but now Uncle Earl, the creature of his own voice, was in a benign mood from having offered his own body to the Great State. "Mr. Gravel," he said, "you got ten beautiful children there. I wish you would lend five of them to me to bring up." It was one of Earl's well-publicized sorrows that he, like the Shah of Iran, has no heir.

Mr. Gravel, still inaudible except to Earl, must have declined this overture, because the Governor shouted to the crowd, "He used to be a nice fellow, but now he just a goddam nuisance!"

"Leave him alone, Earl! We come to hear you talk!" the old man near me shouted back.

"I was in Minneannapolis once, talk-

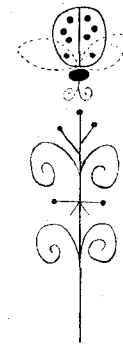


classic traveler

A perfect traveling companion made of drip dry, wrinkle shedding Dacron and cotton*. Features ocean pearl buttons and its own adjustable burlap belt. Available in White, Pink, Blue, Maize, Hemp Tan, Light Lilac, Light Old Gold, Light Avocado, Dark Navy and Black. 8 to 18. \$22.95

Also in Chambray Denim.
Workshirt Blue \$17.95

ORDER BY MAIL
add 50c for postage.
Catalog on request



Ladybug

264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.



The sunshine bit—

Bernardo's solution to beach and boardwalk days. In black, white or tobacco leather. 9.95
Young New Yorker Floor, Sixth

Lord & Taylor

Lord & Taylor, New York



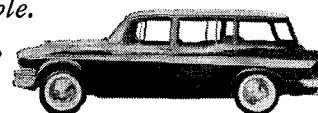
“...Not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy” Hamlet, I, iii, 71

There's nothing fanciful about the Humber, which has been built at Coventry, its traditional home, for over 60 years — a scant 20 miles from Shakespeare's birthplace. From the moment you take Humber's wheel, you are enveloped in luxury and good taste. Here, for example, is hand-craftsmanship to give you a most luxurious interior and a smooth, silent ride. Fully automatic transmission, power brakes and heater are included in the basic cost, not as extras. Test-drive the Humber at your nearest Hillman/Sunbeam/Humber dealer's. \$3995 p.o.e.

Equally luxurious 6-seater station wagon also available.

HUMBER a ROOTES PRODUCT

SEE ALL THE ROOTES CARS AT THE BRITISH EXHIBITION, N.Y. COLISEUM, JUNE 10-26.





The Beach Club

TRIPLER'S DINNER JACKET SHIRT

for Warm Summer Evenings

Sheer cotton voile in handkerchief
weight for cool, cool comfort

For lasting neat correct appearance
the collar, extra long bosom and French
cuffs are of fine quality imported cot-
ton honeycomb pique

\$12.50

ADDED ATTRACTION

Our exclusive cummerbund in stripes of light
blue, bright scarlet, sun gold, soft green or
navy—all with silver. Sizes: S.M.L.ExL.,
\$14.50. Dress tie, to match, \$3.50

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing • Hats • Haberdashery

Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET • NEW YORK

ing to the Governor of Minnesota, a great expert on insanity," Uncle Earl said, "and he told me an astonishing fact—there are ten times as many crazy people in Minnesota as in Louisiana. I suppose that is on account of the cold climate. They cannot go around in their shirtsleeves all year round, go huntin' and fishin' in all seasons, as we do. We got a wonderful climate." Here he paused to wipe the sweat from his face with a handkerchief soaked in Coca-Cola, which he poured from an iced bottle handed him by one of the lesser candidates on his ticket. The bugs soaring up at the edge of the lighted area and converging on the floodlights formed a haze as thick as a beaded curtain. "On account we got so few crazy people," he finished off, "we can afford to let Camille Gravel run around loose."

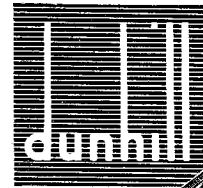
"Leave him up, Earl!" the old man yelled. "You got him licked!"

"Some sapsuckers talk about cutting down taxes," the Governor said, apropos of nothing. "Where they going to start cutting expenses? On the spastic school?" (Whenever an opponent suggested a cut in welfare expenditures, Earl would accuse him of wanting to take it out on the spastics.) "They want to cut down on the spastics? On the little old children, enjoying the school lunches? Or on those fine old people, white-haired against the sunset of life"—he bowed his own white head for a second—"who enjoy the most generous state pensions in the United States? We got the finest roads, finest schools, finest hospitals in the country—yet there are rich men who complain. They're so tight you can hear 'em squeak when they walk. They wouldn't give a nickel to see a earthquake. They sit there swallowin' hundred-dollar bills like a bullfrog swallowing minners. If you chunked them as many as they want, they'd bust."

"Amen, Earl," the old man said. "God have mercy on the poor people."

"But I know you didn't come here just to hear me talk," the Governor said. "If this big mouth of mine ever shut up, I'd be in a devil of a fix. Now I want to introduce to you some of the fine, sin-cere candidates that are running with me on my ticket. My ticket and the independent candidates I have endorsed are trained and skilled, and have the wisdom and experience to make you honest, loyal, and sin-cere public servants."

He turned to the men and women sitting behind him on undertaker's chairs, the men swabbing and the wom-



NEW!
FATHER'S DAY
GIFT IDEA



TUXEDO PARK SET

Keeps his tuxedo accessories neatly available for immediate wear or travel. Black and beige moire shirt case with transparent vinyl face; zippered compartment for tie, cuff links and studs. Set, including matching shoe cases, 12.50

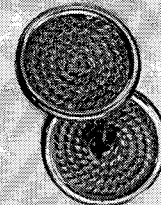
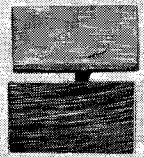
PROMPT ATTENTION TO
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS
Add sales tax where required.

alfred dunhill of london, 620-5th ave., n.y.
534 north michigan avenue, chicago
136 south rodeo drive, beverly hills

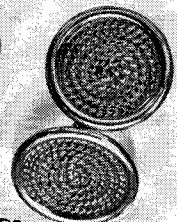
Cuff Links in 14kt Gold



\$50* pair



\$60* pair



Olga TRITT

424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included



How gay Europe is in the Fall!

WHAT a whirl of fun you could have in Europe this Fall! The crowds have left, the Europeans are enjoying *their own* season. Your trip will be filled with the color of brilliant festivals. The Opera. Theatre. Even the weather's fine, as you see in this Basque Square, where a dancer pirouettes from a wine glass without spilling a drop. Yes, Fall is the time for excitement.

No trouble about hotels, either. Take your pick of rooms. And, believe it or not, at lower rates. The money you save will come in handy for bargain-hunting! And speaking of bargains, after October 1st, BOAC will offer a new 17-day Fall Excursion Fare. As little as \$320 Round-Trip Economy Class from New York, and zoom! you're in London. You'll fly aboard the world-famous jet-prop Britannia, too. Or, for slightly more, you can choose the Intercontinental 707 with Rolls-Royce power or the pure-jet Comet.

Aircraft aside, there's another reason for saying BOAC is best. You see, it's BOAC service that makes it so. The Cabin Crews have been trained in a strict British tradition to take pleasure in making your trip top-notch. They do it with a *manner*.

So, if your vacation plans haven't jelled, why not give Europe a whirl this Fall? Or even change your plans...for the *fun* of it! There's so much to see, to do. So many special events. And in any event, you'll do better booking BOAC. Reservations through your Travel Agent. Or contact your nearest BOAC office. They'll be most helpful.



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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

World Leader in Jet Travel

Intercontinental 707, Pure-jet Comet or jet-prop Britannia flights from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Honolulu, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto... Offices also in Atlanta, Buffalo, Cleveland, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Vancouver, Washington, Winnipeg.

celebration 

Frederick & Nelson

DIVISION OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY



daylight traveler in darkened checks

House of Lords casual in cool, shadowy checks crosses seasons or continents, keep its pleats. Cavalcade Fabrics' drip-dry Dacron polyester in black/brown or black/white. 8 to 16, **35.95**
sunningdale dress shop, third floor

Mail orders (please add 55c postage)
to Frederick & Nelson, Seattle 11

en dabbing at their faces with handkerchiefs. "And first," he said, "I want to introduce to you the man I have selected to serve under me as Lieutenant Governor during my next term of office—a fine Frenchmun, a fine Catholic, the father of twenty-three children, Mr. Oscar Guidry." The number of children was politically significant, since it indicated that Mr. Guidry was a practicing, not a *soi-disant*, Catholic. The candidate for Lieutenant Governor had to be a Frenchman and a Catholic, because Uncle Earl was neither.

Mr. Guidry, a short, stocky man who reminded me of a muscular owl, rose from his chair like a Mr. Bones called to front center by Mr. Interlocutor. He appeared embarrassed, and whispered rapidly to Uncle Earl. "Oscar says he has only fourteen children," the Governor announced. "But that's a good beginnin'." Mr. Guidry whispered again, and Earl said, "But he is a member of a family of twenty-three brothers and sisters." He turned away, seeming to wash his hands of the whole affair, and sat down.

Mr. Guidry, throwing back his head and clasp his hands in front of him as if about to intone the "Marseillaise," began with a rush: "I am *honored* to be associated with the Gret Gouverneur of the Gret Stet on his tiquette. Those who have conspired against him"—and he was off, but Earl, seated directly behind him, was mugging and catching flies, monopolizing all the attention. Pulling his chair slightly out of line, he crossed his legs and turned his profile to the audience, first plucking up his sleeves, which came down about as far as his thumbnails, and then, when he had disengaged his hands, scratching his ear while he looked over at Alick's leading hotel, the Bentley, across the street, described by the *Louisiana Guide* as "a six-story building of buff brick and stone, with a columned façade and a richly decorated interior." He stared at it as if it contained some absorbing riddle. Then he lit a cigarette.

As speaker succeeded speaker, he sat unheeding of the rumpus, like a flashy halfback who poses on the bench while the defensive team is in. The candidates gestured and bellowed, but the bored crowd stood fast, knowing that a whistle would blow and the star would throw off his blanket and come back onto the field to run rings around the forces of Mammon. Sure enough, after what seemed to me an endless session of subordinate rant, the Governor tossed away the last of a



LUXURIOUS HANDBAG HANDSOMELY EMBROIDERED

The tapestried Elizabethan motif of these magnificent handbags is in browns, yellows, greens and orange on beige—interwoven with a gold-threaded trapunto design. They have been distinctively created exclusively for us in Bermuda by Fassbender of London. 8½" x 12". Brass fittings. Please specify brown or black calf trim, or cream Luxan hide. \$27.70 postpaid—your postman will collect customs duty.

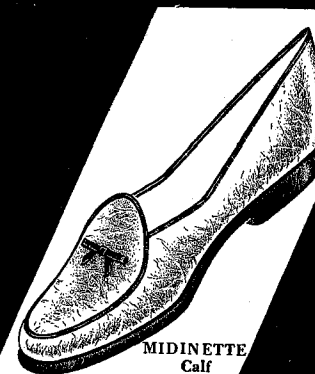
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H.A. & E. LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years



Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

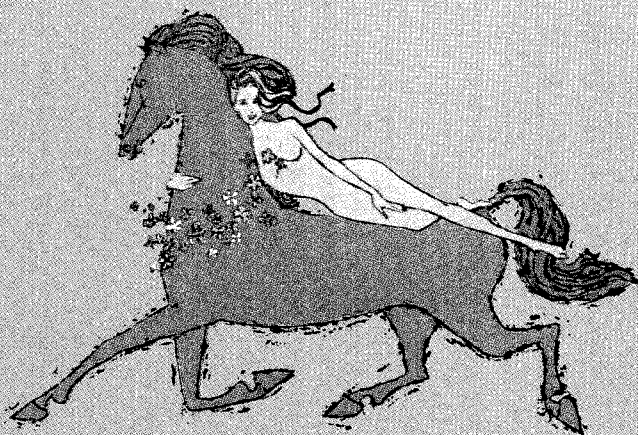


MIDINETTE
Calf
\$20.95

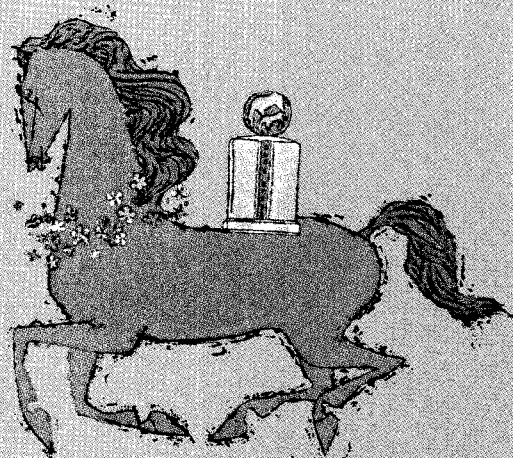
Sole agent for these hand-sewn, soft-soled casuals—of barefoot comfort. Full color brochure on request.

Belgian Shoes, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York
UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
MR. H. BENDEL

For you, Lady of the Blue Grass,
all the days are summer



Blue Grass is a Mood



Blue Grass is a Perfume
from 6.00 to 50.00



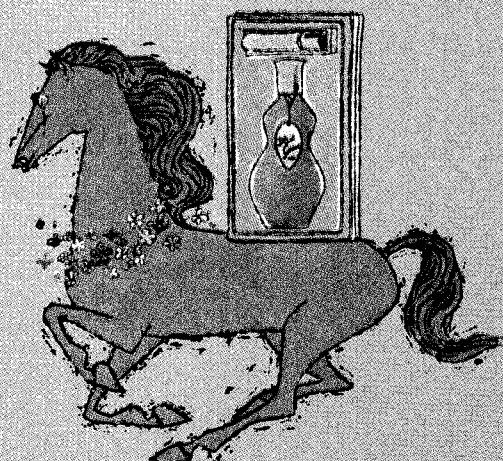
Blue Grass is a Fluffy Milk Bath
5.00, 8.50, 15.00



Blue Grass is a Flower Mist
now 2.00 and 3.50 (regularly 2.50 and 4.25)



Blue Grass is a Dusting Powder
now 2.00 (regularly 2.50)

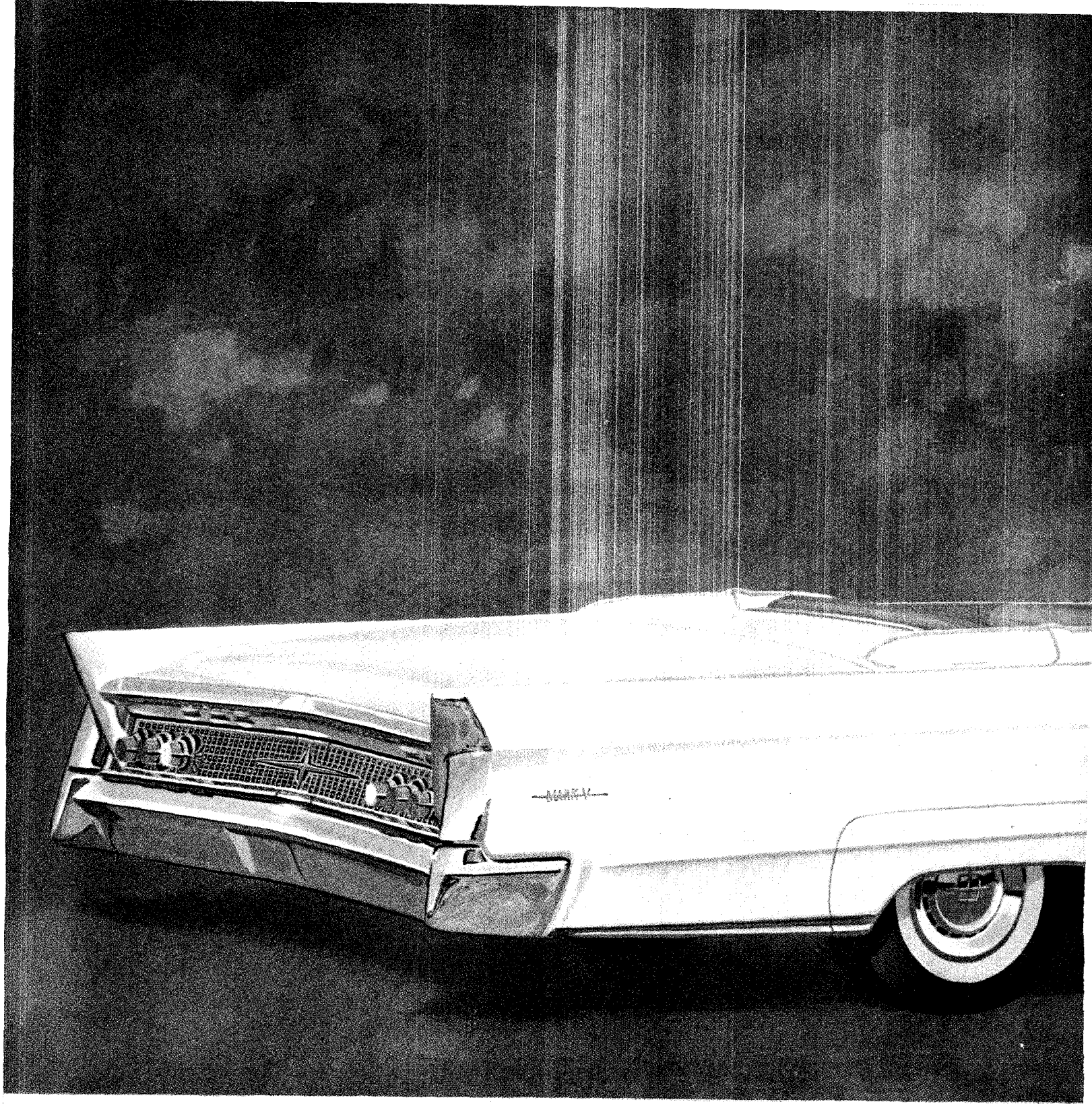


Blue Grass is a Fragrance Set
of Perfume and Perfume Mist now 5.00 (regularly 7.50)

You'll be carried away by Blue Grass in the great romantic tradition

Elizabeth Arden

prices plus tax



Lincoln Continental
in a world apart, automatically



The Lincoln Continental Convertible.

Never before in the bounds of fine car experience has the easy touch of toe or fingertip been so encompassing. Never anywhere has there been a convertible so completely, and so luxuriously, automatic.

A single switch on the instrument panel controls the top, allowing it to glide into a well behind the rear seat. As the top disappears, a cover panel automatically closes over it, leaving the smooth, sleek line of the Continental's deck unbroken.

For "top up" convenience and ventilation precision, the

driver's touch controls a retractable safety glass rear window, found in no other convertible today.

In the space it affords you, the luxury that surrounds you, the craftsmanship that delights you, today's Lincoln Continental moves you into a realm of quality beyond compare. Seeing and driving it will make you aware that nothing could be finer. Your Lincoln Continental dealer will be happy to show you all the reasons why you are seeing more and more of these magnificent cars on the road. Why not visit him soon?

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION *Ford Motor Company* BUILDERS OF FINER CARS OF EVERY SIZE FOR EVERY PURPOSE



LINCOLN AND LINCOLN CONTINENTAL—THE ULTIMATE IN MOTOR CARS

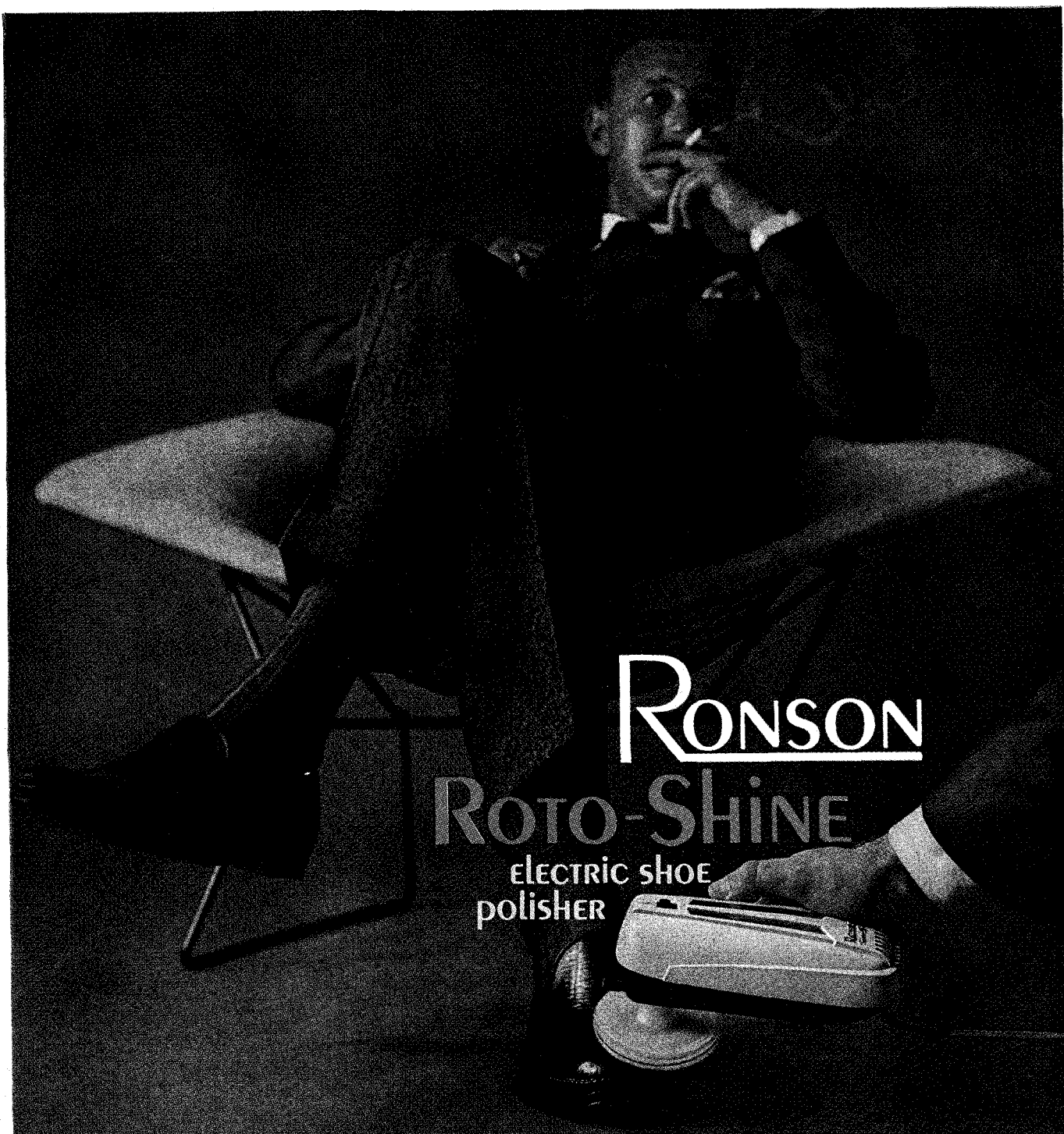


MERCURY—THE BETTER LOW-PRICE CAR



COMET—FIRST OF THE COMPACT CARS WITH FINE-CAR STYLING

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RONSON

ROTO-SHINE

ELECTRIC SHOE
POLISHER

FOR THE MOST POLISHED MAN YOU KNOW...

THE GIFT THAT DOES THE WORK HE USED TO DO



NO WORK—no mess. Just apply polish. Brush in. Buff up to a high shine in seconds.



NEW—handsome imported hardwood utility box with footrest lid holds complete kit.

Give the gift that ends the mess and work of shining shoes. New Ronson Roto-Shine cleans, spreads polish, brushes, buffs and shines...all electrically. Actually makes shoe-shining fun. The perfect gift for every family. Ronson Roto-Shine Kit, \$19.95. In imported hardwood utility box, only \$23.50 complete.

RONSON CORPORATION • WOODBRIDGE, N. J.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

chain of cigarettes and shook his head, like a man waking up on a park bench and remembering where he is. He got up and walked to the microphone so fast that the man using it barely had time to say "I thank you" before the Governor took it away from him.

"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free," the Governor said. "Maybe some of you are here because you've never seen a man out of a nuthouse before. Maybe you want to see a man who has been stuck thirty-eight times with needles. Oh, the first man who took me stuck me right through the britches, and oh, how it hurt!" He reared back his head and bellowed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" At this point, he was interrupted by wild handclapping from a group of elderly ladies in print dresses, white gloves, straw hats, and space-man eyeglasses, who had been sitting quietly on the platform through the earlier proceedings. They were apparently under the impression that it was an original line. Earl flung up his head and pranced around like a fighter proving that he hasn't been hurt. He called for a show of hands from those who were going to vote for him, and I waved both of mine. I left him surrounded by children, to whom he was passing out coins—a quarter to the white kids and a nickel to the colored.

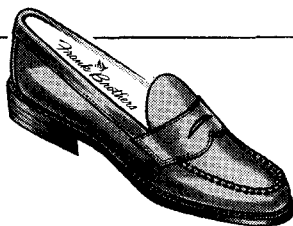
Tom and I walked together through the breaking crowd toward the Bentley, where he had booked us rooms. A handsome, tanned man in a white sports shirt and black slacks was standing where the city-hall lawn ended at the pavement. Tom said it was Camille Gravel, and we walked over to him. Two or three reporters were already there, asking him what he had said to roil Earl. The National Committeeman said he had come to hear the speech because two or three men close to Earl had called him up and warned him that Earl was going to blacken his name. "I wanted to be there to nail the lie," he said. Six or eight of the ten Gravel children were playing hide-and-seek around their father's legs, and as he talked, a boy about eleven years old ran up and said to his sister, a slightly younger girl,



• FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

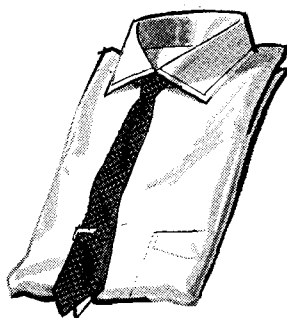
Fenn-Feinstein
OF NEW HAVEN

FOR EXPECTING FATHERS!



THE AFTER-FIVE! A durable moccasin with a hand-sewn vamp of soft, supple leather. It has flexibility—comfort—a rich color—a special look. Everything he wants for good looking loafing! Brown or black. \$16.95.

Our regular tassel slipon in black calf, \$31.95 or cherry cordovan, \$33.95. Or he may want our most elegant slipon—in luxurious alligator in either the hand sewn vamp or the regular tassel. \$65.

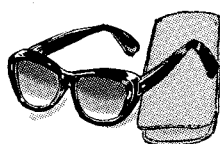


FOR AFTER-DARK PLEASURES! Our lustrous 2-ply All-Supima cotton shirt. Full cut, meticulously detailed—and distinctively styled with the new wide-spread collar. White. \$9.50.

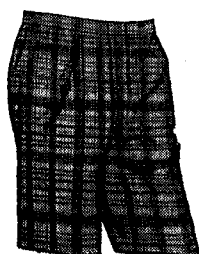
SWISS IMPORT! Our Swiss weavers loomed this rich woven silk neckwear in an astonishing variety of unobtrusively correct colors and patterns. \$6.50.



DASHING ITALIAN SQUARE! This ascot was hand printed in Italy of pure twill silk, in interesting neat, foulard patterns and colors. \$5.95.



NEW DISCOVERY! These new Continental sun glasses give a man any degree of shading he wants. Lift the eyes slightly—and he is protected as never before against glare, radiation and reflection. Lower the eyes slightly—and he can see clearly enough to read even fine print. Bold new shape gives his face a distinguished appearance. Amber or black. \$15.50.



GENUINE MADRAS! He won't mind showing his knees in these walk shorts. The fabric was dyed and woven by hand by the Indian cottagers of Madras—in colors of great taste and caste. The slim cut will flatter any Pop. Plaids or checks. \$12.50. Also: Orlon and cotton wash-wear shorts in white, maize or natural. \$13.50. Wash 'n wear poplin shorts in natural or olive. \$12.50.

By mail, or phone PLaza 9-8630

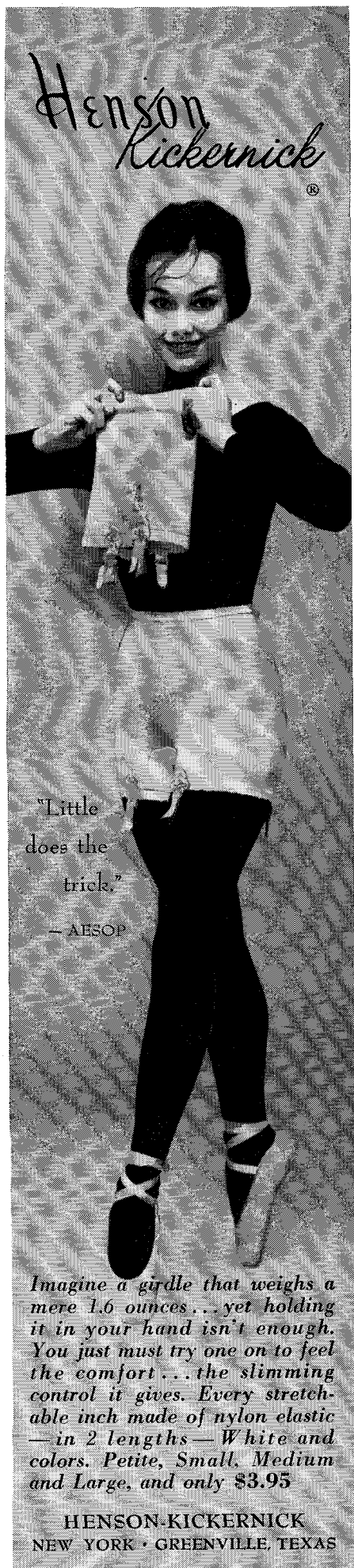
Frank Brothers

OUTFITTERS TO THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN
9 East 57th Street, New York • 633 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
264 York Street, New Haven • Worth Avenue and County Road, Palm Beach

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Henson Kickernick®



"Little does the trick."
— AESOP

Imagine a girdle that weighs a mere 1.6 ounces... yet holding it in your hand isn't enough. You just must try one on to feel the comfort... the slimming control it gives. Every stretchable inch made of nylon elastic—in 2 lengths—White and colors. Petite, Small, Medium and Large, and only \$3.95

HENSON-KICKERNICK
NEW YORK • GREENVILLE, TEXAS

"The Governor wanted to give me a quarter, but I wouldn't take it."

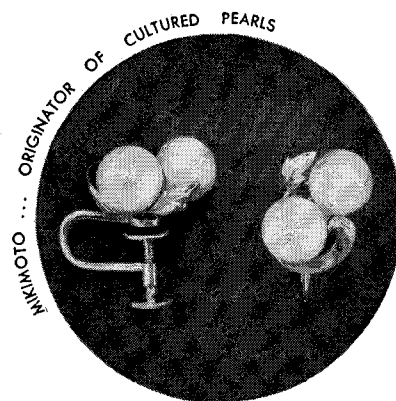
"Why not?" the girl asked, and I decided that she had a bigger political future than her brother.

On the porch of the Bentley, all the rocking chairs were already occupied, and a row of glowing cigar ends swayed in unison. We moved into the cocktail lounge—a big air-conditioned basement room, as cheerless as the crypt beneath the Egyptian temple in "Aida." The Bentley was built in 1908 by an Alexandrian lumber king who thought Alick was destined to be a metropolis; like a parent buying clothes for a growing boy, he bought several sizes too large. A number of reporters had got to the bar ahead of us and were talking about the speech. I thought Uncle Earl had been great, but a couple of press-association men who had been covering him for years said that he looked overtrained.

"When Earl is out in front he gets too rough," one of them said, "and he starts acting up as soon as he thinks maybe he *will* be out in front."

"With all those croakers saying that he was crazy a while back, a lot of politicians thought he really was crazy," the other man said. "So they started cutting him out of the jackpots. Now he wants to punish all of them at once. Naturally, they're going to stand together against him. What he should do is play sweet until he gets reelected, and then go after them later. But instead of that he's called a special session of the legislature for August 10th. That's a week from Monday. And he's going to go after them then, if he can round up enough support."

In 1854, in his book "The Cotton Kingdom," Frederick Law Olmsted wrote of a Louisiana politician, "A man who would purchase votes at the North would, at least, be careful not to mention it so publicly," and the difference between the regions persists, to the great advantage of conversation in Louisiana. We were joined by a lawyer who said that he would like to be district attorney in his parish, because that was the job where the money could be made. The incumbent, who had made plenty, was willing to move up to the bench, for a reasonable monetary consideration, because the job was secure and dignified. But the old judge in the district, who was soon due to reach retirement age, wouldn't quit a day sooner, even though he was infirm, because he didn't care to go on half pay. The fellow telling the story had offered to make up the difference between half pay and full pay for the rest of the judge's term, but



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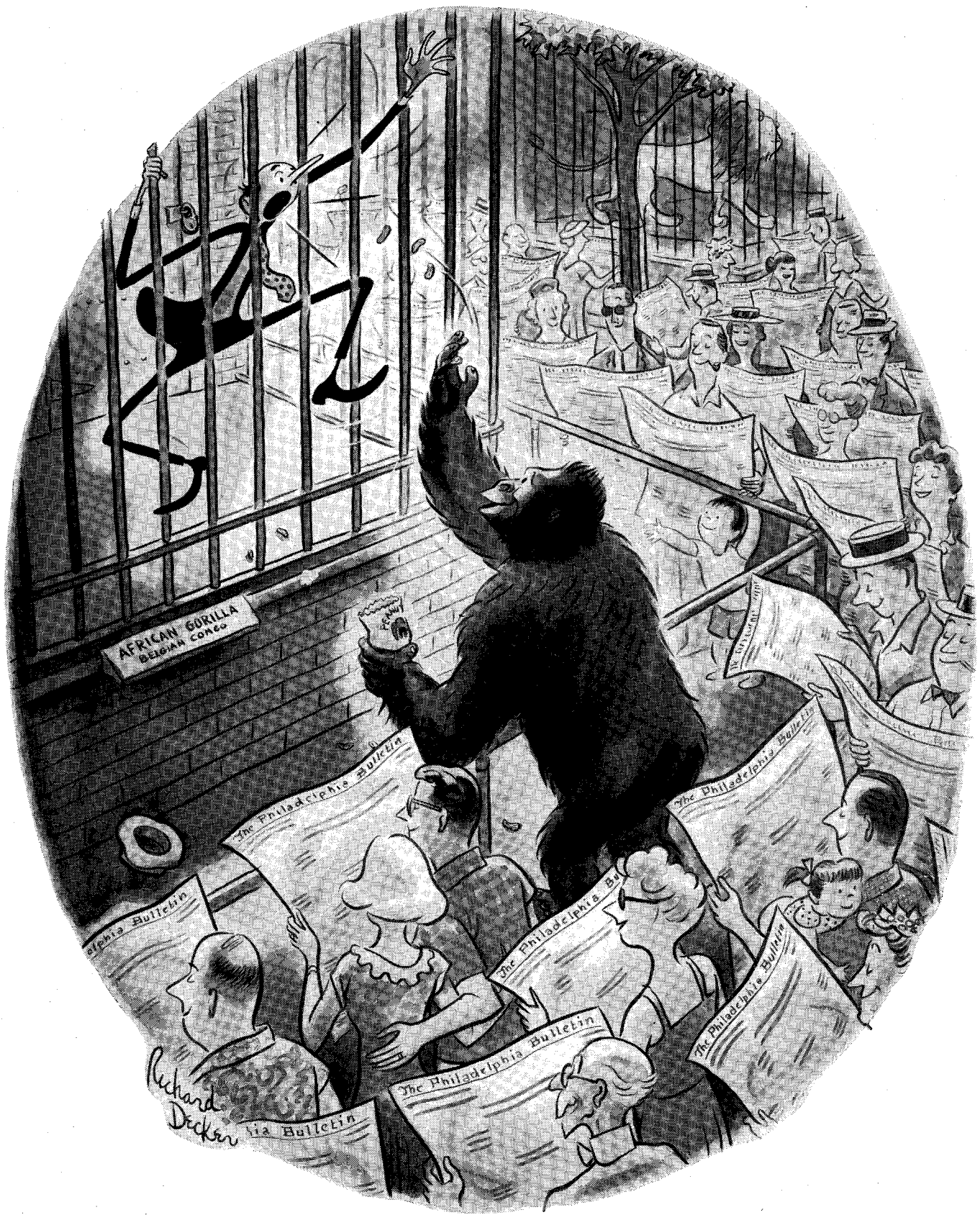
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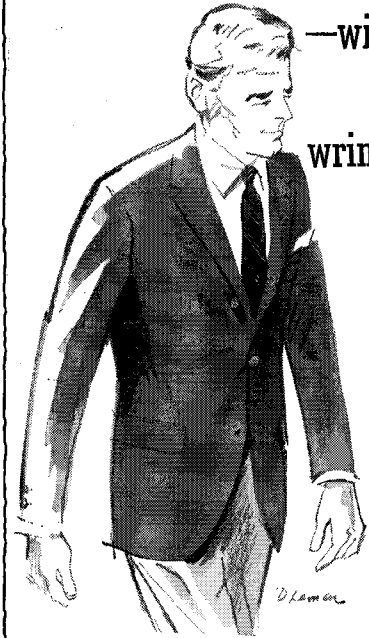
the old man wanted the whole sum in advance.

"It ain't right," the attorney said, "because he don't figure to live that long, y'unnerstand?"

In a while, I went up to bed.

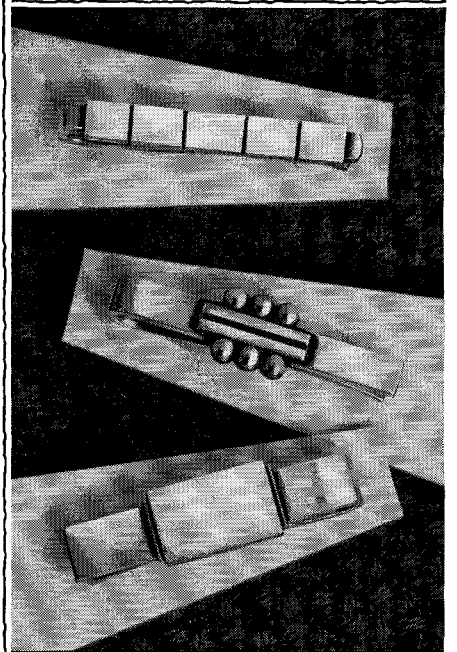
THE next morning, when I got up, I looked out the window and saw Alick lying prostrate under the summer climate of Louisiana. Night had hidden nothing of its charms; there was nothing to hide. I wondered what a man did with his time. "At a place called Alexandria, our progress was arrested by falls in the river which cannot be passed by boats at low stages of the water," Olmsted wrote of Alick when he visited it in 1854. "The village is every bit a Southern one—all the houses being one story in height, and having an open verandah before them, like the English towns in the West Indies. It contains, usually, about a thousand inhabitants, but this summer had been entirely depopulated by the yellow fever. Of three hundred who remained, a hundred and twenty, we were told, died." Alick is not much of a place now, but it must have been hell then. I have sometimes thought that the Deep South—Mississippi, Alabama, northern Louisiana, and eastern Arkansas—resembles an iceberg floating upside down in the sea of history. The iceberg so dear to after-dinner speakers shows only a fifth of its volume; the rest is beneath the surface. For the hundred years since the Civil War, the Deep South has gone on bemoaning the twenty-five years that preceded it. In this submerged fraction of its past, according to the legend, great floating palaces steamed up the majestic rivers to thriving cities (like the Alick of 1854). Short-order aristocrats, rich from cotton grown on new land by prime Negroes, built great houses, and elegance busted out all over. In 1853, Joseph Glover Baldwin, a native of Alabama, wrote the pleasantest contemporary text on the period—"The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." Because Baldwin wrote before the war, his work has none of the *de-mortuis* piety of the fellows who wrote during the hundred years above the waterline. He tells of a vulgar, swindling, money-grubbing time, when homicide and practical jokes divided the boomers' leisure moments about equally. The boom was already over when he wrote. From the beginning of the rush for cotton lands, in the eighteen-thirties, to the beginning of the war, in 1861, was shorter than the span that separates us from the administrations of Herbert Hoover and

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Jimmy Walker. It included the Caliban beginnings, the making of the money, the achievement of elegance, and the historic split second left for the elegance to harden, like instant cake-icing.

The lobby of the Bentley was still acreeep with politicians when Tom and I went down to breakfast. On our way to the Coffee Shoppe, we spotted a fellow we had talked with in New Orleans a few days before—a rising attorney from one of the old white-proletarian neighborhoods that are the strongholds of Jim Comiskey's Regular Democratic Organization, or Old Regulars. Mayor Morrison, who slipped in as a reform candidate in 1946 and then stayed in, had built up his own machine, the Crescent City Democratic Organization; consequently, the Old Regulars, being irrevocably opposed to Morrison, had allied themselves with Uncle Earl in state politics. This lawyer, when I first talked to him, had said that Earl Long was a cynic and what people in some states might possibly call a no-good. But, he said, he would stick with the Governor if the Governor looked as though he might confound the doctors by living. The lawyer was a Comiskey man. And Jim Comiskey, the leader of the R.D.O., had, as of Wednesday evening last, been the most enthusiastic Long booster I had encountered. This was Sunday morning.

"How do you think our boy looked?" I asked the lawyer jovially.

"Who do you mean, our boy?" he said. "We're going with Davis."

Jimmie Davis, a former Governor, had first attracted notice as a hillbilly singer, the author of "You Are My Sunshine, My Only Sunshine." He had not yet formally announced that he would run, but he already had the support of Leander Perez, the oil sheik and boss of Plaquemines Parish, and of all the gamblers in the state, as well as of many church people. Perez and the gamblers supported him for the same reason: Davis, in his term of office, had respected local control of local affairs. This left the sheriff of each parish free to make his own bargains with the gamblers, and Perez free to run Plaquemines, the richest oil-producing parish in the state, as an independent kingdom. Davis's fondest boast, I had heard, was "I never done nobody no harm."

"When did you go off Earl?" I asked.

"He's got no chance," the Comiskey man said. "Did you hear him last night? Fighting with everybody in the state. Nobody can trust him. The sheriffs can't trust him. He'd send state troop-

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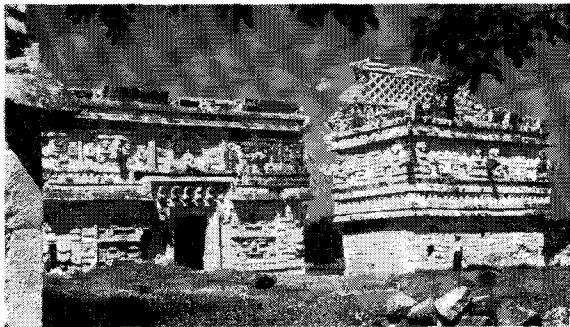
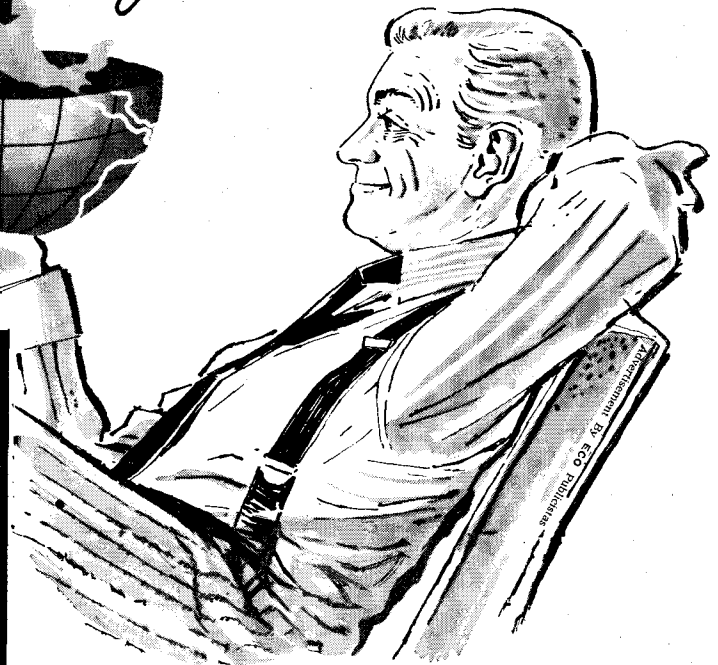
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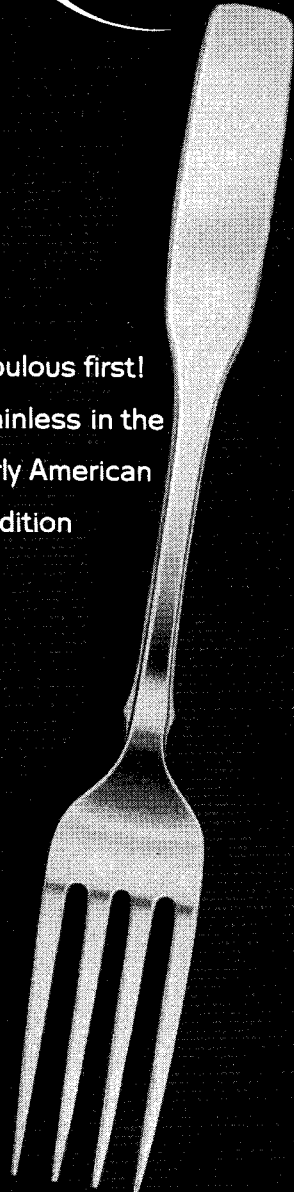


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ers in anywhere if he didn't get what he wanted. The money people don't trust him, either; he'd put a tax on sulphur, on timber, on gas if he took the notion. He'll always have the newspapers on his neck. He's wild. Besides, how does he know the Supreme Court will O.K. this scheme to resign and then come in again? What happens if it doesn't work?" There was fury in the lawyer's face now—the fury of a man doing a bunk.

Political logic could be discerned in the traditionally incompatible factions' move to Davis. The newspapers and the money people, implacably hostile to Uncle Earl, were not sure of beating him with Morrison, whom they had backed of old; in the 1956 election Long had swamped Morrison disastrously. But Morrison was a good campaigner, and, what with the bad publicity Earl had been getting lately and the new enemies he delighted in making, Morrison might give Earl a close race in the first primary. In that event, he and Earl would run it off in the second primary. But if Earl at that point blew his top again, or if the Supreme Court turned him down, it would be too late for the Old Regulars to get behind a third candidate. Morrison would win, and that, to the Old Regulars and the gamblers, would be the worst thing that could happen. Morrison had already taken away the Old Regulars' municipal patronage; if he went to Baton Rouge, he would take away the state patronage, too, and the Regular Democratic Organization would expire. On the other hand, if Earl stayed on the rails, he might well duplicate his feat of 1956. The forces of respectability, which could not tolerate Long, and those of sin, which could not tolerate Morrison, thus had a poolable, swappable negative interest in the primary. The *Picayune* crowd had only to chuck Morrison, and Comiskey had only to chuck Long. Uncle Earl had once said of Davis, "He won't say nothing, he won't promise nothing, and if he gets in, he won't do nothing." Those are the qualifications of the ideal compromise candidate.

ON the way out of town, the old station wagon jogged along for a while beside the turbid, yellow Red River, celebrated in hillbilly song. The Governor had retired for a day of rest to his farm at Winnfield, in Winn Parish, about forty miles north of Alexandria, where the Longs come from. We ourselves were bound for Baton Rouge, where Uncle Earl was slated to hold a press conference in the Governor's

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Mansion two days later—the first since his return from his travels. We had taken the route that follows the Red River and the west bank of the Mississippi, instead of the overland diagonal between Alick and the west end of the Baton Rouge Bridge. This was better. There were old towns in a pastoral country, French names on the mailboxes and on the general stores, and cattle and sheep under trees in the fields. We stopped in a *guinguette* on the bank of False River, a long, narrow lake that was an arm of the Mississippi until it was isolated by a shift in the river's course. The *guinguette* contained two saloons—one for white and one for colored—divided by a partition. They had, of course, separate entrances. The white side was empty of customers when we arrived, and the colored side full of racket and animation. Tom's station wagon was the only car at the white entrance; there were two or three Oldsmobiles and an M.G. at the other. To my regret, we had to drink on the gloomy side. The licensee was white—a M. Lejeune, who pronounced his name "Ledjoon." The bottles were on the white side, but M. Ledjoon spent most of his time serving the colored. We felt left out, and after one drink we pushed on, to arrive at nightfall in Baton Rouge, where on a Sunday you can't buy a drink at all.

Baton Rouge is not only the state capital but a boom town. In 1940, it had a population of thirty-five thousand; now it has an estimated hundred and fifty thousand. (The population of New Orleans has increased by only twenty per cent in the same period.) Oil refineries and chemical plants using the by-products of oil are the main reasons for the city's growth, though there is also a great new aluminum-oxide plant. The factory chimneys are flood-lit at night, suggesting the laboratory of a titanic alchemist. Old paddle-wheel steamers, converted into ferryboats and crossing and recrossing the vast river, look like hansom cabs on a thruway—or, if you prefer to put it the other way, the factories look like paintings by Niles Spencer slapped down against a Currier-and-Ives background. I reviewed the anomalous panorama from my bedroom in the Capitol House, a big new hotel on the bluff overlooking the river. It reminded me of a night when, in a car on the George Washington Bridge, bound for Manhattan, I encountered a raccoon determinedly padding his way back to the New Jersey shore.

We spent Monday non-politically,



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beginning the day with a drive to St. Francisville, north of Baton Rouge, to see an elegant, gracious old antebellum mansion named, I think, Rosedown. (All elegant, gracious mansions dating from the Flush Times have names like pre-Spanish-American War apartment houses on the West Side of Manhattan.) The excursion was the idea of a lady who accompanied us, and who insisted that not to see at least one great house would leave me with an unbalanced view of the state. When we reached the gates of the great house, inscribed "NO VISITORS," we learned that Rosedown had new Texan owners, who were home in Dallas attending the accouchement of an oil field. The caretaker would not let us in. By that time, it was raining hard—rain that descended in nine-foot cubes with only small air holes between them—so we went back to Baton Rouge.

In the evening, I was the guest of Mr. Lewis Gottlieb, chairman of the board of the City National Bank of Baton Rouge, who gave me dinner at the City Club, the city's social hub. It was a good dinner, built around mal-lards shot by one of the guests, who had emptied his deep freeze in the name of hospitality. There was good wine to drink. But large tears appeared in the lovely violet eyes of my beautiful blond dinner partner when we had finished the Baked Alaska. "I shivah when I think of the impression of us that you're going to take back home," she said. "Having a man like Earl Long for Govunuh of the State of Loosiana! Oh, please tell the fine people up North that we ahn't all like that! There ah fine, decent people in the State of Loosiana, just as there ah in New York and Chicago."

When I told her that Uncle Earl was, for the moment, my favorite American statesman, she professed herself unable to believe me.

"Would you rather have Kefauver as Governor of Louisiana?" a man across the table asked her.

"Oh, Kefauver," she said doubtfully. "I don't know that I would."

"Or Fulbright?" asked the man.

"Yes, Fulbright," the lady said unexpectedly. "Yes, I believe I'd rather have even Fulbright." And she looked very grave. (It confirmed my opinion that Uncle Earl was the most effective liberal south of Tennessee.)

"How about Warren?" the man asked.

"Warren?" the lady repeated. "What Warren do you mean?"

"The Warren who's Chief Justice

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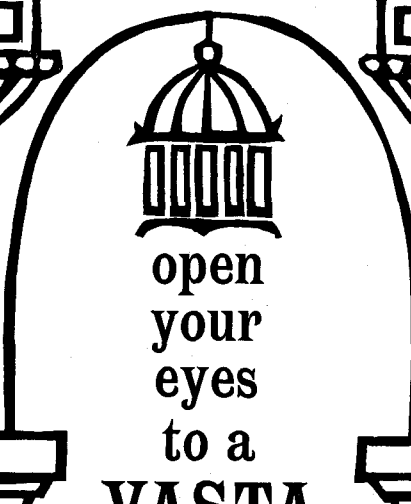
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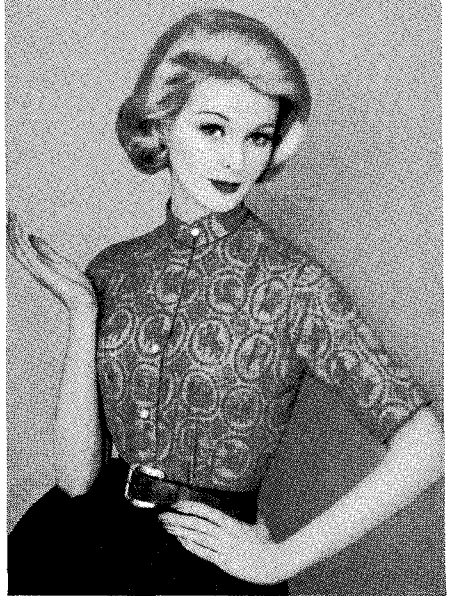
of the Supreme Court," the tease specified.

"Oh, *him!*" the lady cried, in a voice that indicated a joke could go too far. "I'd much rather have little old Earl Long."

"Right now, I imagine Earl is up in Winnfield making catfish bait for the special session," Mr. Gottlieb said. "He's probably putting together a program of legislation aimed at giving every senator and representative something for himself—a bill to appropriate funds to widen a road in one parish, a bill to raise the salary for the kind of job that some senator's cousin has in another. If they take the bait, they'll vote his way on cutting down his enemies. That's the kind of thing Earl's good at—knowing every local politician in the state, and remembering where he itches. Then Earl knows where to scratch him."

THE Governor's Mansion, where Earl was to hold his press conference, is, like the Capitol, a monument to the administration of Huey Long. The story goes that the Martyr, when he gave the architect his riding orders, said he wanted a replica of the White House, so he would feel at home when he got to be President—would know where the light switches were in the bathrooms, and so on. Huey lived in it from 1930 to 1932, and Earl first inhabited it briefly in 1939, when he filled out the term of Governor Richard Leche, who had suffered the accident of conviction by a federal court. (Leche is the man who once said, "They talk about the bird that fouls its own nest, but Earl is the bird that kicks over its own appletart.") Earl lived in the Mansion again as Governor from 1948 to 1952, and had begun a third tenancy in 1956. When I saw it, Long had been masters of the house for ten of the twenty-nine years of its existence. Tom and I drove out to it with Margaret Dixon, managing editor of the Baton Rouge *Advocate* and one of the few people in Louisiana who could usually get along with the Governor. Mrs. Dixon—handsome, stable, and strong—has a firm, serene personality. She is the kind of woman to whom drunks turn instinctively when they want to talk about their troubles with their wives. "Earl is the funniest man in the world," she said. "Life in the capital would be dull without him. Did you hear what he said to Leander Perez, the states-rights man, the other day? 'What are you going to do now, Leander? The Feds have got the atom bomb.' He has a

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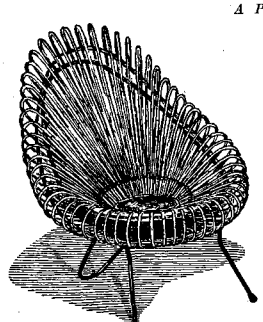


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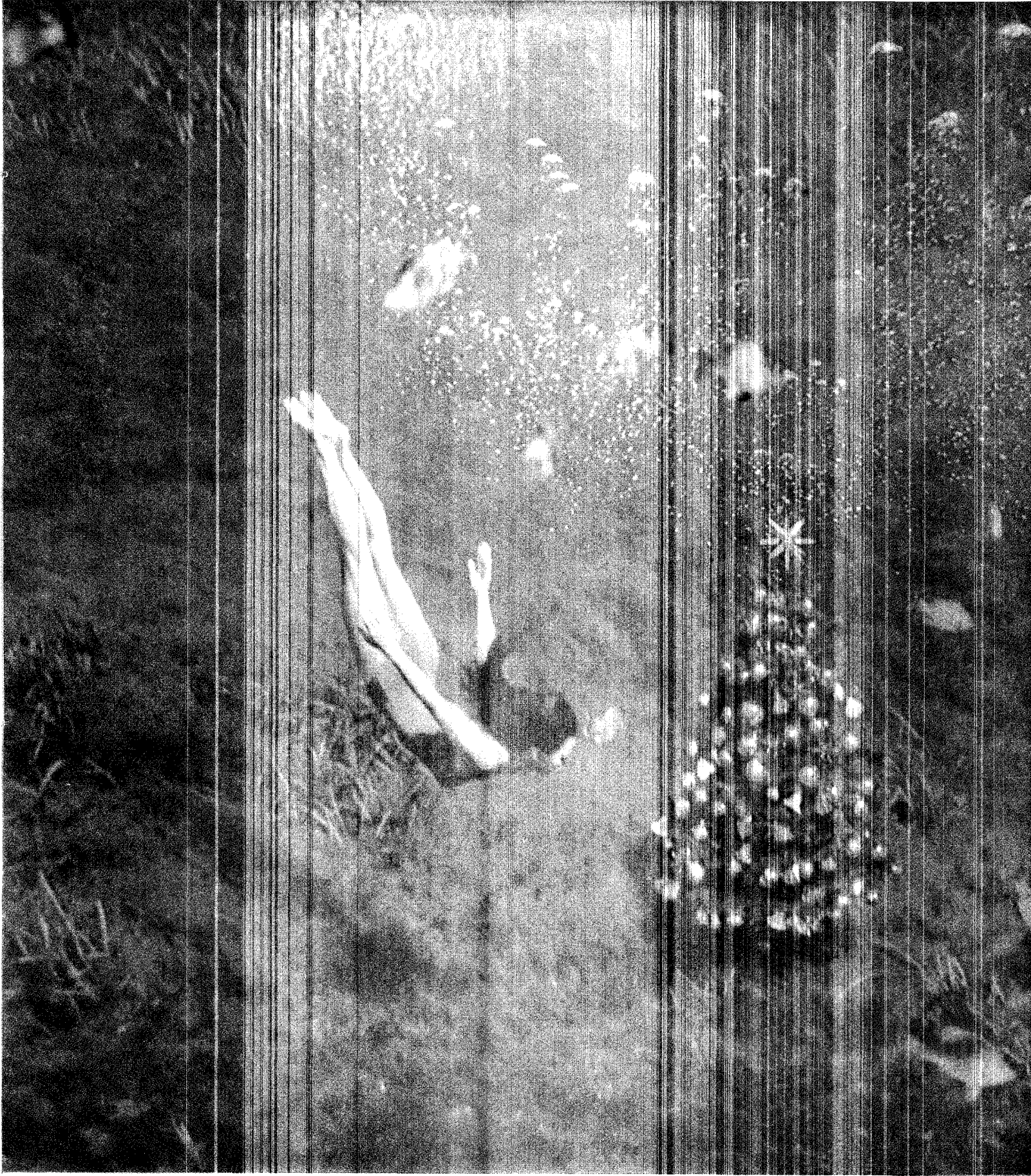
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style all his own—he's a poet. He said he was so groggy when he got off the plane that took him to Texas that he 'felt like a muley bull coming out of a dipping vat.' He praises Huey up, but he never misses a chance to crow when he does something better. In 1956, when he won the Governorship on the first primary—without a run-off—the first thing he said was 'Huey never done that.'"

We arrived at the Mansion half an hour before the appointed time for the press conference. The laurel-bordered driveway was packed with reporters' cars. Inside, the press had taken over, as if a first-class murder had just occurred and the cops were still upstairs. Turning left inside the fanlighted door, we went down a couple of steps into a great reception room that was furnished like a suite in a four-star general's house on an Army post, where the furniture comes out of Quartermaster stores. The bleakness of such pieces increases in proportion to the square of their sum: two hotel sofas are four times as depressing as one. The Governor's drawing room, of good height and proportions, contained at least twenty-six paired pieces, all covered with pink or green brocade chosen for its wearing quality. The mauve curtains were of the tint and gloss of that spun-sugar candy that is usually filled with rancid peanut paste, and the carpets were of a flushed beige. There were three chandeliers, a black-moor candelabrum, two wall mirrors reflecting each other, and no pictures. There was not a piece of furniture from before 1930, nor a portrait of a former Governor or his lady. It made a perfect waiting room—a place in which boredom began in the first ten seconds.

At four-thirty, half an hour after the conference was to begin, the Governor's press secretary, a nervous former state senator named Fredericks, appeared at the top of the two steps. He announced that the Governor's party had telephoned from the road; they were still about fifty miles from town, and the Governor had given orders to serve cake and coffee to the reporters and tell them to wait. Negro servants in white jackets passed around coffee and spongecake, both good. Another half hour went by, and a reporter started canvassing his colleagues to see if they would join him in a walkout. He proposed that everybody go off and leave the Governor flat—insult to the press, showing up so late—and let him know where he stood. His colleagues, knowing where they stood, paid no heed. Another hour passed. Finally, the

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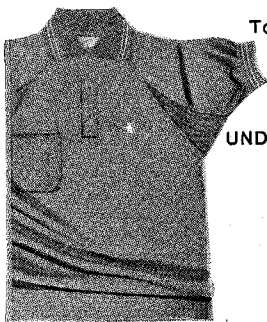
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Governor and his party arrived. The representatives of the communications arts, including me, pressed around the steps leading down to the big room, but state troopers shoved us back, and the Governor headed straight upstairs, to "wash up and be right back." A minute later, word came down that he was going to shave. The Negroes served more coffee, this time without cake. Nobody talked of leaving now. A reporter with good connections learned the cause of the long delay from a state cop who had ridden in the convoy. "Governor stopped at a few farms along the way to buy some guinea hens, but he couldn't get the right price on them," the cop said.

Forty-five minutes more, and the Governor made his entrance. He hadn't shaved. He was wearing a black mohair suit even less elegantly adjusted than the one at Alick, and a sober necktie of black with atomic-bomb mushrooms in olive and gray. He sat down in the middle of a long sofa that had its back to the cold fireplace. There, crossing his legs, which showed off his white cotton socks, he faced his familiar persecutors with the air of a country Odysseus home from a rough trip. He clearly did not miss Penelope.

Somebody asked him if he was set on going through with the special session of the legislature, and he said that he was—the call would go out before five o'clock the next day. That was the latest moment he could legally call a session for the following Monday. He had to include with the call a list of the legislation he meant to propose—nothing else could be voted at the session—and he said he was readying his list.

A reporter asked him if he would include any new tax bill, and he said no, but that he would try for some new taxes at the next regular session. Then he began to lay into the rich people, who "wanted to cut out the spastic school," but the reporters, who had heard that number in his repertory before, managed to turn him off.

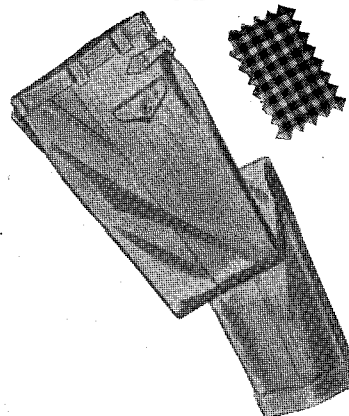
"Governor," one of them queried, "what is your personal opinion of who's going to win this election?"

"I am," the seated orator replied without hesitation. "Uncle Earl. It's going to be a case of Katy bar the door. Little old Dellasoups Morrison will be second."

"And third?" pursued the questioner. "Jimmie Davis, if he stays in the race," Uncle Earl said. "And little Willie Rainach and Big Bad Bill Dodd a dog-fall for fourth."

There was a good deal of discourse

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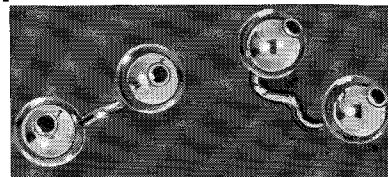
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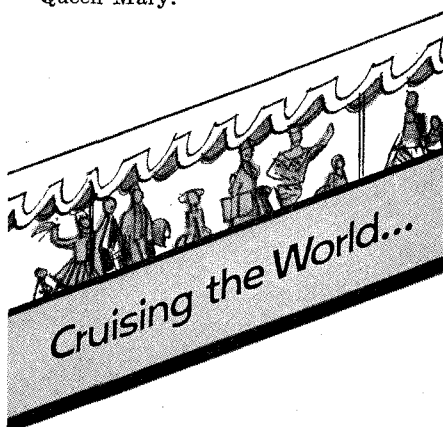
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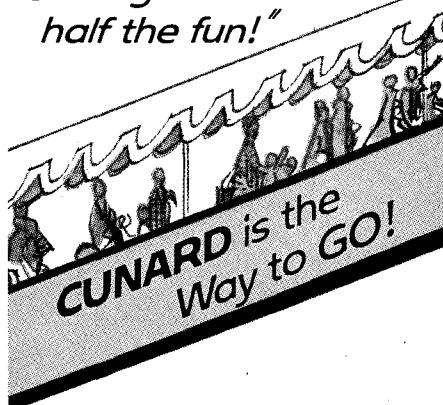
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that I never got around to recording. Carried away on the stream of idiom like a drunk on a subway train, I missed a lot of stations. The Governor freshened as he talked, and his voice gained strength. Somebody asked him what he thought of Henry Luce, whose publications had been picking on him. "Mr. Luce is like a fellow that owns a shoe store and buys all the shoes to fit hisself," he said. "Then he expects other people to wear them."

This was the best line I'd yet heard from the Governor, and I put all my admiration in my glance and edged my chair up to the end of his sofa. The Governor's gaze, swinging about the room, stopped when it lit on me. I inched forward and said, "Governor, I came all the way down here from New York to see you, and one of the things I'd like to find out is your system for beating the horses."

An expression of modest disclaimer came over the cocky old face. "I got no particular system," he said. "I think I'm doing good to break even. I think horse-betting should be dissected—into them that can afford it and them that can't. I think if you can afford it, it's a good thing to take your mind off your troubles and keep you out in the air."

"Do you play speed ratings?" I asked.

The Governor, in his eagerness to talk simultaneously about all phases of handicapping, choked up—it was the bronchiectasis—and began to cough. Quickly, I offered him a lemon drop and he accepted it. That, as in the other Arab countries, conjured his good will—he had partaken of my salt, or, in its lieu, of what the wrapper catalogued as my sugar, corn syrup, true fruit flavor, and citric acid. The bronchiectasis struggled with the lemon drop for a moment, and then yielded. "Y'all stay and eat," he said to me. "Y'all stay, too," he added to Mrs. Dixon and Tom and a couple of the other press people. "There's a plenty." I imagined he had a great surplus of supermarket bargains in the larder. "Just set here and wait. Me and my advisers got a lot to talk about."

The reporters and television men who had deadlines were already clearing out. Earl shouted after them, "Y'all come back and I'll say this!" But they, who had waited for him so long, had had enough.

There had been so many people in the room that the snap had gone out of the air-conditioning. The twelve or fifteen men staying on for dinner took off their coats and laid them on chairs and so-



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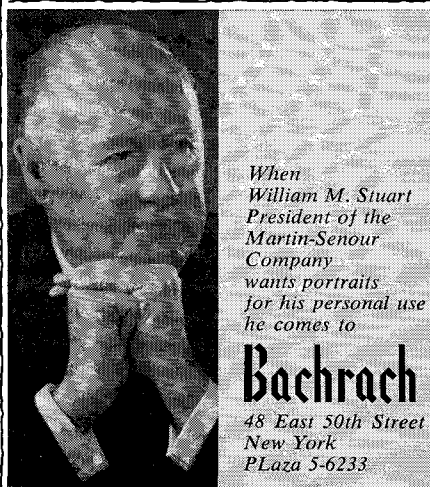
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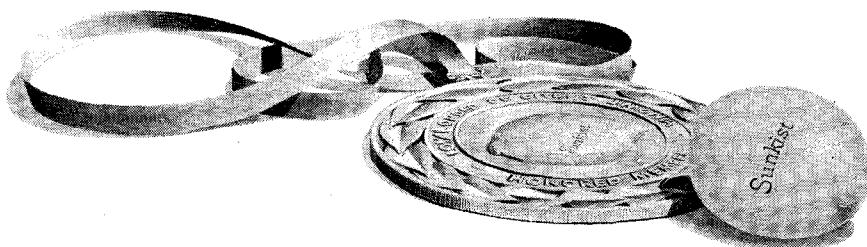
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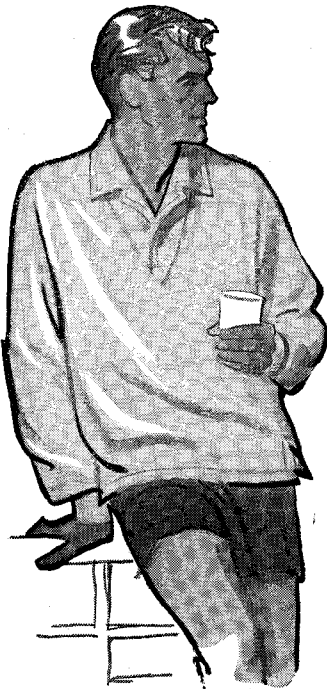
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fas. One of the women guests, a Northerner, inadvertently sat on a jacket that a political gent had laid aside. It was a silvery dacron-acrilan-nylon-airpox miracle weave, nubbed with Danish-blue asterisks. She let out a short cry and rose vertically, like a helicopter. She had sat on his gun, an article of apparel that some circles in Louisiana consider as essential as a zipper. Eyebrows rose about as rapidly as she did, and by the time she came down she had decided that comment would be considered an affectation. A colored man brought the Governor a glass wrapped in a napkin—"Something for my throat," the latter explained—and the members of his inner council gathered at his flanks and knees for the powwow on catfish bait. One of the bills Earl had in mind would give individual members of the legislature scholarship funds to allot personally to young people in their districts. Another would raise the salaries of assistant attorney generals, whose friends in the legislature might be expected to respond. There was a variety of local bait in funds for construction. The bait compounders kept their voices low and mysterious, as if saying, "One-half pint of fish oil, one ounce of tincture of asafetida, one ounce of oil of rhodium—that will fetch them." Sometimes a conspirator would be unable to suppress a laugh.

A Mr. Siegelin, a political catfisherman arriving late, brought with him two children—a girl of about ten and a boy of five. "Give them Cokes," the Governor said, and a state cop hurried off to fill the order. The children took their Cokes and settled down on facing identical love seats to drink them, while their father, a fair man in shirtsleeves, sat down to join the conference, with his equivalent of "Cut smoked herring into bits. Soak in condensed milk several days." The group was still busy mixing bait when a bruiser, either a state trooper or a bodyguard from civilian life, came to the top of the steps and shouted, "It's ready!"

The catfishermen remained engrossed in their concoctive deliberations, and the bruiser shouted at Mrs. Dixon, whom he judged to be less engaged, "C'mawn, Maggie!"

Mrs. Dixon rose, and the catfishermen—Southern gentlemen, after all—perforce rose, too, and rushed toward the dining room in her wake, the Governor dragging the two children.

The dining end of the Mansion, I was happy to see, was well kept up. A long table under a great chandelier was covered with a mountain range of

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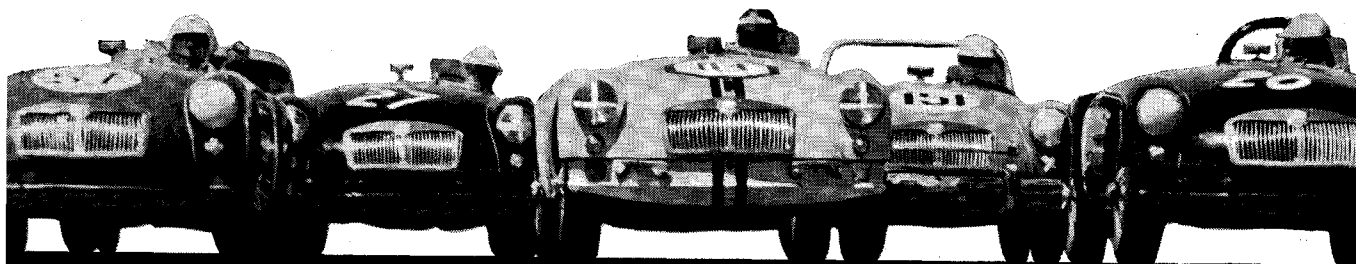
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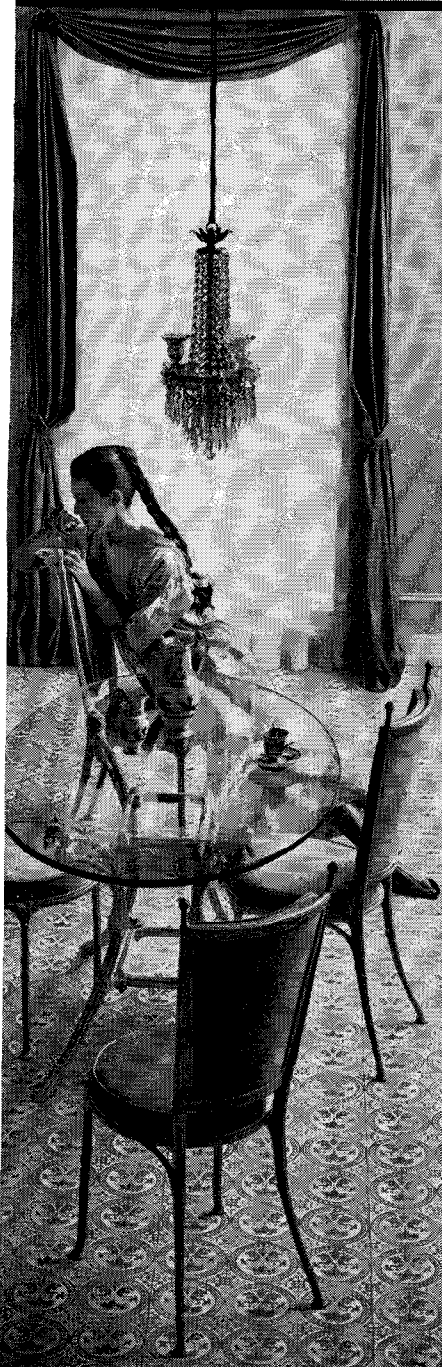
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napkins folded into dunce caps, with streams of table silver in the valleys between. Negro waiters and waitresses swarmed about, smiling to welcome Odysseus home. The wanderer, his heart expanding in this happy atmosphere, propelled me to a seat at the head of the table. He took his place at my left, with the Northern lady across the table from him. Around the long board crouched plug-uglies in sports shirts, alternating with the guests—Tom, Mrs. Dixon, Senator Fredericks, Siegelin, the two Siegelin children, still clutching their Coca-Cola bottles, and half a dozen politicians I hadn't met.

The Governor said to me, "We don't serve hard liquor here. The church people wouldn't like it. But I'll get you some beer. Bob," he called to one of the seneschals, "get the man some beer!" Quickly, the waiter fetched a can and set it down on the table, two holes newly punched in the top, ready for drinking. The can bore an unfamiliar label, and the Governor said, "That looks like some of the ten-cent stuff that when the brewers got an overstock they sell it to the supermarkets. Bob, get the man some *good* beer. And bring a glass—*hear?*"

He looked so healthy that I ventured a compliment. "You fooled those doctors, all right," I said. "You're like that Swede Johansson—you have your own way of training."

"You see that first fight?" the Governor asked, suspending his attack on the salad, which he had been going at with the steady motion of a hay forker. I said I had.

"I didn't see it, but I would have if I'd thought the fellow had a chance to lick Patterson," the Governor said. "Patterson's pretty good."

"I hear there's a law here in Louisiana that a white boy can't even box on the same card with colored boys," I said.

"Yeah," said the Governor, "but that kind of stuff is foolish. If there's enough money in it, they're bound to get together."

I recognized the theory of an economic resolution of the race conflict.

The Governor sat there like a feudal lord, and the men of his household leaned toward him like vassals around a fire. The trenchers were passed—great platters of country ham and fried steak—by black servingmen, and colored damsels toted the grits and gravy. There was no court musician, possibly because he would have reminded Earl of Jimmie Davis, but there was a court

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jester, and now the master called for a jape.

"Laura! Laura!" he called out to one of the waitresses. "Set your tray down—there, hand it to Bob. Now tell us what your husband does for a living."

"Prizefighter, sir," the girl said.

"Show us how he does when he goes in the ring," the Governor ordered.

The girl—long, thin, and whippy—was instantly a-grin. This was evidently a standard turn, and she loved the spotlight. She showed how her husband climbed through the ropes, lifting her right knee high to get over the imaginary strand. Once inside, she danced about, waving her clasped hands at friends in the imaginary crowd. Then she retired to a corner and crouched on an imaginary stool until the Governor hit the rim of a glass with a gravy spoon. At that, the girl came out, sparring fast and mugging for friends at ringside, with an occasional wink. The opposition didn't amount to much, I could see; Laura's husband, impersonated by Laura, was jabbing him silly. Then her expression changed; the other man was beginning to hit back. Her head waggled, and she began to stagger. Even the bodyguards, who must have seen the act often, were howling.

"Show us how your husband does when he gets tagged," the Governor ordered, and Laura fell forward, her arms hanging over the ropes that were not there, her eyes bulging and senseless.

The feudal faces were red with mirth. I applauded as hard as I could. Laura stood up and curtsied.

"That's the way some of these stump-wormers going to be when this primary is over," Uncle Earl said. "Hanging on the ropes. If it's a pretty day for the primary, I'll win it all. I'll denude them all, the *Times-Picayune* included." Outside the air-conditioned keep, the enemy might howl, but inside the old vavisor held his court unheeding. "The voting machines won't hold me up," he said. "If I have the right commissioners, I can make them machines play 'Home, Sweet Home.' " He laughed confidently. "The goody-goodies brought in those machines to put a crimp in the Longs," he said. "The first time they was used statewide, in 1956, I won on the first primary. Not even my brother Huey ever did that. The machines is less important than who's allowed to vote. I appointed a man State Custodian of Voting Machines, and he ran up a bill of over seventeen thousand dollars for airplane ex-



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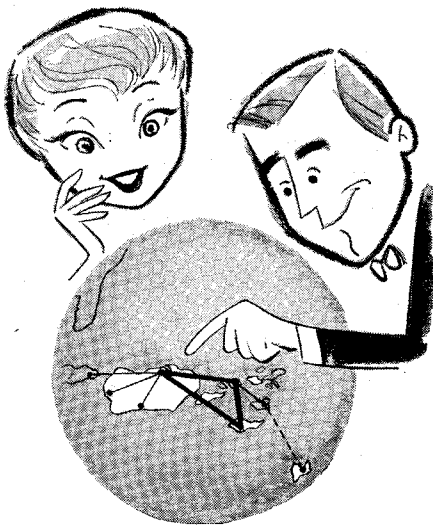
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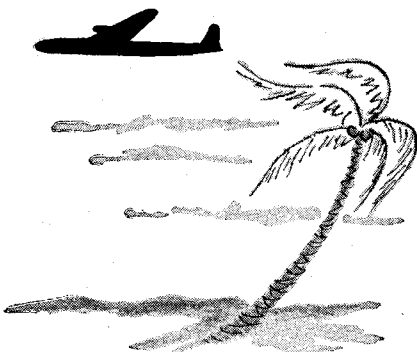
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penses in eight months, just flying around the state inspecting the machines. The *Times-Picayune* recommended him, and I thought I'd satisfy them for once."

The cellarer he had sent for the name-brand beer returned with a report that only the supermarket kind was cold. "They're keeping the good beer for themselves," the Governor said indulgently. "You drink this." It tasted fine.

The Northern woman, who had listened with awe to the tale of the voting-machine man, asked, "What happened to him?"

"I denuded him," the Governor said. "It's an elective office now."

"And where is he now?" the woman asked, expecting, perhaps, to hear that he was confined in a *cachot* beneath the Mansion.

"He's hypnotizing people and telling fortunes and locating oil wells," the Governor said.

I asked the Governor what he thought of Governor Faubus, of neighboring Arkansas, and he said that Faubus was a fine man but that nobody had told him about the Civil War. "Fellas like Faubus and Willie Rainach and Leander Perez and the rest of the White Citizens Council and Southern Gentlemen [another determined states-rights group] in this state want to go back behind Lincoln," he said. "And between us, as we sit here among ourselves," he went on, arresting a chunk of fried steak in midair and leaning forward to give his statement more impetus, "we got to admit that Lincoln was a fine man, and that he was right." Then, as he turned back to the steak, skewering it against a piece of ham before swallowing both, he caught my look of astonishment, and cried, "But don't quote me on that!" Since the primary campaign is over, I disregard his instructions. It was a brave thing for a Governor of Louisiana to say, and would have made a lethal headline in his enemies' hands.

Another can of beer was brought, and the Governor and I shared it, with a sense of complicity.

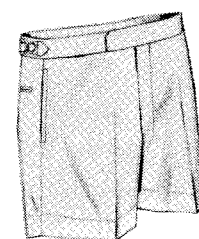
"Laura! Laura!" the Governor called to his jester. "Get rid of that tray."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Governor," the star turn said, and passed the grits to a co-worker.

"Now, Laura," the Governor said, "can you make a speech like Mr. McLemore?" (McLemore had been the White Citizens' favorite candidate in 1956.)

This was plainly another well-tested

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bit of repertory. Laura took a stance, feet wide apart and body stick-straight, looking as foolish as she could. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said. "Do not vote for Mr. Earl Long, because he has permitted the Supreme Court of the United States to make a decision by which Little White Johnny will have to attend the same school with Little Black Mary. If you wish to prevent this, vote for—vote for—" She hesitated. Then, running her hands over her body, she located, after some trouble, a white card in her breast pocket. The card, a planted prop, showed that she had expected to perform. She took the card, peered at it, turned it around, and finally read, "McLemore." That's it. Vote for McLemore."

Uncle Earl howled, and so did all his guests and men-at-arms.

The meal ended with a great quantity of ice cream. The Governor, in high humor and perhaps still thinking of the frustrated voting machines, said to the lady across from him, "Would you mind if I told you a semi-bad story?"

She said she would not mind, and the Governor began. "There was an important man once who had a portable mechanical-brain machine that he carried everywhere with him," he said. "When he wanted an answer to 'How many square feet in a room so much by so much?' or 'Has that blonde a husband and is he home?' he would write out the question on a piece of paper and put it in a slot, and pretty soon the machine would go 'Blam, blam, blam, blam, blam'—that was the brain working—and it would give him a printed slip with the correct answer. Well, finally the man got jealous of the machine because it was such a hum-cracker, and he thought he'd take it down a little for its own good. So he wrote out a message: 'Where is my dear father at this minute, and what is he doing?' He put it in the slot, and the machine says 'Blam, blam, blam'—very calm, like he had asked it something easy—and it wrote out the answer: 'Your dear father is in a pool hall in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, at this moment, shooting a game of a hundred points against a man named Phil Brown. Your dear father is setting down watching, and Phil Brown has the cuestick and is about to break.'"

The Governor's manner changed, and his voice became indignant. "Why," the man says, "that's the most unmitigated libellous slander I ever heard of. My dear father is sleeping in the Baptist cemetery on the side of the hill in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and has



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been for the last five years. I demand a *reinvestigation* and an *apology*.' And he writes out the message and puts it in the slot. 'This time I got you,' he says. 'You ain't nothing but a machine anyway.' So the machine reads the message, and it gets all excited. It says 'Blam, blam, *blam*,' like it was scratching its head, and then 'BLAM!', like it was mad, and out comes the answer."

All eyes were on the Governor now, as if the ladies and men-at-arms half expected him to materialize the ticker tape.

"The machine said, 'REPEAT,' " the Governor announced. "It said, 'REPEAT,' and then 'RE-REPEAT. Your dear father is in a pool hall at Philadelphia, *Pennsylvania*, playing a game with a man named Phil Brown. *Your mother's legally wedded husband* is in the Baptist cemetery on the side of the hill in *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*, and has been these last five years. The only change in the situation is that Phil Brown has run fourteen and missed, and your old man now has the cue-stick. I predict he will win by a few points.' "

It broke everybody up, and soon the Governor said to the outsiders, politely, "Y'all go home. We got a lot to do tonight."

Odysseus ruled in Ithaca.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second in a series of three articles on Louisiana politics.)

Britain has begun to install a device in its new bombers and airliners that lands the plane in any weather completely automatically.

On an approach to a runway the pilot turns control of the aircraft over to the system, known as Autoland, and sits back. The plane is then automatically flown down the glide path to the runway.

If the plane is "crabbing"—that is, coming in sideways, because of a crosswind—the device lines it up with the runway at the last moment.—*The Times*.

If the passengers are crabbing, it's because they're chicken.

OUR FORGETFUL COLUMNISTS

When we arrived, late, famous faces stood out as familiar as the envelope that contains our gas bill.—*Doris Lilly in the Post*.

Coming out of the Empire Room of the Waldorf it occurred to me that if I were a singer and heard Lena Horne I'd take up hemstitching as a career. Mrs. Raymond (Viola) Loewy put it another way.

"There just isn't another Lena Horne," she said. "Most singers have the originality of a gas bill."—*Same column, same day*.

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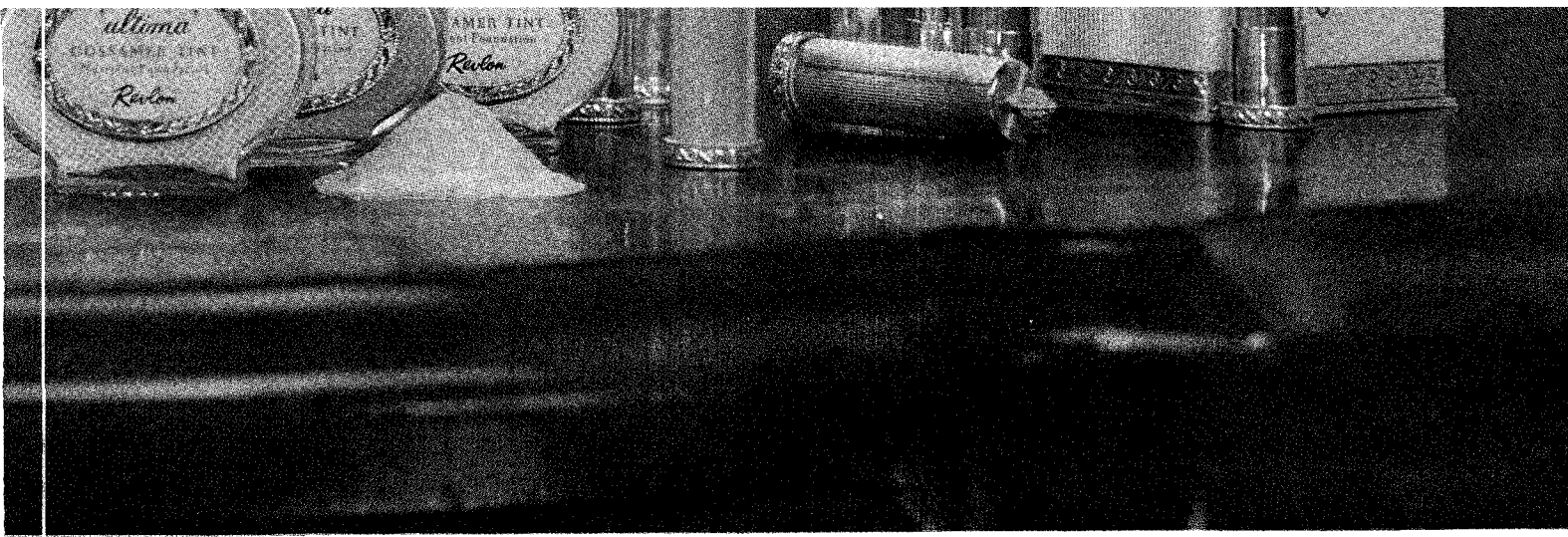
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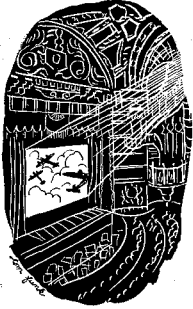
Summertime, and the pace slackens. Pressures seem less urgent and one's sense of pleasure is sharpened. The Countess defines this euphoria in her colorful new collections of ties, casual shirts, jewelry, hose, robes, fine leather accessories, underscored by a selection of masculine toiletries—each a tasteful expression of joie de vivre.

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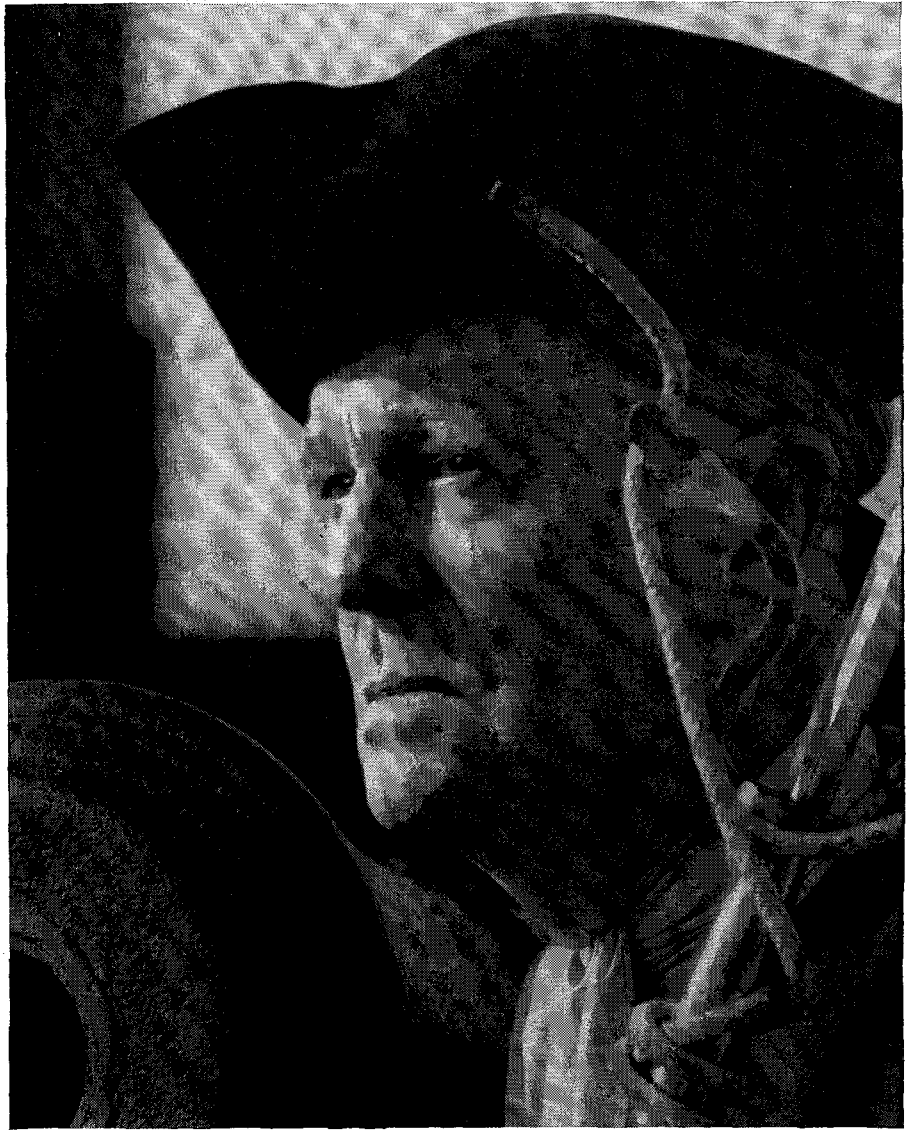
THE CURRENT CINEMA

River, Stay 'Way from My Door



AS produced and directed by Elia Kazan, "Wild River" is a melodrama that tries hard to plumb some significant social depths but never gets into any chancy waters; in fact, it skims along like one of those old

movie resurrections that glaze one's eyes on television's "Late Late Show." In defense of Mr. Kazan's endeavors, I must point out that the material provided him by Paul Osborn, who wrote the screenplay, and by William Bradford Huie and Borden Deal, who were responsible for the two (*two*) novels on which the thing is based, is hardly the sort of twitchy stuff that Tennessee Williams has accustomed him to. The time is early in the New Deal era, and the story concerns a stalwart old widow, aged eighty, whose island home is about to be engulfed by the waters of a T.V.A. dam, and a young T.V.A. operative, whose job it is to convince her that she would be well advised to vacate her property before the river starts backing up. Until the arrival of the T.V.A., the old lady has done a pretty good job of making time stand still; on her matriarchal acres nobody works but the Negroes, and her three hulking sons lie around scratching themselves. Also in residence is another widow—the old lady's grandniece—who, at twenty, is the mother of two small children. Her husband has been in his grave for three long years, and she is growing anxious for company. When the T.V.A. man comes over to the island to visit Grandma, she gets to thinking that he's about as nice a fellow as her late-lamented, and in a trice she accompanies him back to the mainland and leads him to the cottage where she and her husband used to live. There the T.V.A. man has his way with her (not a particularly difficult feat), but he gets in bad with the nearby townsfolk when he talks about the affair, and he creates further ill will by hiring Negroes at five dollars a day to clear land for the Authority. Since colored hands have been getting two dollars a day, this does not sit well with the com-



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Today, Mr. John Maxton, Armorer, reveals to visitors the secrets of Colonial Williamsburg's arsenal. He'll lead you past racks of oiled and gleaming muskets and into the old

powder magazine. Here were the sinews of the American frontier, always taut and ready to defend the colony, even while Williamsburg lived the gracious life of a colonial American capital.

And in the streets, in the buildings, in the homes, in the craft shops today, you will discover the charm of Old World living, and the spirit that lies at the roots of our American heritage. Visit Williamsburg and see.

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Williamsburg
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But, then everybody got into the market, business got better, and pretty soon Wall Street didn't make a very good villain.

And, just then, up skipped the advertising business in its grey flannel suit and its funny mannerisms, and a new villain was born.

Happy Birthday.

Some of us seem to like the image. In fact, in its own defense, the advertising industry is running some of the most introspective, fatuous advertising ever conceived.

And, if we keep it up...we can hold this image indefinitely.

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Build better advertising and the image will take care of itself.

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an advertising agency
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munity, and, as you might expect, some sinister proposals are heard about driving him out of the place. The old lady, meanwhile, has been sitting tight on her island, but in the end our hero triumphs over all difficulties and he and the T.V.A. march on to new horizons.

The old lady in the piece is portrayed by Jo Van Fleet, who gives a stock interpretation of a brave and irascible ancient, and the role of the T.V.A. agent by Montgomery Clift, who appears constantly perplexed by the activities around him, as well he might. Also on view are Lee Remick, as the accessible young widow; Jay C. Flippen, James Westerfield, and Jeff Bess, as the old lady's worthless sons; and Albert Salmi, as a villainous gas-station proprietor who keeps stirring people up against Mr. Clift. All are types we've met before in these down-on-the-farm enterprises.

JOHN FORD, the gentleman from Maine who loves the Southwest almost as much as he loves Ireland, is out in the Apache country once more, this time with a film called "Sergeant Rutledge." The screenplay, by James Warner Bellah and Willis Goldbeck, centers on one of a band of Negro recruits serving in the Indian wars of the post-Civil War period, who has been accused of murder and rape. As played by Woody Strode, Sergeant Rutledge is an impressive character, and in the scenes of his court-martial he is highly effective. However, the picture itself tends to maunder as it explains, in flashbacks, what an estimable man the Sergeant is. The usual Ford derring-do on the plains makes things sporadically lively, though, and Jeffrey Hunter, as an officer who undertakes to defend the Sergeant, and Constance Towers, as the girl of Mr. Hunter's dreams, are tolerable enough.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

LITTLE ELEGY

FOR A CHILD WHO SKIPPED ROPE

Here lies resting, out of breath,
Out of turns, Elizabeth,
Whose quicksilver toes not quite
Cleared the whirring edge of night.

Earth, whose circles round us skim
Till they catch the lightest limb,
Shelter now Elizabeth
And for her sake trip up Death.

—X. J. KENNEDY

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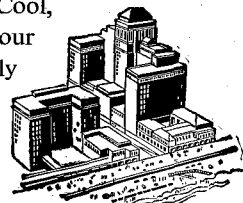
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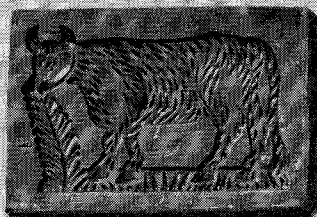
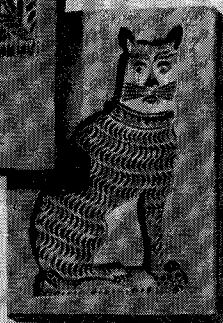
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for the first time in the current LOOK,
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to sit in with our leaders—
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as they debate whether to unleash
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in the hope of shortening a war.
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Others urged its use:
Marshall, Stimson, Oppenheimer.
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LOOK

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THE RACE TRACK

Web-footed Flyer



PRACTICALLY all there is to consider this week is the Juvenile Stakes, for two-year-olds, which had its eighty-fourth running the other afternoon at Aqueduct. It provided something of a surprise, since Iron Rail, who couldn't win cheap claiming races at New Orleans during the winter, gave five pounds and a beating to Globemaster, who cost \$80,000 at the Saratoga Sales last August. What flabbergasted everybody was the time of the race. Although the track was inches deep in mud from a downpour the day before, the five furlongs were run in 58 seconds flat. That's as fast as Citation ran on hard, dry footing when he set a course record for the distance at Arlington Park in 1947, and not many runners have beaten his mark anywhere since. Nine of the better two-year-olds went to the post for the Juvenile. Globemaster, taking the lead quickly, stepped off the first quarter in 0:22⅔ and the half in 0:45⅔, but in the stretch Iron Rail, who had never been worse than second, wore him down and won going away. Hail to Reason, who took the Youthful Stakes three weeks ago, was third. Iron Rail, a rather plain colt with a workmanlike way of running, is owned by Donald Ford, a Louisville businessman, who bought him for \$2,900 at the Keeneland Sales. Though the colt was no great shakes at New Orleans, he has improved rapidly since he came North. A fortnight ago, he won the Cherry Hill Stakes at Garden City so easily that Mr. Ford decided he should go for the Juvenile, and paid \$500 to get him into the race as a supplementary entry. His share of the purse was \$23,332.50. Globemaster drew a big crowd to the paddock, and he was indeed a picture, but handsome is that handsome does. Hail to Reason, Garwol, and Commend all looked fit, too. In fact, this was the best field I've seen for the Juvenile in years. It's too bad that for one reason or another Royal Dragoon, the eighty-thousand-dollar baby of the Keeneland Sales, didn't run, but you can't have everything.

THIS is being written before the close of the spring meeting at Aqueduct, but it's my guess that when the last fascinating tabulation of dollars



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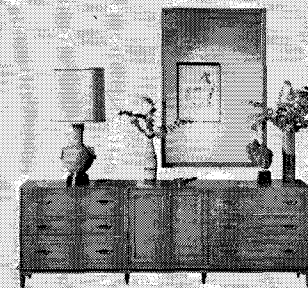


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is made, the track will prove to have done all right for itself. The totals won't better last fall's, when the attendance was 1,848,314 and the mutuel handle was \$178,095,629, but they'll be close, even though there were four fewer racing days this time around. Since I've always believed, along with Colonel E. R. Bradley, that a race track should be a pleasant place to lose a bet, it seems to me the management would do well to spend some of the fresh money on screening off the stable area beyond the backstretch. Seen from the grandstand, the barns are pretty drab, and the section where the tractors, trucks, harrows, and such are kept looks like nothing so much as a rubbish dump. To be sure, a row of spruce trees about three feet high have been set out along the outer rail of the racecourse, and in time they will presumably grow tall and thick enough to hide much of the depressing view, but you should live so long.

TO a lot of people, the meetings at Belmont Park have always been the most exhilarating of the Long Island season, but, as I look over the current program, I must say that this one shows signs of being a second-class affair. It has been shortened to four weeks, ending on June 30th, and eight of its fixtures—among them the Metropolitan, the Suburban, the Withers, and the Juvenile Stakes—have been transferred to Aqueduct. There is one comforting thought for the Old Guard: many stables like to run their best horses at Belmont, and if they can't do it in stake races, they may in overnight events. Things might turn out not so bad, after all.

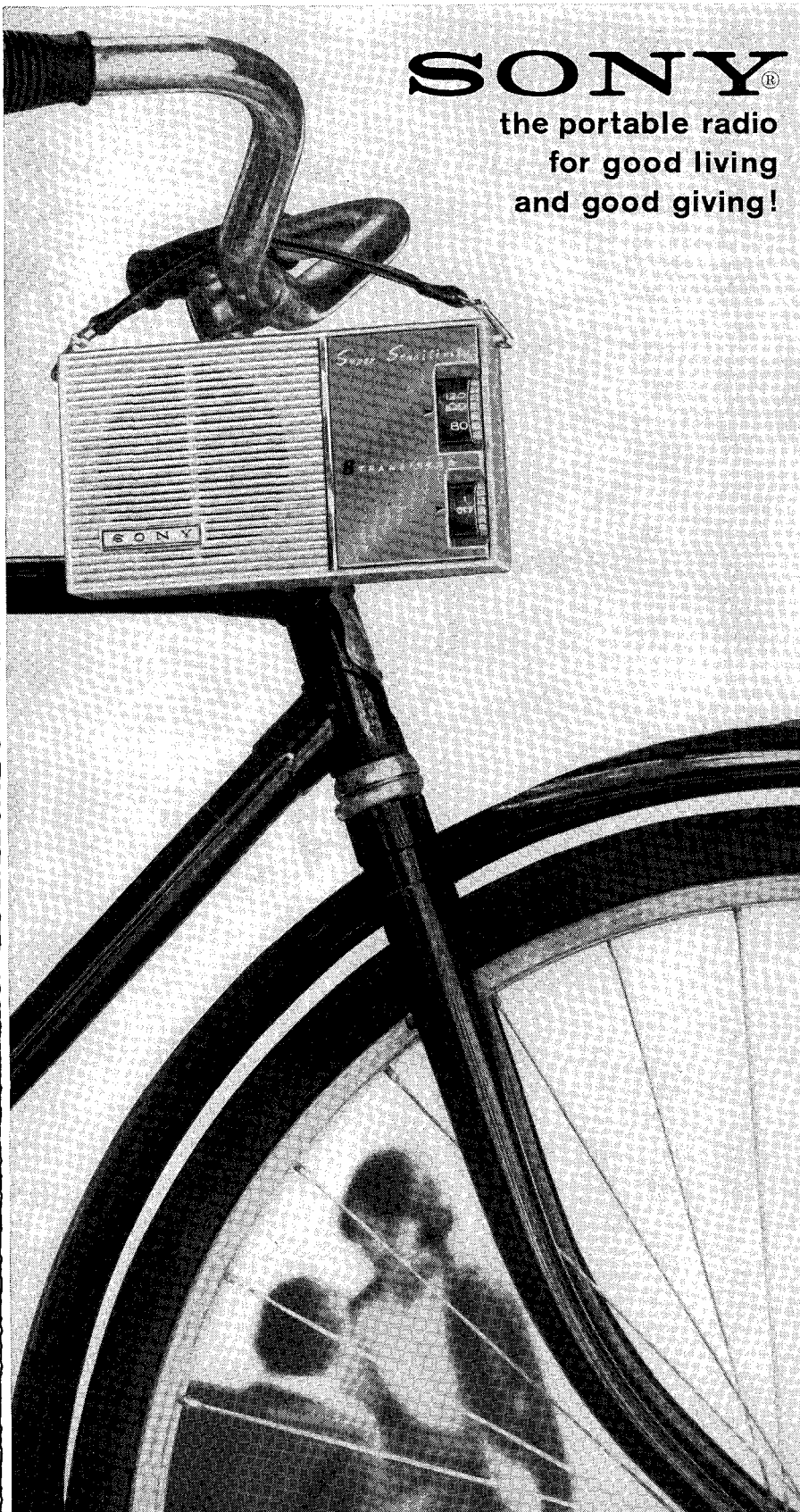
WHAT with Venetian Way's trainer dismissing his Preakness jockey because he was beaten, and the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, Inc., broadcasting its suspicions that the colt had been tampered with, the race at Pimlico had a sorry aftermath. There was no such to-do after the Preakness in 1956, when Fabius beat the odds-on Needles, reversing the placings in the Kentucky Derby, or in 1950, when Hill Prince won by five lengths from the Derby-winner Midleground. Oh, well, times change.

—AUDAX MINOR

LIFE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

[From the calendar of the First Methodist Church, Long Beach]

Anthem—"Hosanna! Hosanna!" (from "Ben Hur")

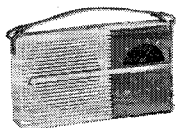


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LETTER FROM VIENNA

MAY 24

A STORY making the rounds here has it that when a West German businessman visiting a friend in Vienna expressed amazement at the city's prosperity, the friend replied, "Yes, we Austrians have had a *real* economic miracle. You people in Germany had to *work* for yours." The Viennese are given to blending fact and fancy in talking about themselves, and the implication that Austria's economic revival has been achieved without hard work is neither quite true nor quite untrue. Compared to the driving tempo of business life in West Germany, where no one ever seems to get, or even want, a breathing spell, the Austrian forty-five-hour week seems almost languid, and it may be hoped that the visiting West German, for the sake of his blood pressure, did not hear about a fortuitous combination of church holidays, national holidays, half holidays, and weekends a few months ago that enabled nearly everybody to take off on a fortnight's vacation. For those two weeks, almost all work came to a stop, and only the city's coffeehouses, *Heuriger* (young-wine) taverns, confectioners' shops, opera houses, theatres, and concert halls did a lively business. While this relaxed approach may make sense—it has spared Austria the epidemic of "manager sickness," a term covering nervous exhaustion and/or cardiac trouble, that has reached serious proportions in West Germany—it is not one that ordinarily produces booms. Yet last year Austria's exports—lumber, iron, steel, paper, textiles, fertilizers, machines, and electric power—were triple what they were ten years ago, so somebody *must* have worked.

Whether Austria is considered indolent or industrious, it is obvious that things are going well. The nation's budget is balanced, its standard of living is up, and last December all wage earners got a bonus amounting to a month's salary. Not surprisingly, that Christmas shopping season in Vienna was reported to be the best ever. The newspapers noted with pride that some stores ran out of baby-alligator handbags and television sets, and that new furniture, oil paintings (religious and Alpine subjects preferred), and Persian carpets were in great demand. "Two years ago," a liquor merchant told me, "we were lucky to sell a few bottles of Austrian brandy and Yugoslav slivovitz at Christmas. This time around, everybody wanted Scotch whiskey and French cognac." A large firm wanted to order

two thousand Sacher *Torten* from Demel's, Vienna's great confectioner, with the idea of sending them as Christmas presents to its employees and customers. (Demel's, resisting the spirit of the times, declined to go into assembly-line production.) And when the State Opera put on the *Opernball*, the most important event of Vienna's annual carnival, there were three times as many requests for boxes, at three hundred dollars each, as there were boxes.

Dazzling as Austria's recovery is, it is by no means as dazzling as West Germany's, but the Austrian achievement is perhaps equally impressive in its own way, having been brought about against heavier odds. Up until 1955, the western provinces of Austria were occupied by the Americans, British, and French, and the eastern provinces by the Russians. (Vienna, a hundred miles inside the Soviet Zone, was occupied by all four powers.) During the Occupation, Austria received a billion and a half dollars in aid from the United States, but the Soviet Zone was fairly thoroughly despoiled by the Red Army, which took possession of three hundred industrial plants, two hundred and fifty thousand acres of arable land, all avail-

able oil fields, and the equipment of the Danube Steam Navigation Company. When the Russians at last departed, they left behind them a countryside that—with its impoverished farms, run-down utilities, bad roads, shabby railroad stations, long-unpainted houses, and bedraggled people—suggested some of the poorer regions of Asia. Today, the same countryside looks almost as spruced-up and prosperous as the luckier western provinces, and on the road from Vienna eastward to the lovely little spa of Baden, where the Soviet Army had its headquarters, one now passes new factories, new stores, freshly painted houses, productive farmland, and well-dressed natives. The Semmering, a village in the mountains just east of Vienna that is the traditional weekend resort of well-to-do Viennese, was for ten years the favorite target of Red Army soldiers with a predilection for vandalism, and they left it in a state of dilapidation; today, it is in fine shape again, and its hotels are sold out winter and summer.

Both of Austria's big political parties—the Catholic People's Party and the Socialists, which split the popular vote almost fifty-fifty in last year's election—take credit for the generally happy state of affairs. (The Communists, who got less than five per cent of the vote, are no longer represented in the

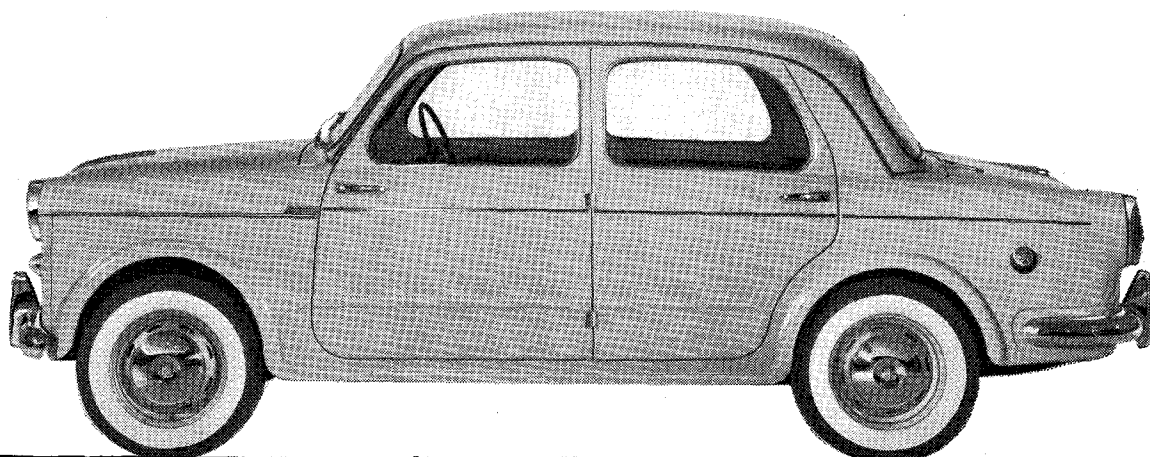


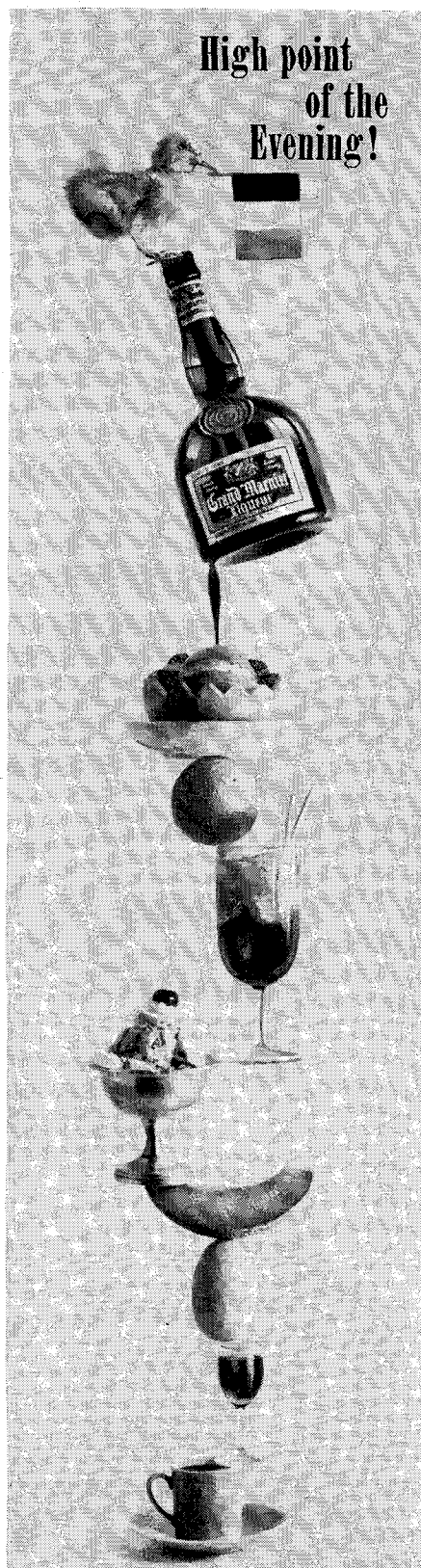
"He's zealous, all right, but he has nothing to say."



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Parliament.) The Socialists claim that it is the anonymous Austrian worker who brought it about, and their rivals claim that it is largely the work of Dr. Reinhard Kamitz, the brilliant Austrian Finance Minister. Austria has a coalition Cabinet, and Kamitz is the only Minister who does not belong to one of the two chief parties, though he is so close to the People's Party that he permitted his elegant profile to be prominently displayed on its election posters. Kamitz was born in Bohemia—now a part of Czechoslovakia—fifty-three years ago; he plays the violin, and his speech has the pleasant, soft enunciation of the educated Austrian. A former professor of economics at Vienna's University for World Trade who later became an important official of Austria's Federal Chamber of Trade and Commerce, Kamitz had acquired not only a sound theoretical grounding but a fair amount of practical experience by the time Chancellor Julius Raab, of the People's Party, appointed him Finance Minister, in 1952. Nevertheless, many of Raab's political allies distrusted the professor, for he had such unfashionable goals as a balanced budget, a sound currency, free enterprise, reduced government spending, and low wages and prices. In Austria, where half the national income is derived from state-owned or state-controlled enterprises, Kamitz was a heretic. The Socialist planners naturally disliked him, and so did many conservative businessmen, who were enjoying the blessing of high price supports. All of them underestimated Kamitz, whose soft voice and professorial background concealed a very realistic hardheadedness. Every time he draws up a new budget—invariably featuring austerity and low government expenditure—he comes under cross fire from various elements of both parties, but he has stood his ground, and in the past few years he has managed virtually to stop inflation. At the same time, he has liberalized trade and currency regulations, as an incentive to the investment of private foreign capital in Austria. In consequence, Austrian government-bond issues floated in New York and Zurich are considered Grade A investments, New York bankers have lent Austria funds for public works, and the Austrian schilling (worth four cents) has become one of Europe's stablest currencies. The Finance Ministers of Europe have recognized Kamitz's stature by twice naming him their spokesman at World Bank meetings.

If for a long time Kamitz's stature



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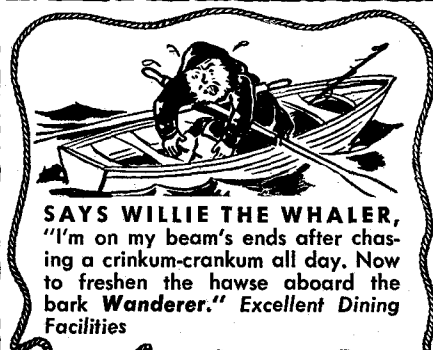
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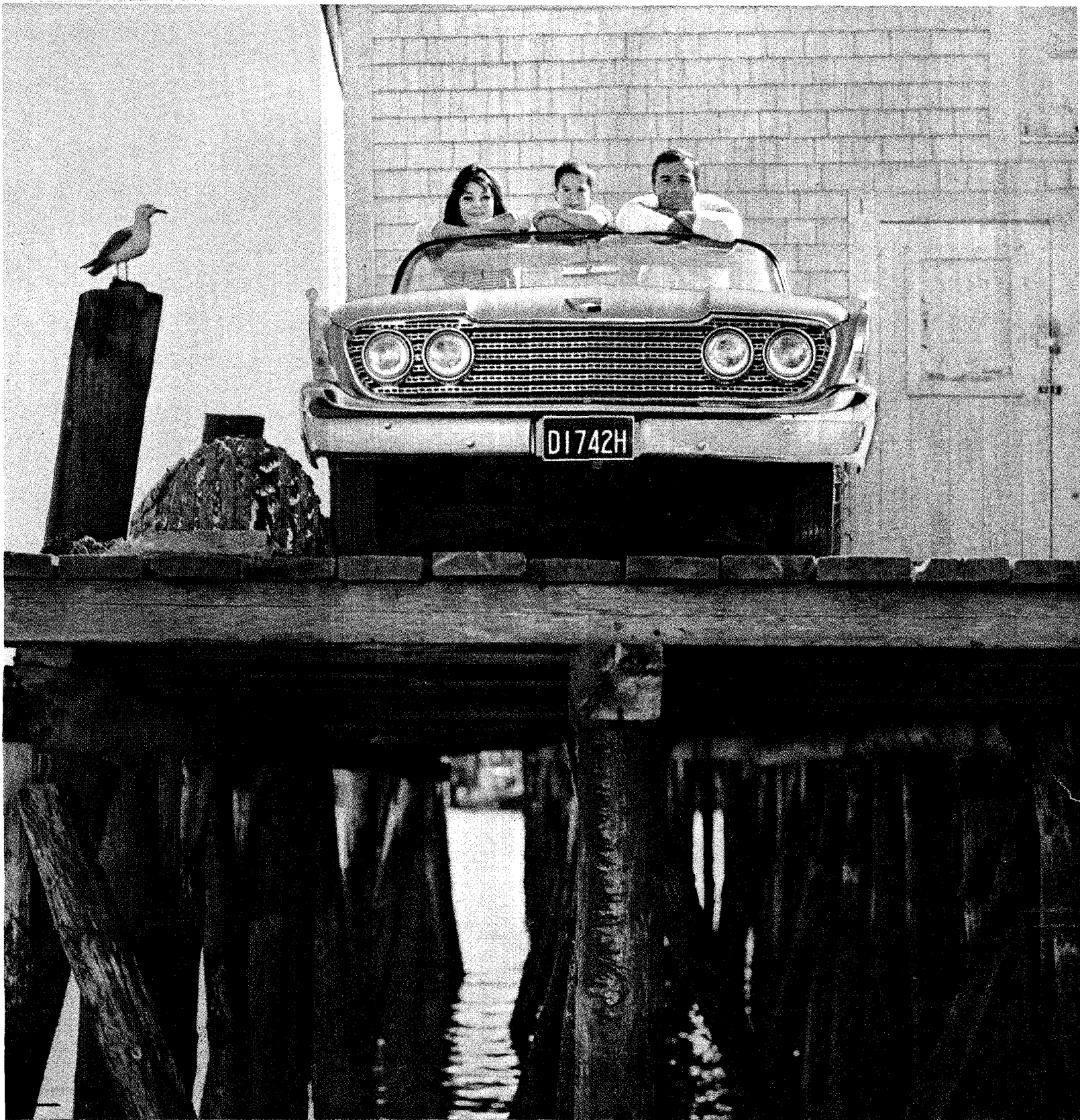


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was not fully appreciated at home, there was a dramatic change in the public's view of him after last year's election. Anti-Kamitz members of Parliament launched such a bitter campaign against him that Chancellor Raab threatened to turn over the Finance Ministry to the Socialists, "to teach them what it's like to have financial responsibility." The morning after this news broke, there were runs on banks and savings institutions, in which even Socialists withdrew their funds, because they feared that, as one of them said, "without Kamitz the schilling would be worthless." And so Kamitz kept the large office—in the magnificent baroque Winter Palais, built by Fischer von Erlach for Prince Eugene of Savoy—that Austria's Finance Ministers have occupied for over a hundred and fifty years. His critics—for, needless to say, he still has some—frequently complain that he is too generous to the Vienna State Opera, regularly paying off its annual deficit of almost four million dollars, at the expense of schools and hospitals, many of which are badly run down and in need of funds. When Kamitz bothers to answer any such complaint, which isn't often, he says that the State Opera is Austria's No. 1 tourist attraction and that last year tourists spent more than two hundred million dollars in the country. For his labors as Finance Minister, Kamitz receives a monthly salary of six hundred and fifty dollars, which is just the amount prominent singers at the State Opera are paid for a single evening's work. Kamitz says that's fine with him, because the only singers who get that sum "are really worth it." All in all, Kamitz finds himself in the awkward position of being both a Finance Minister, whose job it is to say no, and an Austrian, who can never say no to the Vienna State Opera.

ON October 26, 1955, five months after the Four Powers signed the Austrian State Treaty, which restored the nation's sovereignty, and twenty-four hours after the last of the Occupation troops had left the country, Austria's Parliament enacted a constitutional law designed to establish "her permanent neutrality, which she is resolved to maintain and defend," and to restrain her "from joining any [future] military alliance." As things turned out, the law obliged Austria to develop her own concept of neutrality practically overnight. The original idea was that her neutrality should be modelled on the Swiss version, but it soon became apparent that neutrality was not a com-



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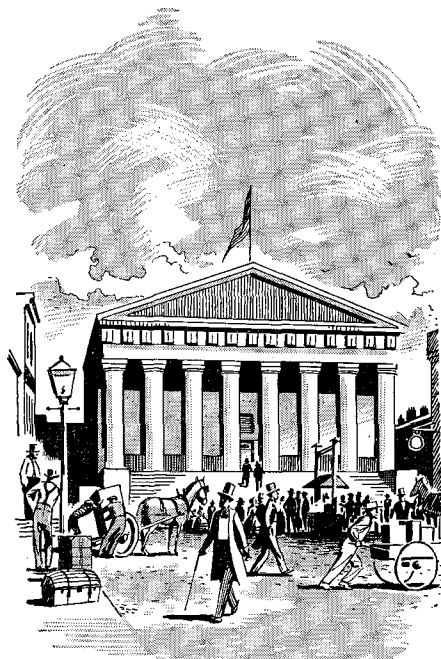
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modity that could be copied, like a new Paris dress. Switzerland's neutrality—which was formally recognized by the great powers in 1815 at the Congress of Vienna, and which has been the envy of all small and many big countries ever since—is unique in that, unlike Sweden's, say, it is embodied in the nation's constitution and, unlike both Sweden's and Austria's, has been guaranteed by international agreement. Moreover, the Swiss have learned the hard way that permanent neutrality means exclusion from world politics. In 1920, Switzerland joined the League of Nations with the understanding that the country would not be bound to participate in military sanctions, but the Swiss had to withdraw from the League eighteen years later when it imposed economic sanctions on Italy for attacking Abyssinia, because those sanctions might well have led to military complications. Possibly with that old experience in mind, Switzerland has never applied for membership in the United Nations, while Austria, after regaining its sovereignty, was very quick to apply—and to be admitted.

In defining and interpreting Austrian neutrality, Chancellor Raab has said, "This law does not diminish the basic freedom of Austrian citizens. Neutrality commits the state but not the individual. The spiritual and political freedom of the individual—especially freedom of the press and freedom of opinion—remains inviolate. Neither does the law imply a commitment to ideological neutrality. Military neutrality does not involve obligations of any sort in the economic or cultural field." And, in point of fact, neutrality in Austria has not bred neutralism. The press makes no attempt to be neutral; with the exception of the Communist *Volksstimme*, all the Austrian newspapers are in line with the West. When the Communists held a youth festival here last summer, a number of newspapers simply ignored the event—not because they sought to be neutral but because, as one journalist put it, "experience has taught us that the preachers of Communism would rather bear the most vehement criticism than absolute silence, and lack of reaction usually kills even the most refined propaganda effort." As a result of the recent events in Paris, many Austrians have been regretting the fact that Premier Khrushchev is to spend a week in their country early in July. With the world as it is, they wish he would just not come.

Austria has already had a chance to see what a tricky business just staying neu-

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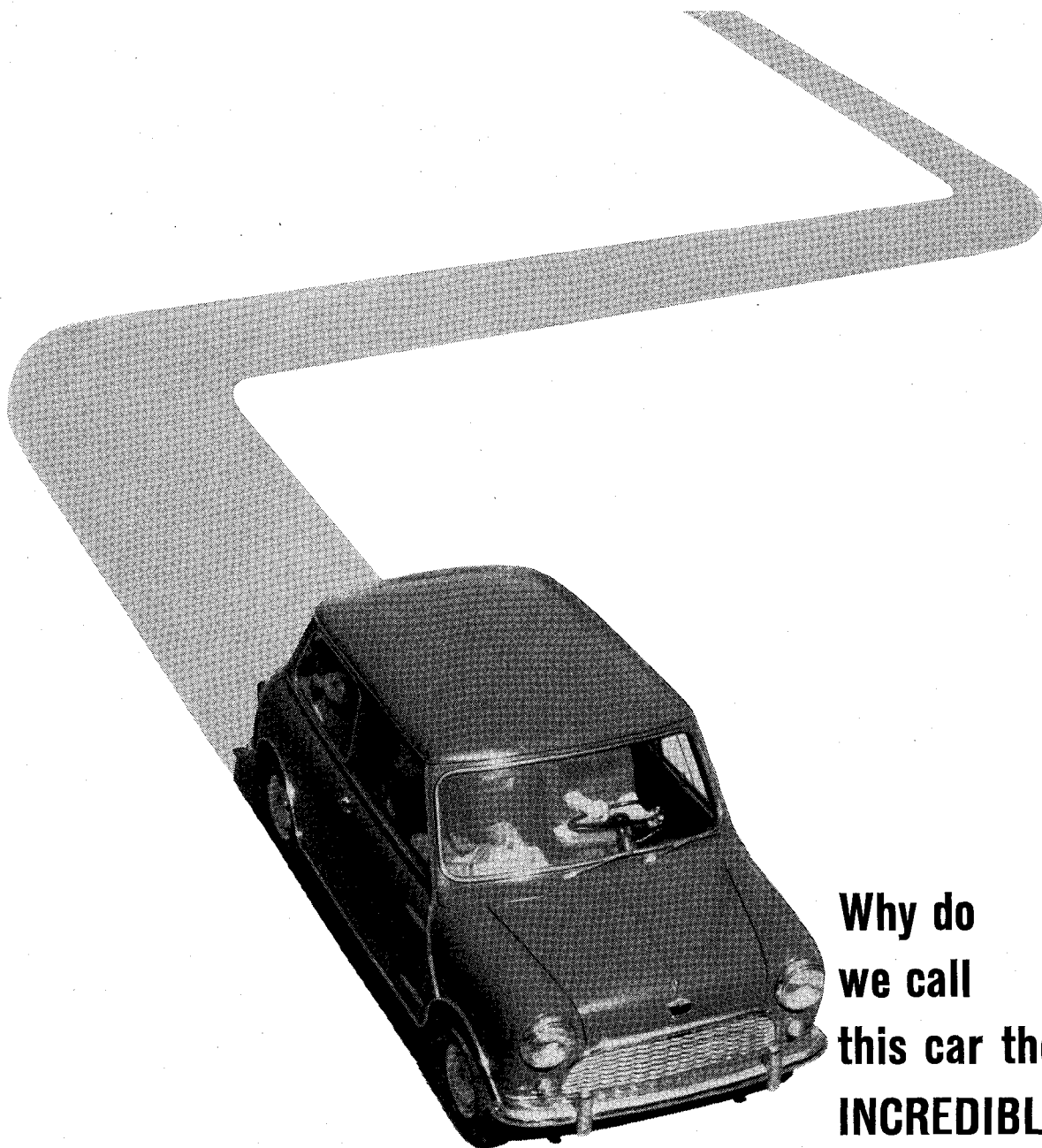
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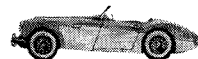
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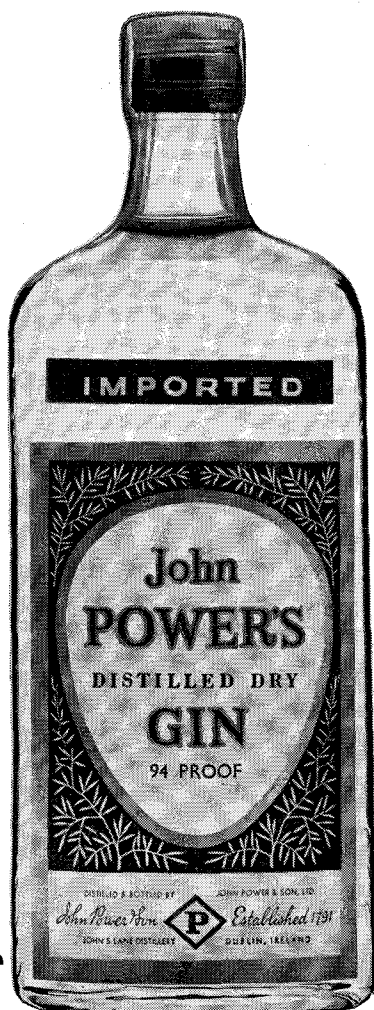
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tral can be in these times. A while ago, when Europe became divided into two economic blocs—the Common Market (France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg) and the European Free Trade Area (Britain, Sweden, Norway, Portugal, Denmark, and Switzerland)—Austria was for a time stranded between them in an isolation that nobody considered splendid. Many Viennese businessmen wanted to join the Common Market, since its six countries absorb fifty per cent of Austria's exports and provide fifty-nine per cent of its imports, but the Socialist leaders pointed out that the State Treaty expressly forbids Austria to form any economic union with West Germany, and Moscow might interpret her signing up with the Common Market as doing just that. Furthermore, the Socialists said, the Common Market might sooner or later become a federation of states, in which case Austria's membership might seriously jeopardize her sovereignty and neutrality; no such risk, they said, would be run if she joined the Free Trade Area, a far looser organization, whose six countries absorb only thirteen per cent of Austria's exports and provide only sixteen per cent of her imports. At length, early this year, Austria did join the Free Trade Area. Political sense had prevailed over economic sense, and Austria's citizens—most notably its businessmen—learned that the bread of neutrality is not always thickly buttered.

On the other hand, neutrality has brought to Austria the International Atomic Energy Agency, which was established three years ago by the United Nations "to accelerate and enlarge the contribution of atomic energy to peace, health, and prosperity throughout the world." The staff of this benign organization has its headquarters in Vienna, occupying the entire Grand Hotel and one wing of the New Hofburg, both of which were completely redecorated and turned over to the I.A.E.A., free of charge, by the Austrian government. There was practically no opposition to this generous act; indeed, the Austrians are so delighted to be hosts to an international agency that they don't even resent the fact that German is not one of the four official languages (English, French, Russian, and Spanish) used at its meetings. About three hundred and twenty-five foreigners are employed by the I.A.E.A. in Vienna, and they and their dependents seem to be quite happy among the Viennese, who feel their presence mostly in an intensified shortage of housing and opera seats.

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(The basement of the home of Vice Admiral Paul F. Foster, who heads the United States Mission to the I.A.E.A., was decorated, in peasant style, around 1910 by a crew of house painters that included Adolf Hitler. Fortunately, the decorations have been preserved—amateurishly executed vine leaves and an ironic verse: “*Du ziehst hinein, du ziehst hinaus/ Ein flücht’ger Gast im eig’nen Haus,*” or “You move in, you move out/ You’re a transient guest in your own home.”)

So far, the I.A.E.A. has done nothing spectacular here, but last year it did give the Viennese a chance to look at a mobile radio-isotope laboratory, a gift from the United States to the Agency, which has since sent it all over Austria, Germany, Yugoslavia, and Greece, with the idea of showing scientists in those countries the various medical and industrial uses of isotopes. Some Austrian newspapers that had enthusiastically welcomed the Agency to Vienna expressed mild alarm when it became known that samples of radioactive material were to be tested in the laboratory, but they calmed down after the Agency people made it clear that dangerous waste would be stored in a tank, and not simply tossed out and left by the roadside.

SITUATED as it is at the eastern boundary of Free Europe, Vienna is journey’s end rather than a way station, and it is deprived of the kind of constant flow of people and ideas in transit that stimulates cities like Paris and Zurich, Amsterdam and Rome. Nevertheless, in certain respects—though emphatically not in others—Vienna has lately regained its traditional cultural liveliness. It offers more to the music-minded, for instance, than any other European city—two opera companies, several orchestras, excellent choirs and quartets, and, above all, a very special sort of musical atmosphere, which thus far is free from the smog of commercialism; in the Austrian capital, music is still an art, not big business. Yet local audiences, though discriminating, are invincibly conservative; to them, modern music has a suspicious flavor, and anything after Brahms is considered modern. The greatest twentieth-century Austrian composers—Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg—are very seldom performed in their homeland, and when they are, as at a recent Schoenberg concert here, people aren’t above booing. The management of the Vienna Philharmonic says that when it schedules a modern work on a subscription program, half the subscribers



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return their tickets. While other musical organizations here—particularly the Wiener Konzerthaus—are more receptive to modern trends, Vienna has never been much of a musically avant-garde city, and anyone looking for musical experiments had better go to Switzerland or West Germany.

Vienna's theatre has almost regained its former eminence. In the German-language theatre, the Burgtheater again holds the dominant position that the Comédie Française can boast of holding in the French-language theatre; Vienna's Theater in der Josefstadt continues faithful to the modern style of its founder, Max Reinhardt; and the Volkstheater maintains the tradition of the great Austrian playwrights of the early nineteenth century, Johann Nestroy and Ferdinand Raimund. As for Austria's postwar literature, it stands up well beside contemporary German-language literature elsewhere; in fact, far from being just a subspecies of West German literature, it has its own cosmopolitan style and subject matter.

In Vienna today, theatre and literature join forces to produce the elusive art of satire, and one of the city's cultural phenomena—as well as one of its funniest men—is a rotund thirty-two-year-old writer, actor, and cabaret performer named Helmut Qualtinger, who has been providing Austria with good satire for the last dozen years. Satire is a popular art form in several European countries these days: in Poland, where it is held in check by the government; in Switzerland, where it is relatively innocuous; and in West Germany, where its practitioners strike at all the obvious targets—the fat cats of industry, the Russians, the Americans, Adenauer, the German Army—but not very powerfully. Thanks to Qualtinger, Vienna's contemporary satire is powerful indeed, and utterly lacks the historic Austrian mood of resignation. Qualtinger, a two-hundred-pounder with the face of a surprised baby, calls himself a congenital oppositionist. Civic courage—a man's determination to say what he believes though it may cost him his job and his future security—has never been a widespread Austrian virtue, but Qualtinger has it. As a young student in the nineteen-forties, he was shocked by his family's sympathy for Hitler (he is one of the three or four persons I have encountered in Vienna in the postwar years who have admitted to me that anyone here was ever sympathetic to Hitler) and, in protest, joined a Communist underground group. When

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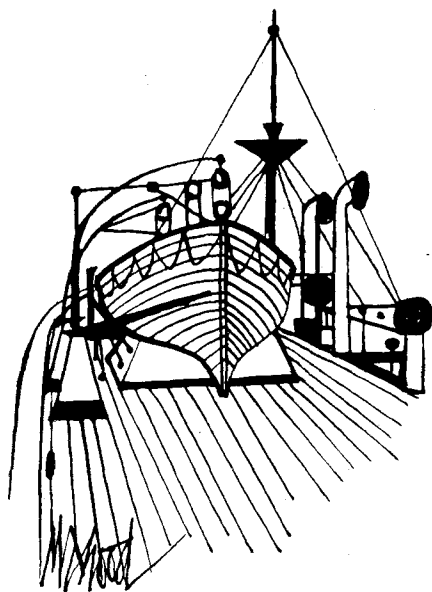
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the Red Army arrived in Vienna and Qualtinger saw his comrades become police informers, he quit in disgust and joined an anti-Communist underground group. During the tough early days of the Russian Occupation, when the wrong joke could mean a slow trip to Siberia, Qualtinger began making fun of the occupiers in satirical sketches that had everybody in Vienna chuckling, with the very decided exception of the Russians themselves, who nevertheless preserved the amenities of Four Power coöperation and let him alone. Showing a sound instinct for neutrality, Qualtinger also made fun of the American occupiers, with their raids on local antique shops, their penchant for having their wives painted by Viennese portraitists, and their insistence on polluting Vienna's excellent drinking water—which comes from springs high up in the Rax and Schneeberg Mountains—with foul-smelling chlorine. The Americans laughed with Qualtinger, who often satirized them on a popular radio program he presented over the American-managed Red-White-Red network.

When Austria was given back to the Austrians, Qualtinger directed his shafts at incompetence and corruption in high places, at the old Austrian weakness for nepotism, and at the pomposity of Viennese bureaucrats. Unlike the Russians and the Americans, some of Qualtinger's local targets made the mistake of attempting to hush him up, which turned Qualtinger into a sort of national hero—even among the inhabitants of the western provinces, whom he has lambasted for their hillbilly antics. They, and nearly all their fellow-Austrians, were delighted when Qualtinger, learning that a prominent Austrian politician had used his influence to keep the police from taking action



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with respect to a couple of automobile accidents his son had got involved in, wrote a little ditty called "*Der Pappa wird's schoon richten*" ("Daddy Will Fix It")—a ditty that has become a classic in Austria.

Qualtinger says that he is "primarily a writer who also produces his own material." Each year, in close coöperation with two other gifted Viennese cabaret artists, Gerhard Bronner and Carl Merz, he writes, produces, and performs in several three-act shows. Between the first and third acts, which are generally hilarious and nothing more, there is a contrasting interlude of intense seriousness. Last year, the second act of one show was a devastating tragicomedy about the inefficiency of the Austrian police, who had been baffled by a series of unexplained murders. This year, an interlude called "Ghost Train to Freedom" concerns a young couple who arrive in Vienna as delegates to a Communist youth festival and decide to defect to the West. In trying to carry out their plan, they encounter such appalling misunderstanding, stupidity, and brutality that in the end they sadly decide to go back to their delegation. In one scene, Qualtinger gives a superior performance as an Austrian politician who offers the confused young couple a glass of wine, some hollow platitudes, and a stream of useless advice. In another memorable scene, a Hungarian refugee girl tells the young man about her experiences on reaching Vienna, where she was handed down from committee to committee until she wound up as a streetwalker in the Prater, "because, unfortunately, I was hungry and had to eat." The scene, like all of Qualtinger's material, is based on fact.

This season, the Qualtinger group is playing for the first time in its own theatre, a little cellar place called the Neues Theater am Kärntnertor, on the site, across from the Hotel Sacher, that was occupied by the famous Theater am Kärntnertor from 1710 to about 1870. The cellar theatre, which has almost four hundred comfortable seats, has been sold out every night for the last six months. Some of the people who watch the show tend to feel uncomfortable during the more acid skits, but Qualtinger and his colleagues claim that satire is a serious business and should prompt people to do a little soul-searching. Approximately a third of those who attend Qualtinger's shows seem to understand what he is driving at, which he considers a pretty high percentage. And the percentage is

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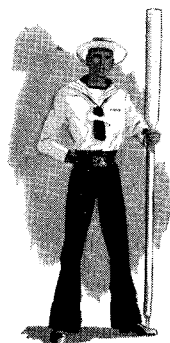
apparently going up all the time; the audiences used to be drawn mainly from small cliques of intellectuals, but now—doubtless partly because Qualtinger has made a name for himself on radio and television and in films—they constitute something like a cross-section of Vienna. In fact, some of Qualtinger's original admirers become a little worried when they see members of the government and other prominent subjects of his satire having a wonderful time in the *fauteuils* of the new theatre. Is this the beginning of the end, they wonder, and will Qualtinger wind up as Austria's official court jester? But the truth seems to be that it is not Qualtinger who has mellowed but his victims; since they can't lick him, they feel they might as well laugh with him.

THERE is a blemish in Vienna's largely cheerful cultural picture, and it is a conspicuous one—the low estate to which the city's institutions of higher learning have fallen, and particularly the once famous University of Vienna, which was founded in 1365. Only half a century ago, the University of Vienna was one of the world's great centers of the humanities and the liberal arts, having given birth to the celebrated Viennese schools of modern political economy; of positivism and neo-positivism; of ethnology, geology, and biology; of Freudian and Adlerian psychology; and of medicine. Today, the greatest Viennese scholars are working in the United States and Britain. Vienna's advanced educational institutions, all of which are owned and maintained by the government, are overcrowded, understaffed, and poorly endowed, and foreign pedagogues who visit Vienna complain that the local academic authorities are an ultra-conservative lot, who refuse to adjust themselves to the times. Some modern branches of study are badly slighted here; in Vienna a lecturer on contemporary history is a real rarity, and there is just one professor of sociology in the whole of Austria. What professors there are have lost contact with their students, and, all in all, it is generally agreed that the universities, with special emphasis on the University of Vienna, have become breeding grounds of mediocrity and provincialism.

The decline of the University reflects the decline of Austria's liberal tradition, and this decline perhaps reflects the decline in the country's Jewish population—from a prewar total of a quarter of a million to a mere thirty thousand. (Only a generation ago, Freud, Adler, Schnitzler, Werfel, Karl Kraus,

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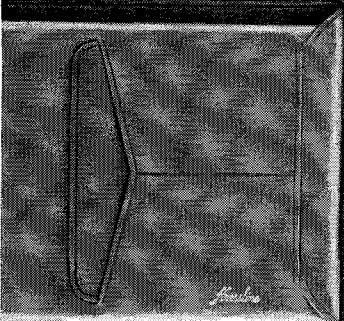
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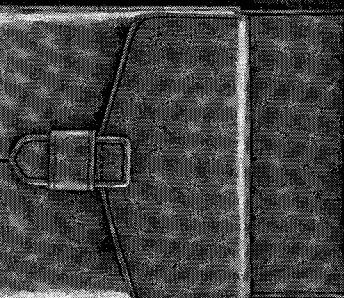
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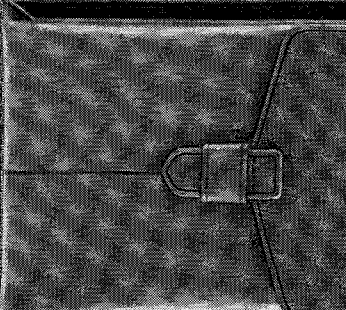
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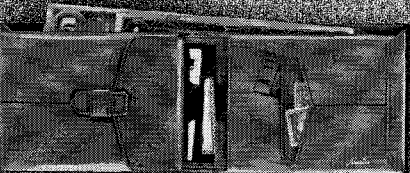
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Hofmannsthal, Reinhardt, Schoenberg, and Stefan Zweig—all of them Jews—lived in Vienna.) Then, too, in the past few decades the University has suffered three purges, from which it has not yet recovered. In 1933, the Dollfuss regime fired all professors who were either National Socialists or Marxists; then, in 1938, with the Nazis swarming back in, all Catholic and Jewish professors were forced to leave; and finally, in 1945, the Nazis and allied political opportunists were again kicked out. The total effect of these purges was to leave the University in a condition where it had to start creating a faculty practically from scratch. In 1945 and 1946, most professors who had been obliged to emigrate were on the way to making careers for themselves elsewhere and were not tempted to return to the city that had treated them so badly and was now hungry and bankrupt, as well as inside the Soviet Zone. "About the only people they could get were the cautious and colorless men, whose main accomplishment was that they had kept out of trouble," a worried friend of the University says. "The first- and second-raters were gone, so they had to be content with third- and fourth-raters, who have been there ever since. Naturally, these men want to keep their jobs and are not anxious to encourage people to come here from abroad. As a matter of fact, a few brilliant Austrian scientists who are now working in other countries were willing to come back and teach in Vienna, but they were turned down—simply because the bureaucrats in the Ministry of Education and on the faculties of the University are not interested in changing the status quo. This state of affairs has given rise to a feeling of resignation among the few liberal teachers the faculties still possess, and if they're getting on in life, they just hang around waiting for their retirement."

For all the fading of Austria's academic glory, foreign students continue to come here in droves, and about ten thousand of them are currently enrolled in Austrian universities, constituting almost a third of the combined student bodies. (There are only forty-seven thousand foreign students on the university level in the entire United States.) Most of them are from the Near and Middle East—from Greece, Turkey, and the Arab states—and specialize in medicine and the natural sciences. Vienna attracts them not only because it is relatively near home but because living costs and tuition are cheaper here than in most cities of Western Europe and because of this capital's past scholastic

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reputation and its present musical attractions. The influx has created quite a problem for foreigners and Austrians alike. Few Austrian undergraduates have more than fifty dollars a month to spend; fifteen or twenty of it going for a furnished room and about twenty-five for meals at the students' cafeterias, which leaves them with little more than a dollar a week for everything else. They complain that the foreigners have more money and that in spending it they force prices, and particularly rentals, up. The complaint is not wholly justified. While some of the foreigners do have wealthy families, and a few even receive oil royalties, a great many have to economize just as carefully as their Austrian colleagues. The foreigners, for their part, complain bitterly that they feel utterly isolated in Vienna. A Turkish student who has spent almost five years here tells me that he has yet to be invited to visit a Viennese home. A Swedish student who has also studied in England, France, and Germany says he never encountered the indifference and downright hostility toward him in those countries that he has met with in Vienna. The males among the foreign students grumble that the girls of Vienna refuse to go out with them, and the girls reply that their reluctance to do so is based not on racial or national prejudice but on experience. "We haven't dared to go out with foreigners since the early days of the Occupation, when people began calling you an Ami girl if they saw you twice in the company of an American, no matter how nice he was," one of them explained to me. In short, there is almost no contact between foreign and Austrian students—not even in the cafeterias, where they sit at different tables—and the foreigners feel lost and let down in a city that they had been led to believe was the gay capital of waltz, women, and *Heuriger*. Newspapers in Vienna have pointed out that Austria is making a mistake in allowing the future intellectual and political leaders of the Near and Middle East to go home embittered from their stay here, adding that friends of theirs who have chosen to study in Prague or Moscow have glowing reports to make about the way the Communist student organizations look after them. The Austrian radio has urged the Viennese to invite the lonely students into their homes. But so far these appeals to reason have made little headway.

Many foreign students have taken to meeting at the America House, an American-run library and cultural cen-



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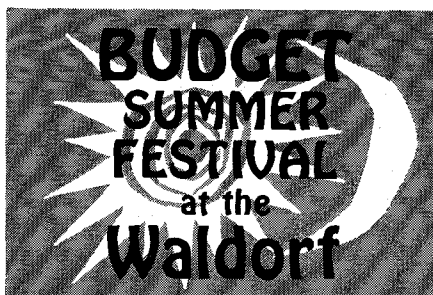
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ter, which is conveniently near the State Opera, and which at least assures them of light, heat, and a chair to sit in. They have turned the reference reading room into a study hall, and in lighter hours they gather in the music room and listen to American records. I met a student from Damascus who, like many of the other foreigners, had become addicted to American popular songs, and could sing "Get Me to the Church on Time." He could not sing any Austrian songs—a gap in his learning that points up another source of student friction: many of the foreigners speak better English than German. Their unwillingness or inability to speak good German irks their Austrian counterparts and is a stumbling block to better relations.

WHILE Vienna drifts aimlessly in the pedagogical doldrums, the situation is very different in Alpbach, a tiny Tyrolian village in a high Alpine valley thirty miles east of Innsbruck. Every summer, more than a thousand men and women—most of them young—gather in Alpbach for a three-week session of seminars and lectures devoted to rendering "a practical contribution toward a rejuvenation of the intellectual life." The Alpbach movement got its start back in the grim war winter of 1942-43, when a small group of students at the University of Vienna got together for informal discussions about Austria and the world. Later, these young people worked together in the Austrian resistance movement against the Nazis, and in their spare moments used to speculate about what would follow the apocalyptic days of terror and sabotage. Clearly, they felt, a positive credo was needed to restore Austria to its historic position in Europe, which they saw as a balancing influence, capable of lessening the cultural, spiritual, political, and economic tensions on the Continent.

The broader objective of "a rejuvenation of the intellectual life" everywhere was first formulated by Otto Molden, a young historian whose father founded a leading Vienna paper, *Die Presse*, in 1945. (*Die Presse*, which is now published by Otto Molden's brother Fritz, is remarkable among Austrian papers for its political independence and its willingness to fight corruption in all parties.) At the end of the war, Otto Molden was in charge of the Austrian resistance movement in Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. Impoverished and disillusioned, Austria was then split up between East and West, and it hardly

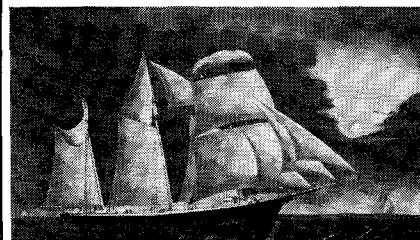


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seemed an auspicious moment to start a wide-ranging, high-aiming intellectual movement, but Molden had the energy and optimism of youth. He selected the hamlet of Alpbach as the rather implausible geographic center of his movement. Alpbach has a dry climate, lots of sunshine, lonely woods, an exhilarating altitude of thirty-three hundred feet, beautiful scenery, and high mountains that protect it from the raw northern winds, but before Molden happened upon it few would have thought it a particularly strategic position from which to launch a crusade to influence the thinking of the Continent. True, the village, though secluded, can be easily reached via the express trains that connect northern and southern Europe and the east-west trains between Vienna and Paris, all of which stop at the nearby station of Brixlegg Pass, but skeptics pointed out that plenty of places were at least *that* accessible. In any event, once a Molden follower gets within hailing distance of his mecca, he finds himself riding up a narrow, winding road into an idyllic village, where, on August 25, 1945, Molden and some eighty of his old friends (plus a few officers of the Occupation forces, presumably on hand to make sure that "a rejuvenation of the intellectual life" wasn't another way of saying "a beer-hall *Putsch*") began the first of a long series of round-table discussions, held under the trees and in small inns.

"In Vienna, the Russians were kidnapping people, and all over Europe there was confusion," Molden told me recently, "but there we were, sitting together in peace and sunshine—people who had fought in the French underground, former German fighter pilots, Austrian students, Swiss historians—trying to call up the image of a tolerant, united Europe. Alpbach was Austria's first postwar window to the West. The second summer, three hundred of us showed up in Alpbach, and by 1949 there were twice that number. Last summer, twelve hundred friends, old and new, were on hand, and Alpbach had become a miniature melting pot of the world, with people from thirty-four countries joining in the search for a solution to our problems. So far, more than eleven thousand people have visited Alpbach, and hundreds of experts outstanding in their fields have had a hand in presiding over approximately a hundred and seventy-five study groups and discussion circles. We've played host to more than nine hundred distinguished transient visitors—Dr. Adolf Schärf,



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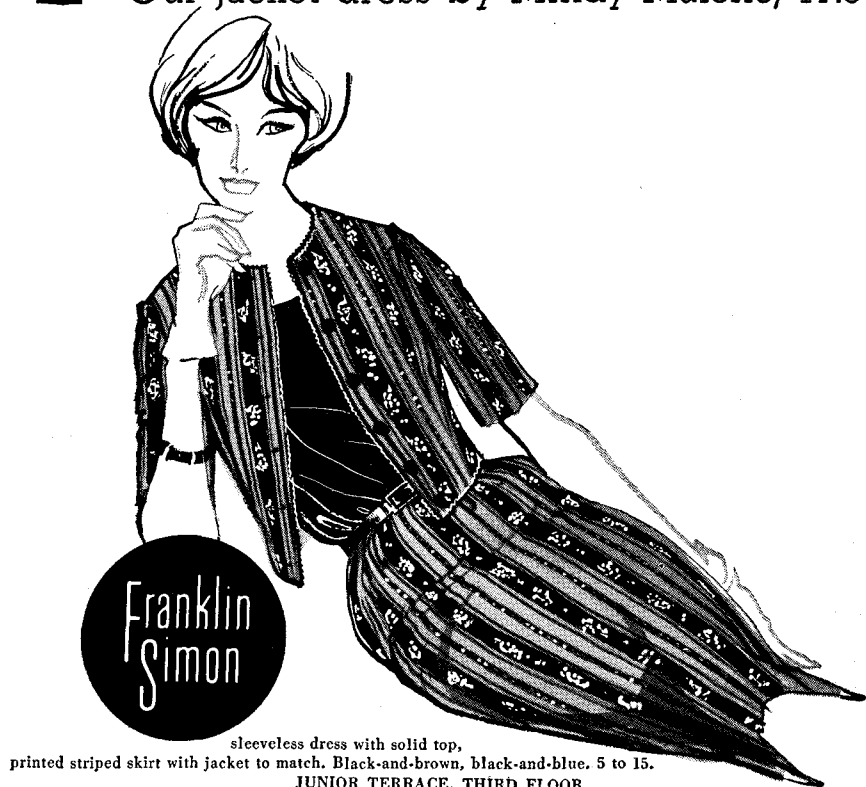
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the President of Austria; the German, French, British, and Dutch Ambassadors to Austria; Nobel Prize winners; scientists; scholars; writers; bankers; industrialists—representing a substantial slice of Europe's intellectual and spiritual élite. Alpbach has influenced the thinking of many of the people who have been there, and they, in turn, have influenced the thinking at Alpbach. Alpbach has become an almost legendary name in many spheres of European life—a name that cannot be rationally explained by facts and figures, because so much of Alpbach is a matter of deep feeling. Not that there aren't plenty of facts and figures involved. In appreciation of what Alpbach is trying to do, the Austrian government, various banks and industries, and the Ford Foundation—which gave us a ninety-thousand-dollar grant—have helped us financially. But we don't intend to let bureaucratic organization stifle us. We want to keep Alpbach small, and we are seeking an élite of the mind, not of money, by which I mean that we welcome all people of good will and penetrating minds—people who think for themselves but want to know what others are thinking, too. Study groups do specialized scientific work in the morning hours, and in the afternoons we have our round-table discussions, dealing with problems in various fields of knowledge. Whatever we do, we respect the other person's point of view and intellectual achievement. The program is rounded out with concerts, art exhibitions, and language courses."

Molden produced a copy of the program for Alpbach's sixteenth annual session, to be held this summer, from August 19th to September 7th. The general subject to be examined is "Language and the World." The topics to be discussed by English-speaking study groups are listed as "Language in Logic," "Analysis of Language and the Calculus," "Psychology, Sociology, and Psychiatry of Language," and "Theory of Communications and Language." The question of "Language and Education," among others, will be taken up in German, "Language and Literature" in French, and "Language and Art" in Italian. Other themes on the agenda include "Art: Statement and Expression," "Europe as Wish and Idea," and "Great Britain and European Integration." While I was looking over the prospectus of these formidable seminars, Molden said, "As you can see, people who come to Alpbach because they think it's the

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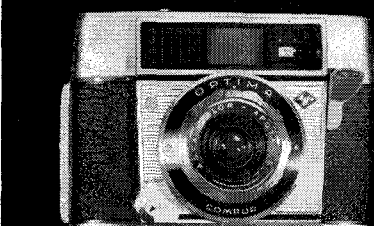
smart thing to do aren't likely to stay long."

AT the end of the war, while Molden was planning the first meetings of the Alpbach group, another young Austrian was planning a project of a different sort. He was Hermann Gmeiner, one of eight children of a poor farmer in the hamlet of Alberschwende, and he had just begun studying medicine at the University of Innsbruck when he became interested in improving the lot of Austria's many homeless children. These children, whose parents were dead or in labor camps, were to be found everywhere, wandering on highways and sleeping in haystacks, bombed houses, and cellars. Some were timid and frightened; others had become tough little animals. A few were being sent to reformatories and other institutions, but most of them were left to their own devices. In his spare time, Gmeiner worked for a youth-welfare group in Innsbruck, and when a fifteen-year-old boy that the group was trying to help committed suicide, leaving a note that said, "I don't want to live any more," Gmeiner decided to quit medical school and devote all his time to taking care of homeless children. He was twenty-six years old, and his worldly wealth amounted to twenty-five dollars, which he forthwith used to buy postage stamps. Then he sent off letters to state and church authorities and to private individuals, soliciting their support, moral and financial. There were few answers; people already had their full quota of worries in those days and did not care to have new ones wished on them by a mere dreamer, however well-meaning.

Still, Gmeiner received enough contributions to keep his idea alive, and last summer the organization that grew out of it—SOS Kinderdorf, or SOS Children's Town—celebrated its tenth anniversary. The occasion was marked by the opening of new buildings at Hinterbruehl, twelve miles south of Vienna—the site of the latest of a dozen Children's Towns that have been set up by SOS Kinderdorf in various European countries. The Hinterbruehl establishment consists of thirty bungalows and houses (each costing about twelve thousand dollars), playgrounds, stores, a chapel, and a community center, all surrounded by the lovely slopes of the Vienna Woods, and the ceremony was attended by government and religious leaders and by many of the voluntary sponsors of Gmeiner's organization. So far, Austria has five Children's

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Towns, Germany four, France two, and Italy one. In Austria alone, more than a thousand orphans and abandoned children, no matter what their religion, nationality, or color, have found a relatively happy life in these villages.

Gmeiner's basic idea was a familiar one, but he carried it out in a way that may well be unique, for he has done his best to eliminate any institutional flavor from his Towns. Unlike most orphan asylums, which have great barracks-like dormitories, the Towns are clusters of ordinary one-family houses, with hearths and living rooms and bedrooms. Each house accommodates eight or nine children, who grow up like brothers and sisters under the care of a resident "mother," and each Town is watched over by a male director, who has the authority of a father. The "mothers" receive a monthly allowance for each child in their care, and do their own shopping, cooking, sewing, and budgeting, as part of the job of making the inhabitants of each house a family. The villages are no ghettos; the children go to school along with the other children in the neighborhood, attend the usual run of sports events, and in every other way are brought up like normal children, in normal touch with the outside world. Every summer, the older children from all twelve of the villages spend four weeks together in a tent camp on the shore of Lake Caldonazzo, in northern Italy. When the boys reach fourteen, they are sent to a students-and-apprentices house in Egerdach, near Innsbruck, where they learn a trade, and the authorities plan soon to set up a similar school for the girls. Most of the alumni and alumnae of SOS Kinderdorf return for their vacations to the village they grew up in and stay in their old homes.

There are still plenty of children to populate the Towns. Good "mothers" are harder to find. Candidates are carefully selected, and they have to prove that they are patient but firm, kind but strict, good housekeepers, and natural-born teachers. Before they are assigned to a house of their own, they must undergo a long training period—during which they can bow out if they feel that the work is not for them—involving courses in home economics, child psychology, first aid, and cooking and sewing. Gmeiner has set up a pension fund for the "mothers" and plans to build a house in Imst where they can live together, if they care to, when they retire. The job of "mother" is a much coveted one, and in Austria women from all

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walks of life look upon it as an excellent career.

Financially, Gmeiner's organization is in a perpetually precarious position. It raises some money through an annual lottery, and it receives some help from local and foreign welfare agencies, but it depends primarily on individual contributions. A million Austrians—one out of every seven—make a regular monthly contribution of at least one schilling to the cause. Many of the houses were donated—by local governments, by banks and industries, by the Lions and the Rotary Club of Austria, and by private citizens. Over three million Austrians send Christmas gifts to the Children's Towns, and a number of persons in the United States have become "sponsors" of individual children by contributing eight dollars a month toward their care.

These days, no one thinks of Hermann Gmeiner as a mere dreamer. Last year, Albert Schweitzer proposed him for the Nobel Peace Prize.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

If you have owned a piano for any length of time, probably at least one of the men pictured above has been in your home at one time or another. They are piano tuners and repairmen, among Baltimore's finest when the picture was taken in 1923.

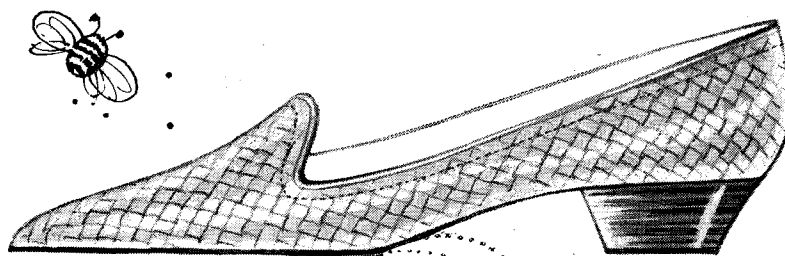
The occasion for the photograph was an all-day outing at Buedel's Park, Middle River, and . . . the event was mainly social. We went swimming. We had crab soup and steamed crabs and a keg of spiked beer—home brew laced with bootleg alcohol, which was a pretty potent substitute in those "dry" years for the real beer that Prohibition had taken away from us. In a business meeting that day we tried to strengthen our association into a permanent unit that would set and enforce certain standards for our profession, but for some reason our organization never amounted to much.—*Baltimore Sun Sunday Magazine*.

We've all known days like that.

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Mr. Roloff tells us: "I want to see as much material from new writers as possible. . . . There are no plans for fiction right now. The *presentation will be factual narratives* and every story should have a beginning, a middle and an end (no 'What Happened to Judge Crater?' conjectural pieces, for example). Whenever possible (and/or where the story is fantastic or unbelievable) we want reasonable authentication or documentation. Also, women as story subjects are not taboo here as long as they are presented in a non-dominant situation, e.g., great madams, courtesans, murderers, etc."



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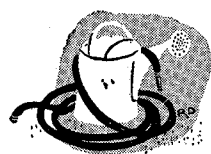
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



SOME ten years ago, I reported in these columns on the hand binding of books as it was then practiced locally, but since that time what had appeared to be an art on the verge of breathing its last has taken a new and quite vigorous lease on life, so another look seems called for. Perhaps the most important factor in the revival of a practical interest in the craft is the comparatively recent discovery of how to prevent decay in leather bindings, which for well over a hundred years had been slowly crumbling to dust on their shelves. Not even the experts knew just what caused the damage or how to avert it, but it now turns out that the deterioration, which we once blamed on steam heat, and which the Victorians before us blamed on gas burners (both theories are right to some extent), is largely the result of a lack of certain protective salts in the tanning processes that have been in vogue since about 1820. Chemists who concern themselves with leather, having traced the trouble to its source, have come up with a formula—a simple solution of potassium lactate—that compensates for the deficiency; if this solution is applied to a binding before serious decay has set in, and if it is followed up by careful treatments with some such oil as British Museum Leather Dressing (\$1.95 a pint at the Fisher Scientific Company, 633 Greenwich Street, near Christopher), the volume is assured of a long and healthy life. Unfortunately, once the binding has started on the road to rot and ruin, no chemical yet invented will reverse the process.

All this brings us to the central figure of the present report—Mrs. Carolyn Horton, a most talented bookbinder and restorer, who also practices the kind of preventive therapy I have been discussing. Although Mrs. Horton moved her bindery here

from Chicago only a couple of years ago (it is now established at 430 West 22nd Street), she is already engaged in caring for numerous valuable libraries hereabouts; she has lately completed an extensive restoration job in the Rare Book Room at Yale, and at present is doing maintenance and restoration work on the rich collection of the Grolier Club. Mrs. Horton's services fall roughly into four categories: re-binding; repairing, which may require the use of new materials, such as end papers, to replace damaged originals (her collection of old French and English marbled end papers is, by the way, one of the largest in the country); restoration, whereby a volume is restored to its exact original state without the obvious use of any new materials; and the maintenance of libraries. In the course of this last, Mrs. H. makes minor repairs on the spot—rebuilding broken corners, securing loose labels, retouching discolorations, reviving scuffed leather bindings, tightening loose cloth bindings, and, finally, oiling and polishing all leather-bound books—and, as you might

imagine, she travels with a formidable lot of equipment, including a binding press, gluing paraphernalia, and even her own worktable. Her fee is \$10 an hour for in-town appointments. Books requiring major repairs are taken to the Twenty-second Street studio, and the charge for the operations there naturally varies according to their seriousness. To give you an idea, the renovation of a clothbound first edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which, along with various other marvels of invisible patchwork, the spine and the four corners were replaced with such skill that it is impossible to detect where the repairs were done, cost \$25, and the work involved in an even more extensive restoration of a 1759 edition of "Gil Blas," bound in full calf, came to \$32.

Don't get the impression, though, that Mrs. Horton confines her ministrations to valuable books. On the contrary, if a cloth binding has come loose from a volume, and the owner, for sentimental or other reasons, wants to preserve it, she will tighten the joints to make the book firm in its case for a



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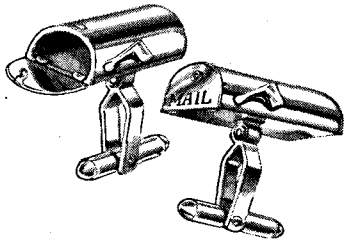


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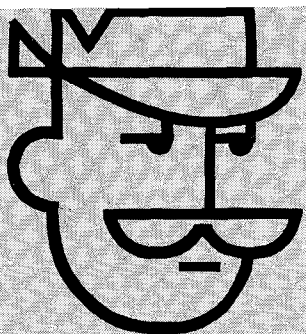
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dollar, and if there are numerous volumes to be so treated, the charge is even less.

Mrs. Horton does not claim to do invisible mending of paper (actually, almost nobody is qualified to make such a claim except the firm, well-known in bindery circles, of Sangorski & Sutcliffe, in London), but she does undertake what she describes as "suitable" repairs of torn papers or frayed page edges, and the results, to say the least, do nothing to detract from the value of the book or document. She is, she explains, a hand binder, not a paper mender, though she spent four years mending, very satisfactorily, the Bache collection of Franklin letters. Her charge for ordinary work of this kind is \$1 per page if it's a matter of repairing frayed edges, and \$2.50 if it involves replacing a missing piece of the page.

I DON'T like, any more than you probably do, "Tender Loving Care" as the name of a business, but in the case of a kennel for boarding and training dogs that has recently been established, at 312 West 11th Street, under that name, the title may very well be among the most exactly descriptive ones on or off the Yellow Pages. On second thought, the word "intelligent" belongs in there somewhere, because the feeling that Miss Jane Taylor Williams, who owns the kennel, displays toward the animals in her care is comparable to that of the only too rarely met-with wise and affectionate parent. Indeed, after spending several hours in the company of her obedient, well-behaved, and obviously happy boarders I caught myself compiling a list of parents and children of my acquaintance who, it seemed to me, would be done a world of good by a sojourn in the Eleventh Street retreat.

Being unaccustomed to meet in the course of a morning's visit so much sound sense and good-humored competence, I find that I'm in danger of allowing what should be a factual report to become unduly colored by my admiration for Miss Williams' benevolently authoritative technique. Without, then, unduly emphasizing the cozy home life of the dogs, I shall get on to reporting routine activities of the kennels. To begin with, only eight or ten animals at a time are allowed to live on the premises—a limitation that permits Miss Williams and her assistant to give a great deal more personal attention to the boarders than is usual in such places. Eight dogs were in residence at the time of my visit, and they occupied fairly large kennels (the smallest are three feet two inches long, two feet eight inches wide,



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and four feet high, and the largest are seven feet long, three feet eight inches wide, and six feet high), opening on a sunny back yard. The kennels themselves are kept immaculate, yet they have none of the white-tiled frigidity, suggestive of an operating room, that is so often to be found in such accommodations. There is clean linoleum on the floors, and a small rug (washed once a week) for the dog to sleep on, or to worry, or to do what he pleases with. Besides receiving a daily vacuum cleaning, the walls and floors are scrubbed down by hand three times a week with a hospital disinfectant that leaves no smell of chemical—or, for that matter, of dog. Every animal is exercised on a leash four or five times a day, or is given an equivalent period of freedom in the garden.

In answer to my inquiries about a Schnauzer and a Pekinese who seemed to have the run of the house, Miss Williams explained that this privilege is dependent on good behavior; any animal who knows—or, under her tutelage, is diligently learning—how to conduct himself in a living room is welcome in hers. She feels that a trainer has to be on talking terms with a dog before any good can come of the relationship, and when I asked about two poodles who showed considerably less vivacity than their kennelmates, she told me that they had arrived only that morning, with a caution from their owner that they were extremely nervous. She assured me that she would get to know them better during the afternoon, the implication being that she would then learn their side of the story.

Ordinary boarders, which means dogs not requiring a special diet or other special care (owners sometimes insist on white meat of chicken for their pets), are put up at \$2.50 to \$3.50 a day, depending on the size of the dog, and there is a slight reduction for long-term residence. The rate for boarders entered for obedience training (the Schnauzer was such a one, and his deportment was perfect) is \$50 a week, and three weeks is about average to do the job, though ultimately it's all up to the dog. For non-boarders, the training is \$5 a half hour. Surprisingly, there is also a brisk business in transients, who are left for the evening while their owners are at the theatre or a dinner party. These passing guests are not put in kennels but merely attached by a long chain to the wall, the charge for such hospitality being \$2 an evening.

Miss Williams never strikes a dog. She depends mostly on tone of voice for insuring obedience, but if a dog is making a racket in his kennel, she will hush him up by throwing a small length



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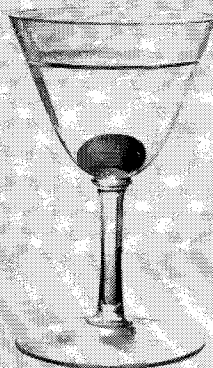
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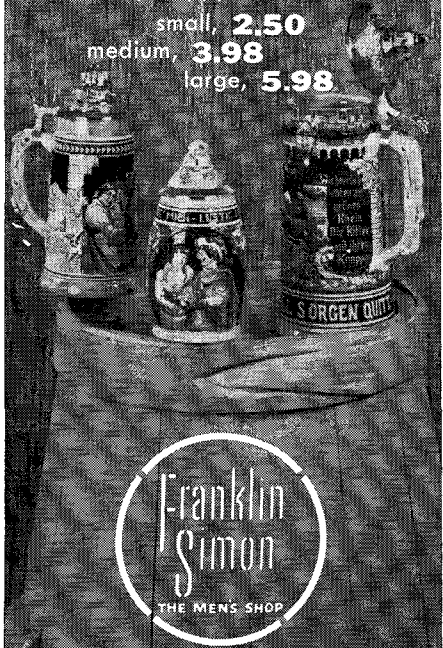
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of chain against the wire screening of his door. One neurotic animal I saw was being broken of an unfortunate taste for chewing furniture by having one of these short chains thrown near enough to him to startle him and by consistently finding the chair legs of his choice rubbed with bitter aloes. Another boarder, whose owner wanted him broken of a habit of jumping on sofas, encountered on each of the Eleventh Street couches a row of set mouse-traps, which, while they did not hurt him, went off with enough of a bang to put him off sofas forever.

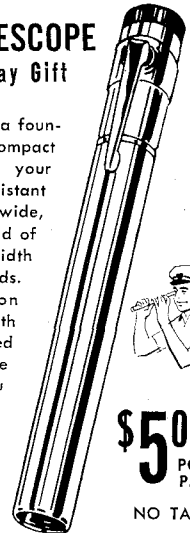
MY jumbling together of hand book-binding, dog boarding, and, now, awning-making creates, I admit, a pretty mixed bag, the only excuse for which is the wish to present three activities with one feature in common—absolutely top-flight performance. What with air-conditioning cooling us off so thoroughly, I had thought that good old terrace awnings were all but obsolete, and maybe the old sort, on their cumbersome frames, are, but the new, smartly decorative article is, I find, just coming into its stylish own. I reached this conclusion after seeing some of the handsome and original setups installed by the venerable firm of Jensen-Lewis, 205 West 19th Street. The original Jensen, who began making awnings in 1886, had been a sailmaker, and the original Lewis, who joined him some years later, had been a tentmaker, travelling with circuses.

It has been generally accepted among awning people for some time that in the corrosive elements that pass for fresh air in New York City painted canvas stands up a little better than canvas with a woven design, but it wasn't until quite recently that someone thought of having the design on the bottom side, where the people beneath the awning can enjoy its bright colors as well as its shelter, instead of on top, where most of its charms are expended on passing helicopters and the occupants of higher terraces. (The reverse side is a trim unbleached white or pearl gray.) The Jensen-Lewis canvases, which are of extremely good quality to begin with, are mostly painted in combinations of broad and narrow stripes in two or three colors, and in addition there is a somewhat more expensive vinyl-coated material that comes in stripes or in solid pastel shades like lemon, turquoise, and lavender, some of them quite effective. There have also been improvements in the folding arms—known in the trade as scissors arms—on which the canvas is stretched; easily operated rollers make it

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a simple matter to let an awning out to its full length or crank it up flat against the wall, where it takes up hardly more room than a rolled-up window shade. Such an awning, twenty feet wide and extending ten feet out from the side of a building, costs from \$375 to \$435—installed, depending on the hardware and the canvas chosen, and a close-fitting weatherproof cover, for protecting the rolled-up awning through the winter, costs \$25. If the terrace has reasonable protection from the winds, Jensen-Lewis will put up a stationary type of awning, which is usually less expensive, and, furthermore, doesn't have to be—in fact, can't be—rolled up quickly when severe weather threatens. (The scissors-arm type will withstand a substantial amount of wind, but it's always a wise precaution to roll it up before a real storm hits.) The cost of a stationary awning twenty feet wide and extending ten feet from a wall ranges from \$340 to \$385—depending, again, on the hardware and the canvas—but then there is the matter of upkeep, since the canvas (and sometimes the frame, too) has to be taken down every fall and put up again in the spring. Jensen-Lewis will see to these chores for its customers, and store the awning, for \$64 a year.

Although Dan Cooper, 10 East 54th Street, is certainly not an awning-maker, it would be a mistake for me to conclude this discussion without bringing to your attention the charming awning canvases he more or less specializes in. These are extra-heavy and of a superior quality, and they can, on order (two to three weeks), be printed in any of the quite enchanting patterns currently being shown on the other Cooper fabrics—linens, cottons, and gauzes. For dressing up a terrace, there is a pattern of green ivy that would be delightful, as would a dashing design of red curlicues forming stripes, or one strewn with leaves that give the impression of falling through space. These cost from \$3 to \$6 a fifty-inch yard. For an awning to shield a bedroom window, there are ravishing small all-over flower patterns—some prim and old-fashioned, some very smartly modern—at the same prices, and, for less fanciful tastes, an awning that is white on one side and an exquisite soft summer-sky blue on the other, this at \$2 the thirty-inch yard.

—S. H.

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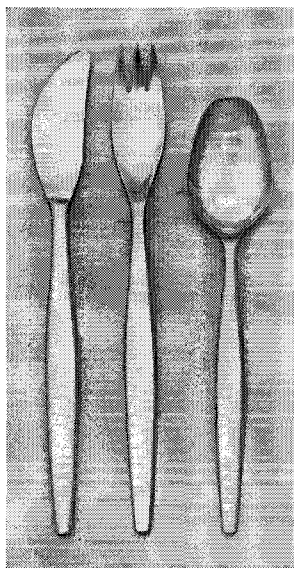
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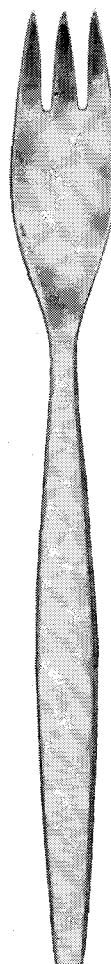
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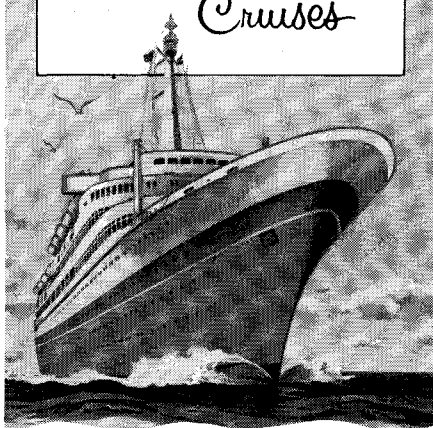
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I SUPPOSE that when I began to read with Mr. Nyedly (of course his name wasn't really Mr. Nyedly), three and a quarter years ago, I had illusions of being unselfish. Maybe I was bored. I keep a clean house, bake a pie or cake once a week, look after my husband and child, go to P.-T.A. meetings, save Top Value stamps—in other words, try to do what's expected of me. But all the time I'm thinking, "To hell with it—this is not what I want. So one day in October, when I saw an ad in the paper asking for people to help the blind, with a telephone number to call, I called. It was the Memphis Volunteer Service Bureau, down off Main Street, and a Mrs. Daniels made an appointment for me to come in the following Friday.

On Friday, I drove into town from North Memphis, where I live. Mrs. Daniels saw me at once, and gave me a form to fill out. It was like applying for a job. When I'd completed the form and given it to her, she said, "What would you like to do?"

I said, "I'd like to read to blind people." I had an ulterior motive in this. I thought of all the books I wanted to read, and of those I had read and wanted to go back to, and I visualized a systematic method whereby I would read aloud from them to someone at a set time each week. In my mind, I saw myself checking each book off a list as I read it, and it was a worthwhile, life-time project; I was satisfied with myself for thinking of it. Besides, there would be the pleasure of sharing the book with someone who might not have a chance to read it if it weren't for my project.

Mrs. Daniels said, "We don't have anything like that now. The only thing you can do now for the blind is help in one of the weaving classes or go into a class in Braille and learn to teach it."

Curiosity got the better of me. "Oh, I'd like that," I said. Sometimes I think most of the things I've done in my life have been done out of curiosity. And most of these curiosities are traps, because the responsibility goes on long after the curiosity has been satisfied.

"Well, that class doesn't start until next February," Mrs. Daniels said.

"Oh."

"Let's see," she said, going through her desk file. "There are a lot of other

things to do now. I see you've been a volunteer nurse's aide. When was that?"

"During the war. I went in three afternoons a week after school." There was an old lady who said her left leg hurt and would I please put a pillow under it, and I reached under the covers and felt around and discovered she had no leg on that side, but I bunched up a pillow anyway and put it under the leg that wasn't there, and said, "How's that?," and she said, "Much better, thank you. That's fine." I remembered an Italian girl who screamed and begged for a painkiller, and when I asked the nurse if she could have one, the nurse looked at her watch—you could hear the girl screaming all the way down the hall—and said, "It isn't time yet." I remembered being in a room where they gave oxygen, and a huge woman's flesh quivering in big bunches, and her gasping, hoarse and straining, and sucking for breath. I was there when she died. Yet, in the midst of all this, one day I inadvertently carried trays into a telephone booth beside the kitchen door, because I had a crush on an interne.

"They always need someone in the charity ward at the Methodist Hospital," Mrs. Daniels said. "But it's a mixed ward. Do you mind working with colored people?"

"No, I don't mind that."

"Then, at the Children's Hospital they need someone. Would it bother you to see a badly burned child?" she asked matter-of-factly.

I didn't answer.

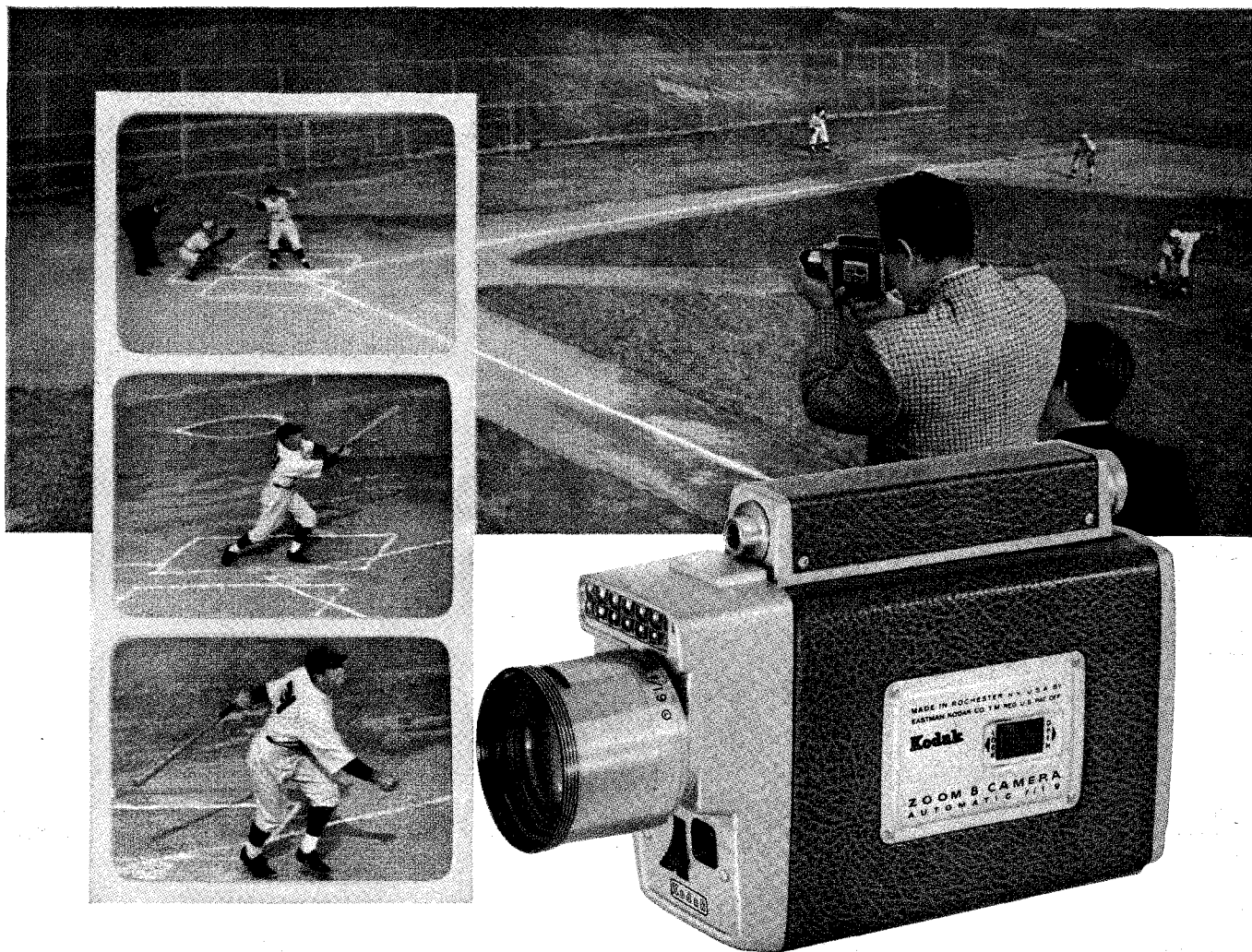
Mrs. Daniels looked up and then flipped over to another card. "I see you taught dancing. What about can-teen work, teaching service men to dance—could you do that?"

"Yes, I could do it," I answered without enthusiasm, and I thought, What a jump—from burned babies to teaching G.I.s the cha-cha. "There's so much to do, isn't there?" I said. "I didn't realize there was so much."

"Yes, it's endless."

The interview lasted for half an hour. I could be a Gray Lady and write letters and plan games and ward parties, or I could join the Red Cross and roll bandages or drive an ambulance. (No, I couldn't do that!) Or I could sew garments for unborn infants of unwed mothers, help old people dress and undress, and feed and bathe them, or type





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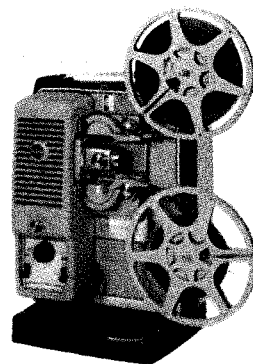
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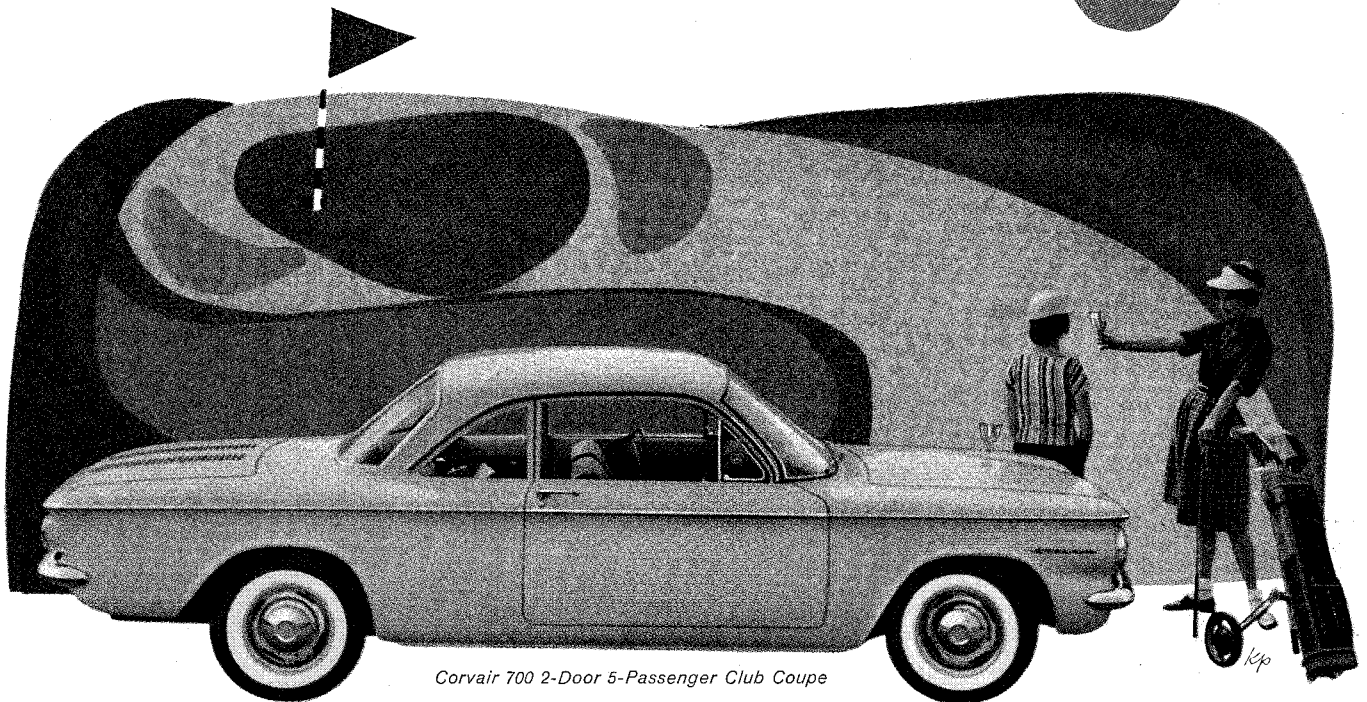
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reports, or simply scrub floors and run errands. It all sounded hard and uninteresting and monotonous.

At the end of the interview, Mrs. Daniels wrote something on a card and handed it to me. "Take this to Miss Evans, at Le Bonheur Children's Hospital. She'll explain the schedule to you and tell you what your duties are. And thank you so much for coming in. We appreciate you so much. If there's anything else I can do for you, just let me know."

Smiling gratefully, I thanked her and got up and walked out. By the time I got to the elevator, I realized that she had put me with burned children, after all. I was frightened. Still, I was hooked. I had volunteered. I got home and began reasoning with myself.

"You've got to stick to your project," I told myself all the next day. "You didn't go there to suffer and be made to feel helpless. You went with a very good plan, to help yourself and someone else at the same time. It's *your* time you're giving. Don't get pushed into something you don't want to do. There are a lot of people who like giving bedpans and being starchy and efficient." I talked myself out of it, but it took all the following day. I had to smoke two cigarettes to bolster my courage, and then I called Mrs. Daniels. I let her know that I wanted to read, and nothing else. If they needed someone to read to the blind, I would do it. I didn't want to do anything else.

"We appreciate your calling so much," Mrs. Daniels said. "I'll see what can be done."

MRS. DANIELS called me back the following week. "I've got the most wonderful news," she said. "I've got someone who wants you to read to him."

"Oh, good!" I glanced at a stack of *Atlantics* and books on the coffee table—the first part of my project.

"His name is Mr. Nyedly, and he teaches a class for the blind at the low-income housing project. Isn't that wonderful!"

"Yes, that's fine," I said. "Is he the only one? I thought maybe several people could be read to at the same time. That would give us more variety. They could all make selections, you know, of things they'd been wanting to read."

"Well, Mr. Nyedly has enrolled in law school. He started once three years ago, but had to drop out. He was just delighted when I told him I had someone who could read to him. He goes to night school on Mondays and Thurs-



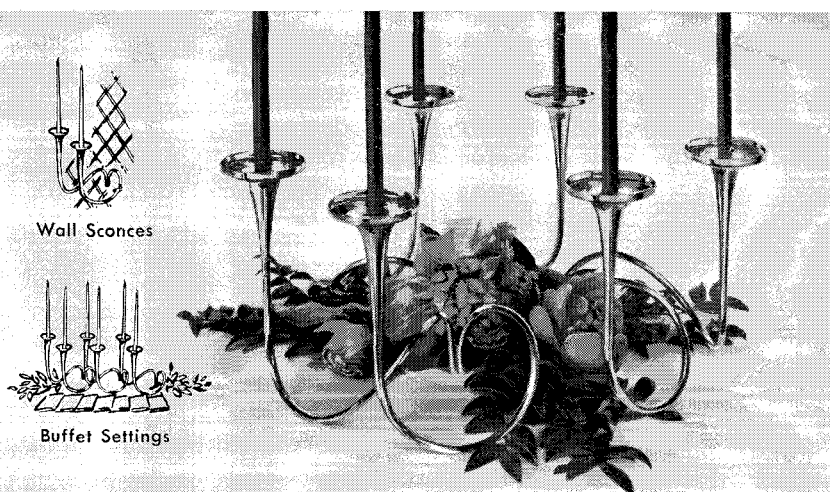
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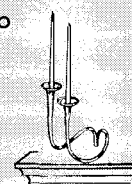
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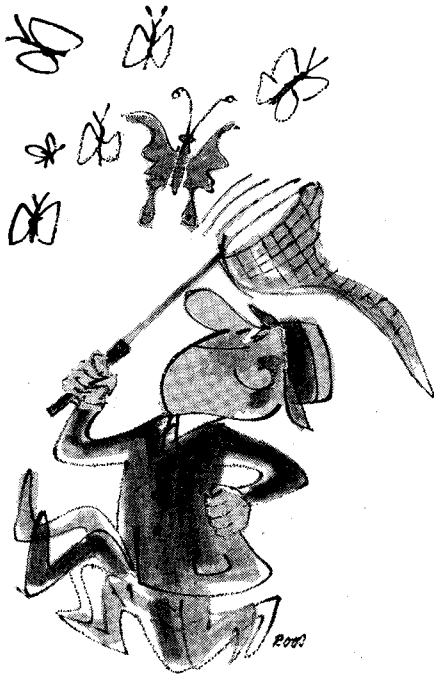


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days, so could you read Tuesdays and Wednesdays? Do you think your husband would mind you being gone those two nights?"

"No, he wouldn't mind." Ted, my husband, is a very understanding person, and Patti, our daughter, was ten at the time—old enough to be left with her father for two nights a week.

"Mr. Nyedly's such a pleasant person, and he has so much ambition. Do you think you could read the lawbooks all right? I mean, is that what you would want to do?"

"Yes," I found myself saying. "I think it's wonderful that he's trying to go to law school. I would be proud to help someone do that."

"Then, you call him right away and make the arrangements with him. You can probably read to him at the law school—that's Southern Law University. You know, on Adams Street right across from Juvenile Court." She gave me Mr. Nyedly's telephone number.

That afternoon, I called Mr. Nyedly and told him who I was. His voice was mild and smooth. We arranged to meet the following day at the main entrance to the law-school building.

"Are you sure you won't mind reading law?" he asked. "Some of it is kind of dry."

"Oh, no, I love to read. I could read anything. I could read the telephone directory."

"By golly, that's fine."

"Well, if something happens that you can't make it tomorrow, call me." I gave him my number. There was a silence at the other end of the line. I thought we had been disconnected. "Mr. Nyedly?"

No answer.

"Mr. Nyedly?"

"Now—now I've got it."

Got what, I thought. Then it dawned on me that he had been memorizing the phone number, that he didn't write it down, the way anyone else would, because he wouldn't be able to read it. He ended the conversation by saying he was sure to be there but it was good to have the number in case anything ever came up and he couldn't make it. I wondered how many phone numbers he had in his head. I was impressed with the way he had cut himself off completely until he had the number memorized. I told myself that I could learn a lot from Mr. Nyedly.

After talking with him, I imagined a huge, dark man in a maroon smoking jacket, with a strong, blind face full of dignity. The voice didn't fit *exactly*, but I didn't let that bother me. Someday he

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would stand in front of a jury and give a magnificent, stirring final summary of the case at hand. He would not plead or resort to cheap dramatics; he would reason. The jury would lean forward in their seats, hypnotized by logic and his blind dignity. All the rest of the day, I was pleased with myself.

THE next afternoon, I prepared an early supper for my family, and I left home a little after four-thirty, full of a sense of mission. It was a half-hour drive to the law school. I saw Mr. Nyedly sitting on the steps as I crossed the street—a thin little man, shivering slightly in the autumn chill. He had light, no-color hair turning gray, and deep lines on the expressionless flesh of his face. He was plain beyond imagination.

"Mr. Nyedly," I said, and I introduced myself.

He stood up straight, holding his cane, and answered. The mild, gentle voice fitted perfectly. He smiled blankly. For a moment, I almost wished I was with burned children, who would shed real tears and could be held and comforted.

So it started. There was a fumbling moment when Mr. Nyedly tried to take my arm and I tried to take his and our arms got tangled up. We went to the side door of the law-school building, to which each student is given a key. Mr. Nyedly had a whole ringful of keys, and I stood aside while he felt and tried each key in the lock. Then we went in. I turned on the lights so that I could see, and we walked along a corridor to a lobby between two large, open classrooms, and he sat down on a modern leather sofa, while I pulled one of the desk chairs out of a classroom for myself.

I began to read. Simpson on contracts. I read fifty-four pages that first evening. Out loud. Well, I was the one who said I could read the telephone directory. I still think I could. In a telephone directory you get a name, address, and phone number, all in an orderly sequence. In a lawbook you get nothing but "unless'es, "however's, "if's, "but's, "on the other hand's, examples that contradict other examples, exceptions, and exceptions to exceptions. For instance:

Where, in the case of successive conveyances, there has been a break in the chain of assumption, a conflict of authority exists on the question whether the mortgagee can sue any assuming grantee after the break. To illustrate: C lends money to A and takes A's note and a mortgage on A's land as security. A later sells the land to B, who does not assume the debt but

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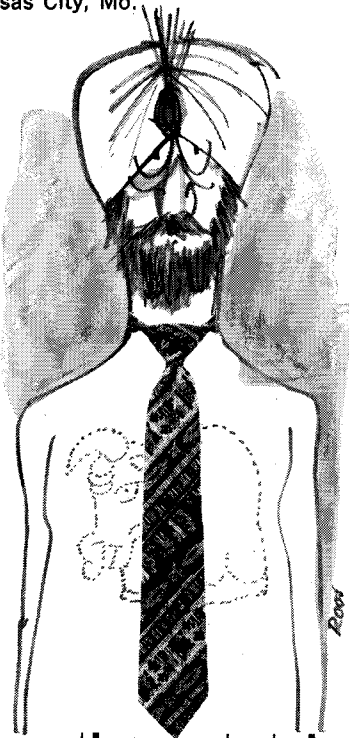
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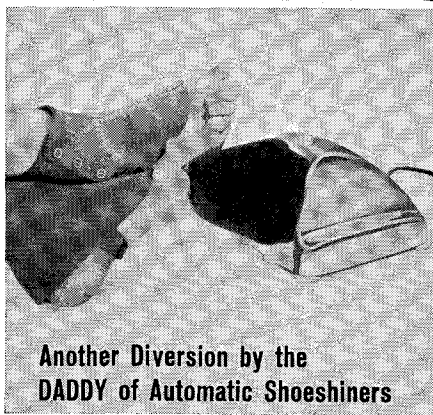
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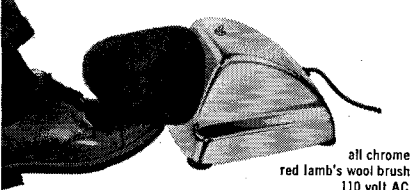
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merely takes the land subject to the mortgage. B sells the land to D by deed containing a covenant of assumption. Can C hold D on his promise to pay the debt? By the minority rule he may not.

Add to that the confusion of each footnote, referring to cases that had to be looked up in the library, on the second floor, with each case referring to at least four or five other cases, and by the time I had read fifty-four pages I was ready to blow my brains out.

Driving home, I thought of how I had been planning to read Whitman's "I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained" to someone. On the seat beside me was that bastard Simpson and a brand-new fifteen-pound law dictionary Mr. Nyedly had purchased. As we took a curve, they nudged me. I groaned. I began figuring how I could get out of it. But I knew I'd have to hang on a decent length of time. A month? A year? Six months? I decided on six months. In the meantime, I thought, maybe Mr. Nyedly would die or give up or flunk out. Happy thought. How in the world could he get anything out of Simpson when I couldn't even understand it looking at it?

I READ to Mr. Nyedly every Tuesday and Wednesday evening, from about five o'clock to seven or eight. We met, as we had the first time, on the front steps of the law-school building and walked together around to the side entrance. The first few times, I stood by while he tried the keys on his ring until he found the right one. After that, he handed me the keys and I unlocked the door. And gradually I took on other chores. Sometimes, toward the last part of the reading, I'd look up and catch him dozing. Then it was time to stop and have a Pepsi. There was a Pepsi machine in the lobby, and at first Mr. Nyedly would go over to it and put the nickels and pennies in, open the bottles, and bring them back. But after a few times he handed me the money and said, "Let's have a Pepsi," and I got them. At first when I went upstairs to the library for the books we needed, he'd go with me and carry some of the books, but it got so he'd sit and wait while I went and brought them down and, after I'd looked up what we needed, took them back. Naturally, doing these little things for Mr. Nyedly, I began to feel protective toward him, and I began figuring out ahead of time how to make things easier for him.

We talked some during our breaks,

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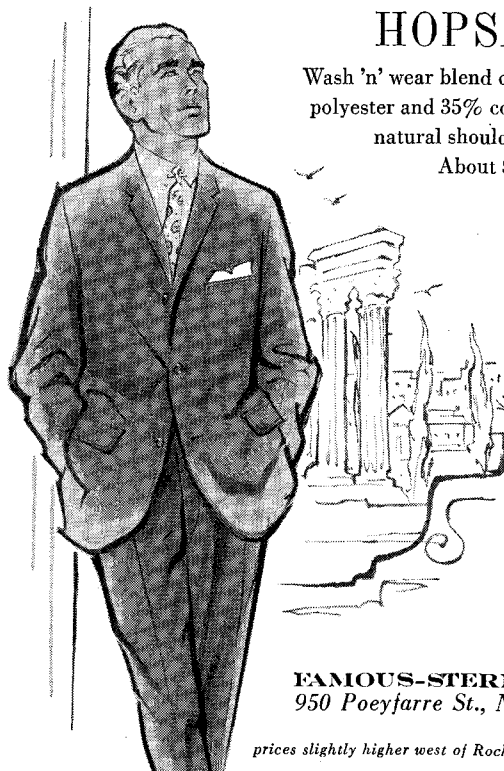
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or at the end of the reading, when I drove him home. He told me he had been blind since he was five years old. He knew a lot of interesting things and had been to a lot of places, and he described things to me the way they had been described to him. Sometimes on the way home, we stopped for coffee, and I'd try to describe the place we were in. I'd say, for instance, "This is nice. There are big windows and there are potted rubber trees standing around. It's very modern," only realizing after I'd said it that the word "modern" would have no meaning to a person who lost his sight at the age of five. After about a month, when I felt I knew him well enough, I asked him if he could remember colors, and if he could see when he dreamed, and a few things like that. He said yes, he could remember colors but they didn't mean anything any more, and that for ten or twelve years he had dreamed seeing things, but it happened very rarely now. I wanted to ask, "How do you live with colors not meaning anything?" but I never could. He had a room at the Catholic Club, and though I didn't ask, I'm sure he had never been married. I often wondered, how do you live completely alone, not being able to love or be loved by anyone? Yet he always seemed serene.

He never said a word during the reading. Sometimes I'd stop and ask, "Did you get that? Do you want me to go back over that part?" And he'd say, "Well, you can go back over that part." But he never stopped me or asked me to go back over anything. If I assumed that he didn't get it, he agreed that he didn't. If I went on and assumed that he did—well, he assumed it, too. He was perfectly agreeable.

Little by little, I found out enough about Mr. Nyedly to know that he would never die or give up. He might flunk, but that wouldn't matter. He'd just take the course again. That's what he'd done in college. It took him nine years to get through college, because he had to repeat some subjects three or four times. I began to have a horror of his flunking his law course even once. I got very strict with him, and began to make him repeat certain passages. We didn't skip over one single word that we didn't know—we stopped and looked it up in the dictionary—and at the end of every chapter I went back over the high points and asked him questions. If he couldn't answer, we went back over the text and figured them out. When the first examinations came, shortly before Christmas, we worked until midnight two

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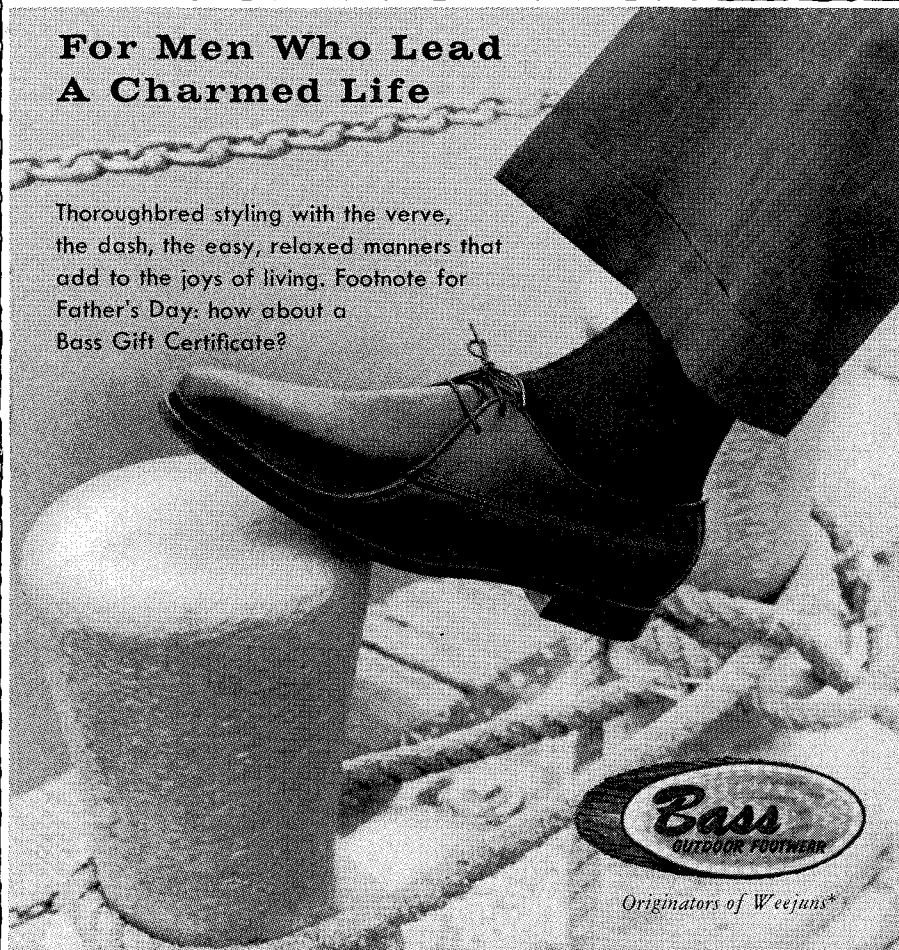
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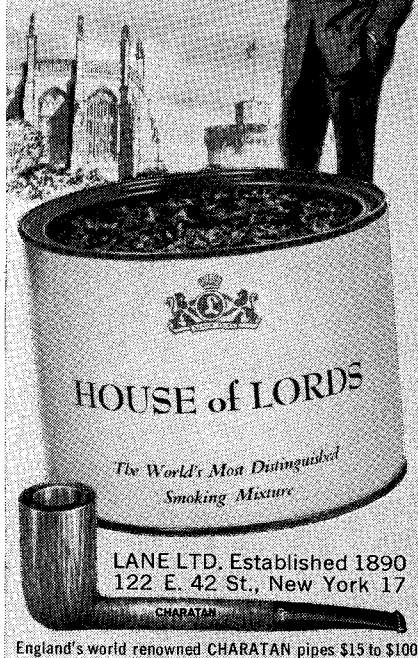
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nights in a row. If he had failed, I think I would have killed him. At least, that's what I told myself. But he didn't fail.

YOU would think that three and a quarter years of reading law would have stuck to me. It didn't, thank God. As soon as a chapter was accomplished, I forgot it. When Ted would ask me a question about something we'd studied, I'd say, "I don't know. I don't remember that part."

"Well, it looks like you could remember some of it."

"No, I don't remember," I'd say. "I don't want to even think about it."

There is frustration enough, I might have said, in reading whole pages and barely understanding a word you're saying, or in coming to the end of a sentence with your voice still up in the air expectantly and having to go back over the sentence and bring your voice down with dishonest finality.

The trouble was that I didn't particularly believe in what I was doing. As I saw it, Mr. Nyedly didn't stand much of a chance as a lawyer unless he could get an exceptional secretary, who could do everything for him. Why, I asked myself, do some people want to be lawyers? There must be saner ways for a blind man to earn a living. And why do some people, when they don't particularly believe in what they're doing, keep doing it anyway? Once, just before we got off the subject of contracts, I woke up in the middle of the night out of a sound sleep and cried. Not for Mr. Nyedly, or even for myself, but just for the unreasonableness of everything.

You might think that something like reading to a blind man three hours a night, two evenings a week, would have its compensations, and it's true that one time, when a neighbor asked me where I went every week carrying that fifteen-pound dictionary, I felt a small glow of self-righteousness. "Oh, that," I said. "I read to Mr. Nyedly."

"Out of a dictionary?"

"No, we read lawbooks, too."

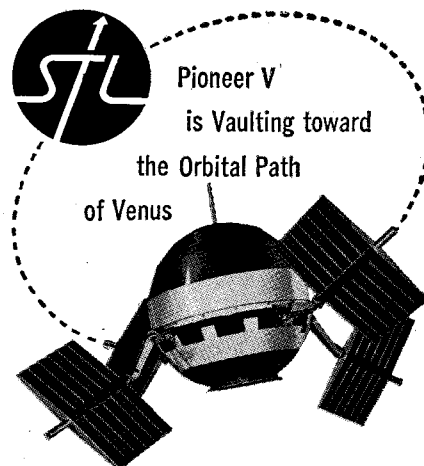
"Why doesn't he read them himself?"

"He's blind."

"Why, I think that's wonderful."

"Oh, it's nothing."

I lied in my teeth. I thought it was something. I didn't know what, but something. She lied in her teeth, too, because in my neighborhood nothing means anything except going to church; you can sweat out your life's blood, but if it's done outside the church it means nothing. Maybe that's one reason



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I kept on when I wanted to quit, even after the six months I'd set for myself; maybe I wanted to out-self-righteous them. The first few months, when I had to turn down invitations for Tuesday and Wednesday nights, I would explain the reason. But I got over that. I began to think of the reading as a sickness or weakness on my part, and after a while I told no one. And I got more and more depressed about it.

It's funny, but the terrible part was never beforehand; I almost always left the house feeling good. It was afterward, driving home, that the depression came over me. I would think, Oh, this is terrible! I can't go through this again. The reason might have been, though this seems a very small reason, that when we went into the building it would be daylight; everything would be bright and golden; there would be a kind of lovely, peaceful glitter, trees blowing, dogs barking, traffic, people walking by—light and aliveness. Then when we came out, everything would be dark. The day would have changed to night. I was always surprised. It never seemed that we had been in the empty law school, away from the world, that long. Suddenly I would realize that to Mr. Nyedly it was dark when we went in; to him there was no change. Each time driving home through the dark, I realized that he was blind. I seemed to have to realize it over and over again.

I WISH I could say that when this ordeal came to its three-and-a-quarter-year end I experienced unexpected pangs of regret, loneliness for the relentless schedule. I can't. I was glad when it was over, and the longer it is over the gladder I am.

I wish I could say that I acquired a new outlook, a new respect for the law. Nothing could be further from the truth. The law tries to be so just that it sometimes isn't fair. No feeling. Nothing but rules, rules, rules. I hate the law.

I wish I could say that Mr. Nyedly is on his way to some pinnacle of achievement. Sooner or later, he confided to me, he wanted to go into politics. Oh dear, he'll get slaughtered. He is such a good, kind man, not very bright. Oh, he learned out of the books fine; that's not what I mean. I mean that he just trudges onward, slow, careful, determined. But surely determination can take you only so far.

Or I wish I could say that reading to him did something to me, brought about some inward change—but other than more frequent headaches and the

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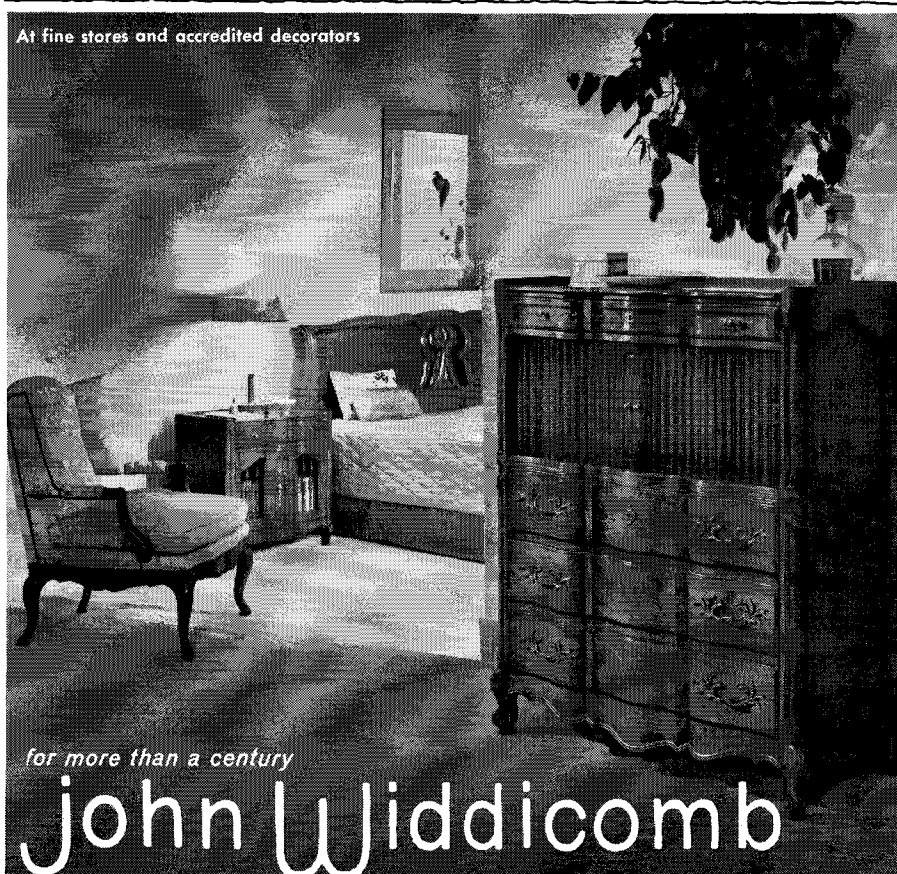
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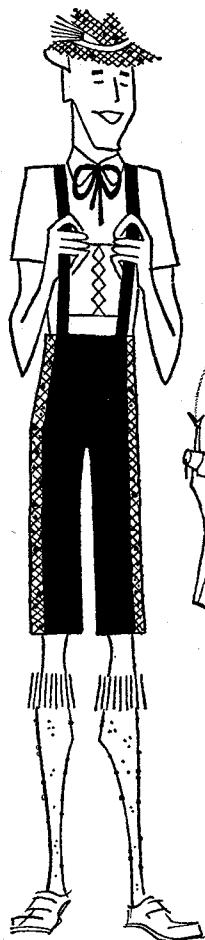
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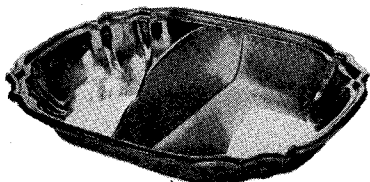
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fact that I am now a chain smoker, I can't think of a thing.

Sometimes I wonder how I would have felt if Mr. Nyedly, in a moment of wild abandon, had destroyed himself. Then I could have wallowed in remorse, wishing my voice hadn't droned on and on, wishing that I had said something especially comforting. I think I did tell him once that he had been able to accomplish so much that it inspired me; it made me realize what could be done if one really tried. But Mr. Nyedly never seemed to need encouragement. That was the maddening thing about him. He never complained. He was always cheerful and complacent. He went right ahead doing what he was doing, that's all. He seemed never to have suffered. Of course, there's no way really to know. He once said that he was lucky to have been blind for so long; in a lot of ways it made it easier to get around, and all. Still, I can't by any stretch of my imagination conceive of him in real despair. How could that be? It isn't a religion or any particular philosophy; it's just him.

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"Yes, but I don't take shorthand," I said. "Besides, I've never been a secretary before."

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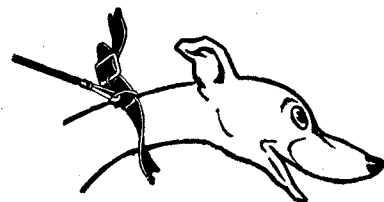
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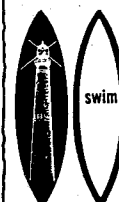


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LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 25



A WEEK ago Monday, which was the day the summit conference opened, the French Communist Party's paper, *L'Humanité*, had a front-page triumph announcing and hailing Sputnik IV, the new

Soviet achievement in remote outer space, which was perfectly timed indeed by the Russians to shed extra kudos and propaganda around the presence here of Premier Nikita Khrushchev for that first Elysée Palace meeting, at which he himself arrived an hour late. *L'Humanité's* presentation of the news consisted of a masterly eye-catching vulgarization of the facts—four black-and-white drawings that showed the world topped by four progressively larger vehicles of earthly transportation, to illustrate the Soviet's growing weight-lifting power for launching its satellites. The first drawing, for Sputnik I, represented a motor scooter, weighing 84.5 kilos, in ascension over our planet; Sputnik II, at 508 kilos, was a *quatre-chevaux* Renault; Sputnik III, at 1,327 kilos, was a Simca Versailles coupé; and Sputnik IV, which weighs 4,500 kilos, was symbolized by a Paris autobus, with the jovial caption "The chauffeur will soon follow." Two mornings later, on Wednesday, with the same front-page triumphant air, *L'Humanité* headlined the latest news, "Eisenhower Has Torpedoed the Conference by Persisting in His Refusal to Condemn the American Policy of Aggression." This was the day when most Parisians and most Western newspapers were saying just the contrary—that Premier K. had done it. It is certainly true that very little took place at this conference (or had time to) except what Khrushchev did—all of it hard and inflexible, as if shaped, set, and stiffened in advance, and all of it destructive, egoistic, Slavic, selfish, braggart, angry, and, in its way, necessarily unofficial. Only his joining in the conference talks could have given the meeting full status, but the price that he demanded of President Eisenhower for his participation could not be accepted. So Premier K. not only prevented the summit from starting but was on hand to close it, and while it lasted he talked more than anyone else, domi-

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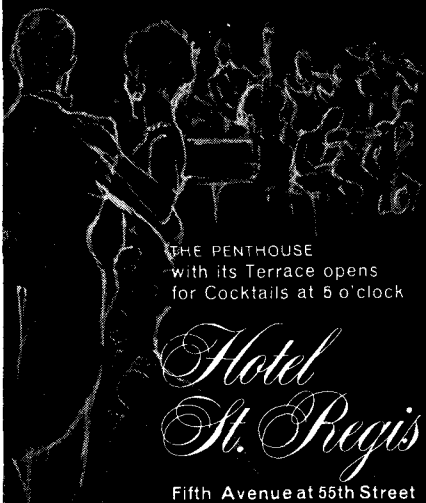


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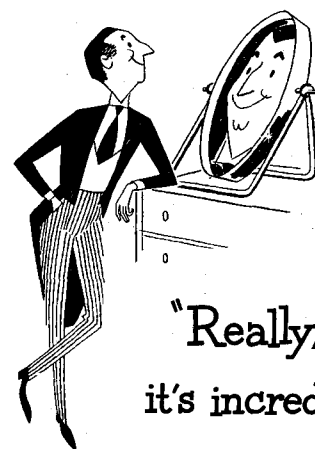
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nated it as no one else could, was its cynosure, its cyclone center, its glowering red star, its frightening comet that for hours on end ran wildly off on its own egocentric course, which seemed the most alarming phenomenon of all.

As an informative quick failure, this was a historic meeting of modern heads of state. Yet almost no sagacious, thoughtful phrases or statements were made during it, such as men who are gifted at thinking about history while it happens around them are prone to produce, furnishing admired quotations for other men later on, or footnotes of reference for other events. The only exception to this dearth of thought and language was, of course, President de Gaulle, though with his special literary talent he spoke almost as a novelist when he described Premier Khrushchev at a certain moment in the Élysée drawing room—a character so suddenly changed in identity and meaning as to belong almost in the realm of Russian fiction. The General was speaking of Khrushchev's having come to him privately there at noon on Sunday for their first meeting, and, after putting on his glasses, formally reading aloud to him in Russian his Eisenhower ultimatum (the General's first inkling of it), which ran to six pages when translated into French, and was entitled "Communication from the President of Council of the Ministers of the U.S.S.R., N. S. Khrushchev, to the President of France de Gaulle." Referring a little later to that strange, almost unbelievable undiplomatic experience in such a diplomatic setting, de Gaulle said of his visitor, "I had met someone at Rambouillet—a certain M. Khrushchev. Today, I received someone else. Or, rather, I received nobody; I received an anonymity. It was he who read aloud." The former personal relationship between host and guest on Khrushchev's previous visit here was now lost in the Élysée Palace struggle between heads of state.

It was the following day, the opening Monday, that Khrushchev, for the only time, joined the three others in a full session at the Palace, appearing there for the sole purpose of once more reading aloud his ultimatum, which he had read to Prime Minister Macmillan on Sunday afternoon and had now come to read to President Eisenhower to his face, adding to its already violent, if formal, denunciations some extra last-minute insults. (According to the Élysée aides, the clumsiness of the Soviet Embassy's translation into French indicated them to be hasty after-

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thoughts.) Because this was the only talk the four had, and because it contained the very essence of why the conference failed, its main elements were published in one or two French papers, constituting the only fascinatingly intimate and decisive portrait of the scene that the French public got news of. One can see the picture plainly—of Eisenhower, “who was not merely angry but furious,” and of Khrushchev, in a loud and red-faced rage about the perfidy of Ike’s U-2 plane, suddenly turning to de Gaulle, as arbiter and host, and crying, “As God is my judge, there is no photographic equipment aboard the new Sputnik IV. It is that U-2 affair that is so diabolical!” To this the President of France replied, with double-edged aplomb, “That is not the only devil we have to exorcise.” Then de Gaulle added factually, so as to bring all his guests back down to earth, “At the present time, a Soviet satellite is passing above us each day in the French sky. Its flyover is at an altitude much greater than that of a plane, but it is flying over us just the same.” This remark was part of a rich, intelligent monologue on the question of *survol*s, or overflights, that de Gaulle delivered himself of that morning in the Élysée, overflights being, as he said, something to be discussed in the framework of disarmament—which, indeed, it had been hoped would be a topic at the full summit discussions. Since President Eisenhower, there in the Élysée salon, had already charged that Khrushchev was “determined to wreck the conference . . . that he came all the way from Moscow to Paris with the sole intention of sabotaging this meeting on which so many of the world’s hopes rest,” it was clear to de Gaulle that the summit had only a few more hours to live. There-



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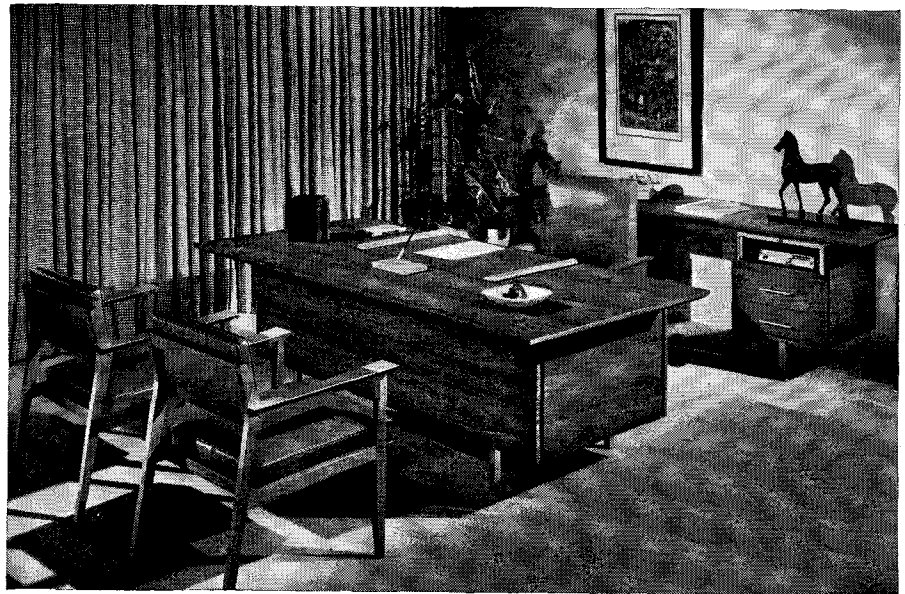
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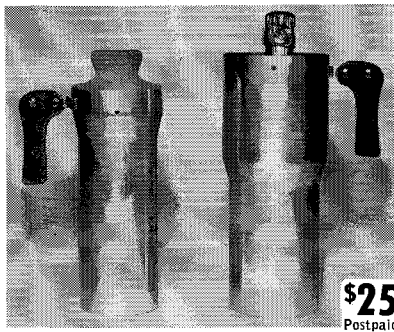
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fore, he spoke for himself on overflights and planes as he might have spoken in a proper summit disarmament discussion. Of the troublesome U-2 flight, de Gaulle said, in part, in his remarkable monologue, "It is the result of international tension between two great countries that have at their disposal the means of tremendous destruction and that are at the same time opposed to each other ideologically. It was this tension that originally furnished the motive for the summit conference—a motive that is now stronger than ever because of the U-2 incident you have just been invoking.... In the present world situation, the overflight of a plane or of an engine, whatever it may be, can be considered a grave element calculated to swell international tension. This overflight, or these overflights by engines or planes, we can envision as becoming more extensive in the future, and what is true about planes in this respect is just as true about satellites.... As time passes, more and more overflights will be flown. They risk becoming a sort of second nature in our universe. In reality, even today all these devices are capable of photographing the territories of all nations, and of horrible destruction as well. It is the duty of all the powers united here right now to consider this question within the framework of general disarmament—as was, after all, originally planned for the conference. If you are willing, France would be disposed to make concrete propositions on this subject, and to make them immediately." There is no report that he had any takers. In the silence that followed, the President of France then suggested that the four delegations take the next day off "for reflection" on what they had all said, or perhaps had not said.

Unwilling to stomach the propaganda, the Paris papers mostly did not bother with the announcements put out by the press section of the Présidence du Conseil de l'U.R.S.S., which was Khrushchev's own press service while he was here. So once more the obsequious *Humanité* came to the rescue in its Wednesday-morning edition, with a "Communiqué Soviétique." It opened by recalling that after Monday's preliminary *rencontre*, President de Gaulle had given "the chiefs of the four great powers in Paris a day for reflection on the statements by the heads of government." The communiqué then continued candidly, "Profiting by this opportunity, the President of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., N. S. Khrushchev, and the Marshal of the

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Soviet Union, R. Y. Malinovsky, undertook an excursion to the village of Pleurs-sur-Marne, a hundred and twenty kilometres from Paris." This was the famous rural escapade that was the joy of the journalists at Khrushchev's heels, with his wood-chopping by the roadside, his shaking hands with every man, woman, and child in the village square, and his giving a lecture—in Russian, of course—to bystanders about how the great Soviet Marshal, only a simple soldier in the First World War, had slept up there in that very Pleurs haymow. And he then went on to hunt up an old woman, still recalled by the Marshal as "young Marie Louise"—and very nice, too—at whose table he ate. In the midst of Khrushchev's "amicable conversations" with these simple people, the Élysée motorcycle messengers traced him down to deliver a message from President de Gaulle saying that an Élysée meeting of the Big Four was being held at three o'clock. So Khrushchev raced back to Paris at a speed that frightened even the pursuing journalists. Then there passed between his Soviet Embassy and the President's Palace an exchange of letters, and even phone calls, as Khrushchev sought to discover whether this meeting was only another "preliminary" conference or an official summit conference. On learning that the conference was official, he explained in a letter that he could not attend "until the government of the United States removes the obstacles that prevent my taking part." So he never appeared. At five o'clock, the three Western leaders adjourned, "because of Khrushchev's attitude." The 1960 Paris spring summit meeting to make the world a surer and calmer place to live in was over.

Officially, the meeting was over, but unofficially it had a prolongation on Wednesday afternoon in the pandemonium of the press conference that Khrushchev held for nearly two and a half hours in the rattletrap Palais de Chaillot, saved for this one sinister last act of hospitality and now to be torn down. The meeting was attended by an audience of about three thousand people, of whom perhaps a thousand had nothing to do with the press but wandered in, without identification, through a back door leading to the art-museum side of the Palais. Still, there were about two thousand journalists, broadcasters, and photographers, from here and from all over the world—the biggest and, on the whole, the most unfriendly aggregation of the working press ever collected anywhere to meet with a great



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nation's leader. This Khrushchev special conference began with the noise and violence of a quasi-riot the moment he suddenly popped into view on the platform with the springy energy and tense gestures of a jack-in-the-box. From the first few rows of seats below him, filled with his selected admirers, there rose a margin of applause, which was immediately drowned by an outburst of cat-calls and whistles from the rest of the overcrowded hall, and boos that made the windows rattle. They seemed to shake Khrushchev, too, probably with surprise, for his face darkened; then, with obvious will power, he smiled and began clapping his hands in applause toward the audience, the way Russian actors do at the beginning and end of a play. It may be that this provides (in part, anyhow) the explanation of what was from then on his long, incredible matinee performance, curiously unreal even while you looked at it and listened to him—truculent, pink-faced, dominant, with fists flailing the air as if it were an enemy, shouting repeated climaxes of words that were all run together, then giving calm spoken asides, like special directions, then shouting again in what even a listener ignorant of Russian could translate as a vocabulary of contempt, invective, insult, and denunciation, punctuated by real anger, especially at first, when he counterattacked those who had booed him and who he seemed to be sure were West Germans, calling them Adenauer's riff-raff who had escaped being laid in three metres of Soviet earth when the Nazis besieged Stalingrad. From that point on, it was a long, demagogic, alarming, and at the same time ludicrous and professional display by the man with surely the greatest personal power of any state leader on our globe. He was asked eleven questions, and in answering them verbosely, regardless of their content, he managed each time to bring in his furious grievance against the United States and its President and its U-2 plane. Yet he finally ended with reasonable phrases, saying—oddly enough, as if he meant it—that the Soviet Union would “continue to adhere to its policy of peaceful coexistence,” telling all the journalists to serve the cause of peace and friendship between nations, and concluding with the French phrase “Vive la paix!” It was all a lengthy, disordered anticlimax to the fiasco of the summit meeting.

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other, we are certainly in hot water") was the way a tough old Paris taxi-driver summed up French opinion on the way things have turned out. Ironically, it was only the extreme unpopularity of Premier K. that restored a certain popularity to President Ike. But what many people here consider the inefficacy and lack of wisdom shown by the White House and Washington, as well as their non-coöperation with our allies in the grave international matter of the U-2 plane, has left the French government and its most alert citizens very troubled. They are deeply worried, to judge by what French officials and the Paris newspapers say, not only about what has just happened but about our national competence generally in its application to Europe. One of the most authoritative political commentators here has just written, "The ability of American diplomacy to be the guide for the Western world will now once again be seriously doubted." General de Gaulle may also have said the same thing in a different way. In convening the first meeting of his Cabinet Ministers since the conference, he called for "an independent, united, and cohesive France"—now, presumably, more necessary than ever. On Tuesday, the last day of this worrying month, which began with the Russian capture of that plane, and which has served to bring down to nearly nothing the hopes that millions of people had for a planned *détente*, President de Gaulle will make a televised speech to the nation on foreign affairs and the causes of the failure of the conference. It will be worth listening to. Then, on June 10th, he will speak to the nation once more on Algeria, where the Moslem elections regarding self-determination are now taking place, and where the war still goes on.

—GENÊT

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BOOKS

False Alarm

IN "Set This House On Fire" (Random House), William Styron has firmly grasped a truth that other writers, by comparison, have only feebly touched upon; namely, that simple curiosity, frequently tickled, will spur the laggard reader over many pages of indifferent prose. His narrator, Peter Leverett, begins by describing, with the aid of a guidebook, the little Italian town of Sambuco. The place was untouched by the war, he says, and slyly adds that perhaps it was this lack of acquaintance with violence that "made the events of that recent summer seem to everyone so awesome and shocking." The death of a friend, Mason Flagg—"especially under the circumstances"—has left him, he says, "quite desperately stunned." Then he tells us, at some length, of the nightmares with which he was afflicted after this experience. We are introduced to his father, who delivers several pages of unexceptionable commonplaces on the loss of the American Dream and the contemporary worship of "the almighty dollar." Next, Peter describes the job he took in Rome with a federal agency, his flat there, and his housekeeper. Lest the reader grow restive during this wandering, largely irrelevant, and generally trivial recital, Peter occasionally lets fall a phrase about the "horrifying mess" in Sambuco and the exposure of Flagg's "shame and guilt to the vulturous limelight."

This old school chum has always fascinated Peter by his wealth, his good looks, his worldly-wise conversation. As another character observes, Mason Flagg was like a gorgeous silver fish in a still pond: make a grab for him, and he has slithered away, and there you are with a handful of water. . . . He was like mercury. Smoke. Wind.

The conversation of this enigmatical man is most urbane. "Hey, Petesy, let's flap off on a wild one!" he cries on meeting the narrator in a bar, and falls around his

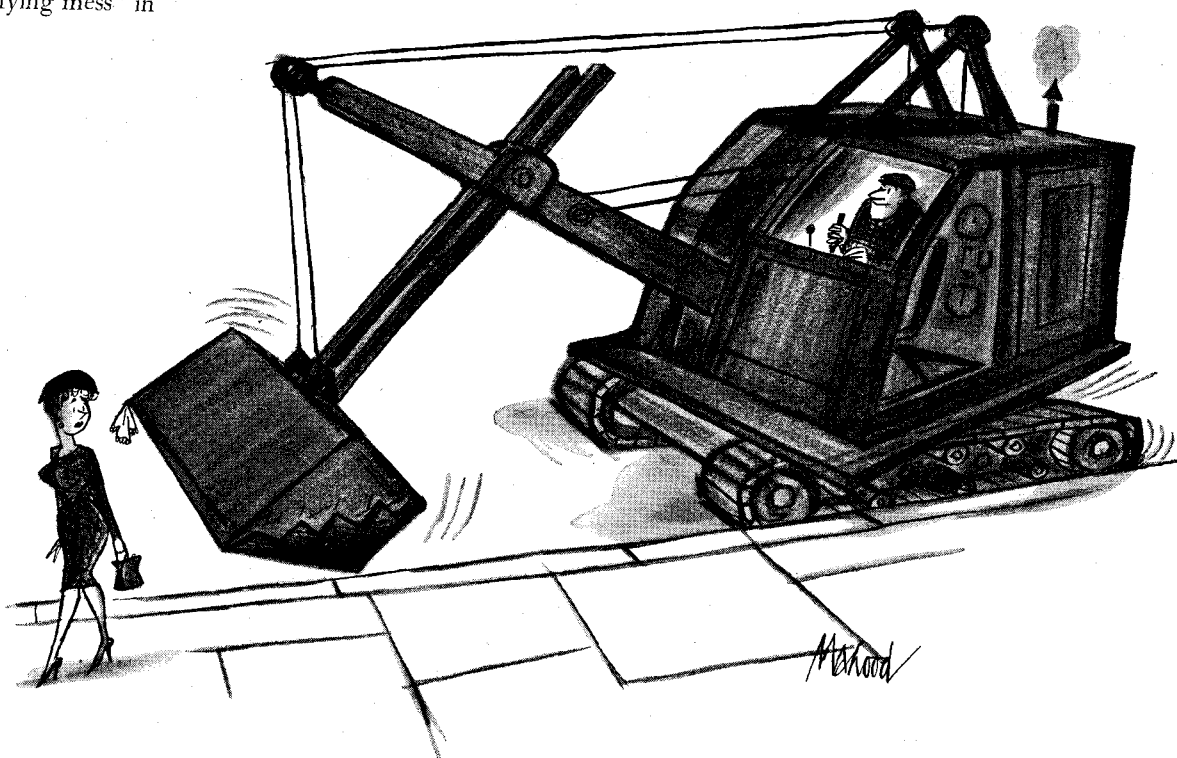
shoulders with "loud hoots of recognition." His experience of life is such that he knows all the dirty words there are, and uses them incessantly. As a flattering mark of his particular favor, he shows Peter his collection of pornography and erotica, at the sight of which young Leverett "could manage only a long, deep-felt whistle." But there is a hint of corruption beneath Mason's sophistication. He smokes marijuana and arranges sexual orgies, to which he never invites his wife. Not unnaturally, she divorces him, and Flagg's note to apprise his friend of the fact attains a tone of purest poignancy: "Weep, weep for Mason and Celia," he writes, "we've gone to Splitsville."

It is at the invitation of this charmer that Peter makes a visit to Sambuco. At once, he senses that something is wrong. The very air is oppressive with heat and pathetic fallacy. He does not glimpse the source of the trouble, however, until he finds Mason, in dressing gown and shower clogs, pursuing a servant girl whom he has just raped. "I had never seen him like this before," Peter ruefully observes, and is further shocked when Mason swears horribly at him. However, the suave cosmopolitan quickly recovers his spirits and gives Peter "a slap of palship on the shoulder," and Peter, melting, "allowed nostalgia and sentimentality to win out." Peter goes to bed

and has another nightmare, which he describes. On waking, he finds the town deserted, sinister. "The silence was appalling." A sense of menace oppresses him. Abruptly, a shrieking woman runs past him "in miraculous slant." His forebodings are increased when he notices that the world seems literally topsy-turvy. (After extracting the utmost in atmosphere from this strange distortion, Mr. Styron meticulously offers a natural explanation: "Suddenly I realized that I had been holding my stiff neck at an angle, causing woman, street, and sky to slant.") At last, he manages to find a townsman to explain the horror, and on this man's face there is an expression so terrified that "for a second I had the insane notion that another world war had begun." Stammering with emotion, the townsman blurts out news of the catastrophe. It seems that Mason's servant girl has been found, ravished and dying, and that Mason himself has been discovered dead at the foot of a cliff.

After such a buildup, one may perhaps be pardoned for thinking this cataclysm rather small potatoes, as cataclysms go.

Having satisfied the reader's curiosity about the tragedy of Sambuco, Mr. Styron immediately introduces another mystery. A young American painter named Cass Kinsolving obviously knows more about the matter than he is telling.





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THE AFFAIR

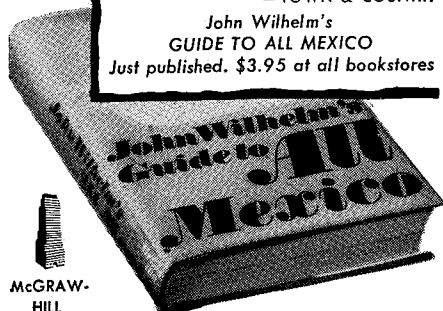
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His manner at the time of the catastrophe is most peculiar, and his comings and goings are suspicious. Peter sets about exploring this mystery. But Cass shares the narrator's gift for postponing explanations. A teasing hint or two is all he will offer until we have endured the story of his life. This takes time, since he has even more nightmares than Peter, and insists on relating them all. Moreover, Kinsolving is a drunkard who neglects his wife and children. Yet there is something fine in him. He, too, thinks of America as the land of the almighty dollar, and he feels a bottomless contempt for people who use Reddi-Wip. Unlike the general ruck of tourists, Cass, with his artist's eye, appreciates the fact that "in winter, Rome can be fabulous and grand." The price of sensitivity, however, is a tormented soul. Because of "some twisted connection or crossed-up circuit between love and hate" in him, Cass finds himself unable to paint. He is none of your delicate weaklings, though. He carefully spices every possible sentence with a manly obscenity. Perhaps it is the rough vigor of his language that makes it impossible to determine precisely what is the matter with his soul.

Like everyone else in Sambuco, Cass had succumbed to Mason Flagg's irresistible charm. And that suave Mephistopheles seized every opportunity to humiliate and degrade him. He even persuaded Cass, while drunk, to dance and sing and act out dirty jokes for the amusement of his decadent guests. But when Mason raped the little servant girl, for whom Cass had also formed an attachment, he went a bit too far. For the painter, we finally learn, bashed Flagg's obscenity head in and threw him over the cliff. He is protected from the consequences of this murder by a friendly policeman, but nothing can protect him from the ravages of a guilty conscience when he discovers that it was not Flagg but the village idiot who performed the second rape. In his anguish at learning that he has killed a man who had committed only one violation of his sweetheart, Cass resolves to give himself up, but he is once more saved by the friendly policeman, who tells him, "*Tu pecchi nell' avere tanto senso di colpa!*" ("You sin in your guilt!") And therefore Cass is to go free, in order to keep him "from the luxury of any more guilt." After mulling this over a little, Cass agrees that it makes sense, and so he returns to America, where he finds it possible to paint once more. His soul is much better.

In the construction of this novel, Mr.

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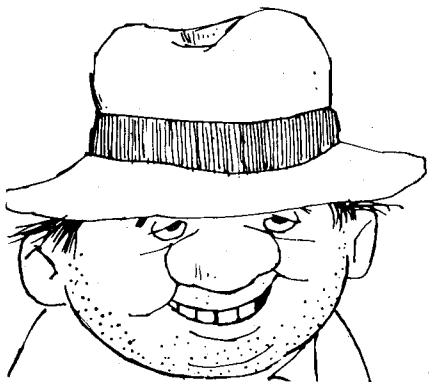
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Styron manages the unusual feat of stimulating the reader's curiosity without ever really arousing his interest. The trouble is that one cannot take the characters at their creator's value. Mason Flagg does not seem a gorgeous silver fish, gleaming with the phosphorescence of decay, but just a stupid lout. The narrator, with his inability to resist Flagg's wholly nonexistent appeal, must be classified as a hopeless fathead. And Cass, with his second-hand opinions on the vulgarity and ugliness of American life, with his tedious and interminable accounts of his nightmares and his drinking jags, raises the unavoidable question of whether he could possibly have a soul worth losing or saving. After a while, one finds it hard to care intensely about what happens to these characters. And then one begins intensely not to care.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CAIN's BOOK, by Alexander Trocchi (Grove). An interesting first novel about a young Scotsman—beat, bisexual, and (more or less) addicted to heroin—who finds both a living and an acceptable asocial attitude as the captain of a sand-and-gravel scow in New York Harbor. It differs from most current unconventional novels in that its unconventionality is wholly below the surface. Mr. Trocchi's ideas (or, rather, his gropings toward the distant glow of ideas) are set down in prose that is always clean and sharp and often ferociously alive with poetry.

A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE, by Peter S. Beagle (Viking). A cold, gentle little fantasy about a Mr. Rebeck, a misfit in the ordinary workaday world, who lives in a cemetery in Yorkchester, New York, and holds conversations with the ghosts of those who are buried there and with a helpful, tough-minded raven, who is his chief friend. The time is the present.

THE SAPBUCKET GENIUS, by Pierre Sichel (Lippincott). Mr. Sichel's long, meandering, lightweight story describes the early struggles and later excesses of a famous American poet, Cheney Gorson, who died at the age of thirty-four. The story is told in the first person by the poet's closest friend, a popular novelist named Paul Ratisbon.

THE PARTY AT CRANTON, by John W. Aldridge (McKay). This novel,

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which is unified, to some extent, by a party that takes place at a university called Cranston, depends, for most of its length, upon allusions to persons, places, situations, circumstances, habits, and jokes that are not known to the ordinary reader. The writing is strained.

THE VIEW FROM THE FORTIETH FLOOR, by Theodore H. White (Sloane). A long and uninspiring novel about the New York publishing world. It deals, in particular, with a company called General American Publishing, whose two big magazines, *Trumpet* and *Gentlewoman*, have faded so drastically in advertising revenue that their survival is a matter of doubt from day to day. At the center of the storm that rages over the twin deathbeds is John Ridgeley Warren, president of the company and chairman of its board, whose determined efforts to save the day singlehanded are recorded in detail. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

FELIX FRANKFURTER REMINISCES, edited by Harlan B. Phillips (Reynal). This book is the result of a series of recorded interviews that Dr. Phillips, a member of the Oral History Research Department of Columbia University, had with Justice Frankfurter in 1953. According to the original plan, the records were to be reserved for scholarly study, and then only after Justice Frankfurter's death. It is hard to understand why, for while there is much of value here, there is nothing that would seem to require the mellowing touch of time. However, since that restriction was eventually discarded, we need only rejoice that the interviews were held. Dr. Phillips's questions are brisk and formal ("What was your relationship to F.D.R. and the New Deal?"), but the answers he receives are relaxed to the point of armchair ease, and full to overflowing. Justice Frankfurter is an inspired Rambler. He rambles from 1896 (when he was William J. Bryan's most ardent knee-pants admirer) to 1939 (when he was appointed to the United States Supreme Court), through City College and Harvard Law School and Washington under Wilson and back to Harvard again, and he recalls, with anecdote and aphorism and the high spirits of an unflagging high heart, the people he met and the events he witnessed along the way. A

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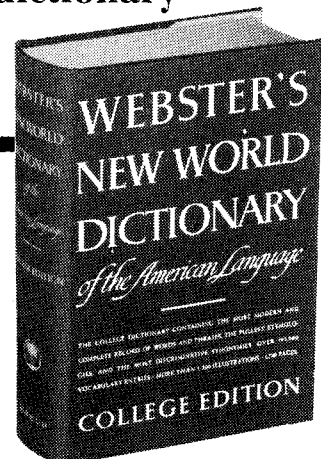
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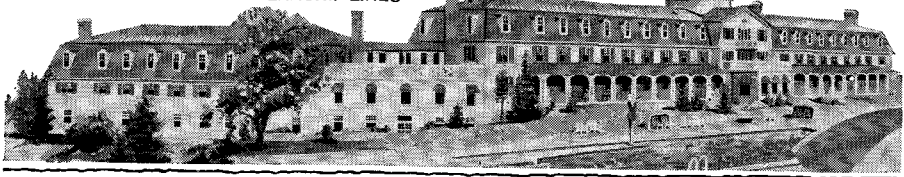
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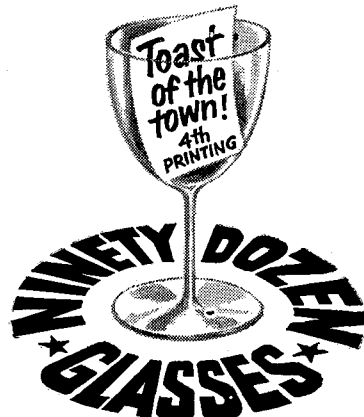
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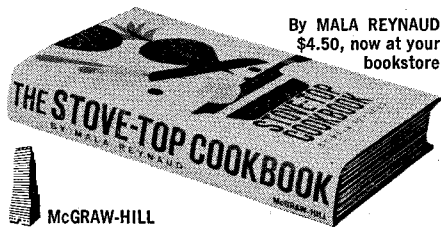


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splendid—and warmly revealing—glimpse of a man whose only self-delusion is that he lacks the power of introspection.

THE GLORIOUS FAULT: THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON, by Leonard Mosley (Harcourt, Brace). This fascinating biography explores the reasons that a paragon who wanted to become Prime Minister of Great Britain didn't. George Nathaniel Curzon (1859-1925) was handsome, well connected, well educated, intelligent, ambitious, and hard-working. He was heir to a small fortune and a baronetcy, and he improved this excellent position by his own efforts: he married two American millionairesses, and he achieved the rank of marquess for his services as Viceroy of India and as a utility man in several Cabinets. But that was as far as he got. Mr. Mosley believes that Curzon's icy parents collaborated with a sadistic governess and a bullying schoolmaster to form a character at once arrogant and naïve—insensitive to the needs of other men and unaware of other men's capacities for skulduggery. The author tries to do his subject justice by pointing out that Curzon's achievements were as remarkable as his errors, and, indeed, some of them were. All the same, Americans, who start electing class presidents in grade school, will immediately recognize Curzon as the kind of man or boy who is never chosen *primus inter pares*, because he so evidently cares so little for his peers.

THE DEATH OF AFRICA, by Peter Ritner (Macmillan). An exceptionally useful book, crammed with valuable information and good reporting, and written with vigor and sensitivity. Mr. Ritner, a young American journalist, visited all of Africa south of the Sahara, a land that is dying because it has very little fertile soil. Europeans have taken the best acreage and have forced once nomadic tribes to settle on infertile patches that can't feed them. These people's pathetic attempts to grow something to eat make bad soil worse, and, as a result, most African Negroes are starving. In the Union of South Africa, Mr. Ritner says, half of the Negroes die before they reach the age of sixteen. In the Rhodesias, the average annual income of Negroes is thirty-five dollars. Hunger drives the Africans to work in cities and in mines. They still don't get enough to eat, and they are harassed and, in

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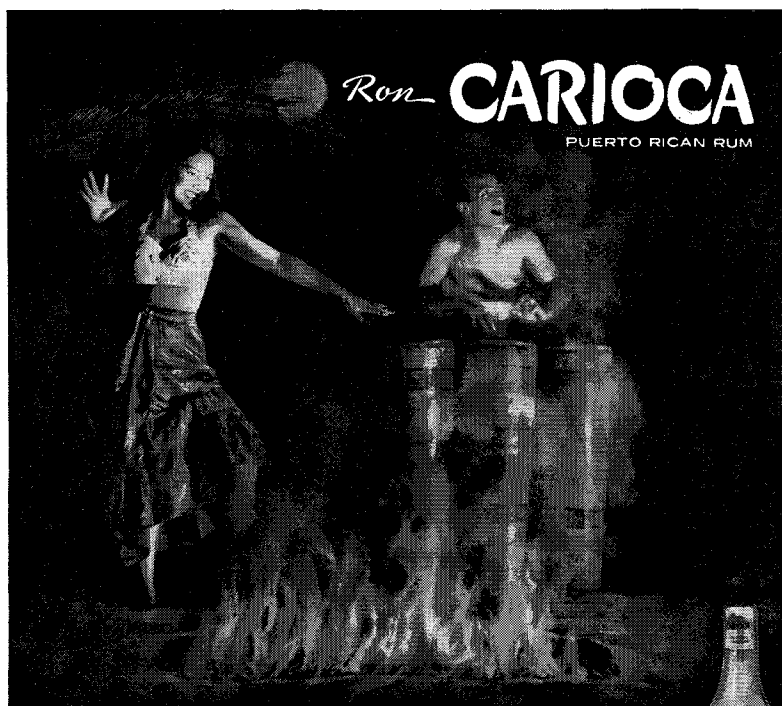
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some places, tormented by the white men who profit by their cheap labor. Mr. Ritner discusses all the African countries—sovereign states, colonies, members of the English and French international communities—separately, since they all have slightly different problems. Most of Africa, he thinks, can be revived by American help, and he recommends that we immediately start sharing our agricultural surplus with hungry Africans. Next, he proposes, the United States should invest soon and heavily in Africa, spending enough money to dam rivers, build industries, restore the soil, and train Africans to lead themselves. (So far, the United States has done almost nothing for Africa; our whole investment—public and private—in the continent is about 1.4 billion dollars, which is just what the federal government gave Formosa between 1945 and 1957.) Mr. Ritner believes that Africa can become a profitable market for practically everything America has to sell, but he fears that if Africa is not helped, her fate will be “Chinification,” a word he has coined to describe a combination of domestic misery and international menace.

THE SPEARHEADERS, by James Altieri (Bobbs-Merrill). A vivid, high-spirited, boyish book about the author's fighting career in the United States Army. In 1942, Mr. Altieri was an underemployed enlisted man stationed in northern Ireland and wondering whether he would ever see action. Late that spring, the Army began organizing a Ranger outfit, and Altieri, confident that this was the road to combat, volunteered. He went through appallingly harsh training in northern Scotland, where the Americans learned the foundations of organized guerrilla warfare from British Army Commandos. Then his unit—known as Darby's Rangers, for its commanding officer, William O. Darby—met still harsher tests in the campaigns in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. Before they were destroyed as an effective force on the Anzio-Salerno beachhead, Darby's battalions fought some desperate engagements and invented some combat techniques that the Army still uses. Mr. Altieri's pride in the Rangers, who took terrifying risks to win dazzling victories, is bumptious but understandable.

REFLECTIONS OF AN ANGRY MIDDLE-AGED EDITOR, by James A. Wechsler (Random House). As editor of



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the New York *Post*, Mr. Wechsler does a good deal of pondering on the paramount issues of the day, and in this book he tells us some of the fearless conclusions he has reached. Segregation, he believes, is odious. Nuclear tests are risky. Our foreign policy is unsatisfactory. The younger generation is apathetic. Most American newspapers are insufficiently critical of the Eisenhower administration. The liberal spirit in the United States is flagging. He also tells us why—perfunctorily, humorlessly, and all but inarticulately.

THE EDGE OF OBJECTIVITY: AN ESSAY IN THE HISTORY OF SCIENTIFIC IDEAS, by Charles Coulston Gillispie (Princeton). A brilliant study of the development of the natural sciences from Galileo to Einstein, tracing, in particular, the growth of scientific objectivity. The sciences, as Professor Gillispie points out, have been describing the world with increasing accuracy; at the same time, they have become independent of such disciplines as theology, ethics, and politics, which set norms for human behavior or express human wishes. The separation has been painful to some believers (like the Soviet geneticist Lysenko, who wanted plants to breed according to Marx), but Gillispie feels that it has been good for science. He writes briskly (his direct style is reminiscent of Aristotle, a thinker he doesn't much admire), and he makes subtleties seem simple.

BORN FREE, by Joy Adamson (Pantheon). The author and her husband, a game warden in Kenya, adopted an orphaned lion cub, named her Elsa, and raised her as a pet, trained to walk on a leash and obey commands. When Elsa was old enough to want a mate, the Adamsons painstakingly taught her how lions get along on their own and released her in the bush country of Kenya. Elsa has made a happy adjustment—she has produced her first litter—but she hasn't forgotten the Adamsons, who, like parents visiting a summer camp, look in on her from time to time (they fire a gun and she comes running), and enjoy brief sessions of affectionate pussycat play—purring, rubbing, snuggling, and restrained paw-patting. (As far as science knows, Elsa is the first large carnivore brought up by human beings who has survived liberation.) Mrs. Adamson's book, an intimate record of a lion's development, aptitudes, and outlook, ful-



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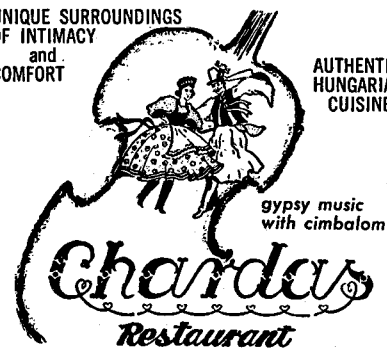
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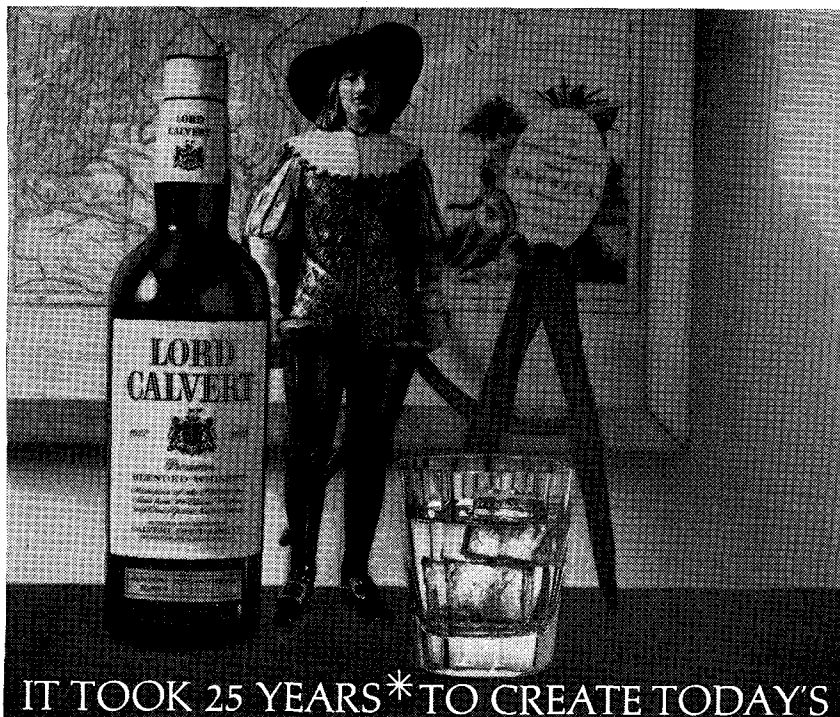
fills the irrepressible human dream of entering into wild nature. Elsa, gay and loving, and the Adamsons, patient and perceptive, are model feline and human characters, ideal figures in a Peaceable Kingdom. Entrancing photographs.

TRUTH AND OPINION, by C. V. Wedgwood (Macmillan). Thirteen essays and lectures by perhaps the ranking contemporary authority on seventeenth-century England. The collection includes a polished appraisal of Gibbon as well as several oblique but arresting glimpses of the period in which the author is most at home. Its interest largely derives, however, from a series of pieces in which Miss Wedgwood mounts, discusses, and demonstrates, with considerable verve, the history student's essential relationship to both the scientist and the literary artist.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S GUIDE TO HUMB-BUG, by C. E. Vulliamy (Eriksson-Taplinger). A wholesome and highly diverting ramble, set in the form of a Socratic dialogue, through the accumulated nonsense (self-seeking or self-deluding) of the ages—particularly, since the author is English, that of the English-speaking world. We are invited to enumerate the admirable qualities of dogs, children, and the aged, and to extract the possible meaning of such phrases as "The British (or American) Way of Life," "The Dignity of Labor," and "Property-Owning Democracy." In conclusion, Mr. Vulliamy propounds an instructive general law: "Ignorance grows in proportion to knowledge." Introduction by C. Northcote Parkinson.

THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, VOLS. I and II, edited by James Franklin Beard (Harvard). These two volumes begin with Cooper's boyhood and continue through his marriage, his success as a novelist, and his protracted visit to Europe. The edition is an impressive scholarly achievement, and it is a pity that the man it reveals so intimately, though an interesting figure in our literary past, is humorless, snobbish, opinionated, and contentious. Twenty dollars.

TURKEY, edited, with notes and commentaries, by Robert Mantran (Viking). It is difficult to categorize this book precisely. It contains a little of everything—photographs (including some three hundred excellent black-and-white studies by the French photographer Yan), reproductions of



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GREEN FOR AMETHYST

Emily Dickinson, the Nineteenth-Century New England recluse, wrote a poem about holding a jewel in her fingers, falling asleep, and waking to find it gone, leaving only "an amethyst remembrance." She was unconcerned about the value of her loss in terms of money and cared only about its value as the stuff of poetry.

Most people can't afford to be so casual about their valuables. So they're likely to take great care to keep these valuables where no burglar can steal them and where they can't simply disappear, as Emily Dickinson's jewel did. But too often they forget to provide protection for that most valuable valuable of all, money, against the subtlest thief of all, inflation, which robs money of its purchasing power.

If you have surplus cash tucked away in a strongbox somewhere, safe from burglary but not from loss of buying power, why not plant it where it has a chance to grow? Why not invest in good common stocks and give it the opportunity of holding its own against inflation? Remember that money is the seed of money, but it must be planted in favorable soil and climate if it is to sprout and blossom and bear fruit.

Emily Dickinson may have been willing to accept "an amethyst remembrance," but why should you settle for just the memory of your money's purchasing power? A green remembrance may be better than nothing at all, but better still is a sufficiency of the green stuff itself. Agreed?

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art works, architectural plans of mosques and monuments, many maps (including guides to Hittite, Turkish, and Greco-Roman antiquities), a three-page chronology of leading events in that part of the Middle East, a genial orienting essay by Lord Kinross, drawings of native costumes, and comprehensive histories of Ankara, Byzantium, Istanbul, and Cappadocia. Taken as a whole, it would serve as an admirable guide for the tourist. The only trouble is that it is too big to carry around (it is roughly the size of a dictionary), too handsome to take out of the house (it is beautifully bound, and each of its several sections is printed on paper of a different color), and too expensive (fourteen dollars) for any such functional purpose.

EUROPE FROM THE AIR, by Emil Egli, translated from the German by E. Osers and with an introduction by Salvador de Madariaga (Wilfred Funk). Some two hundred aerial photographs—several in excellent color—that combine to form a kind of geophysical portrait of the "little promontory off Asia" (in Mr. de Madariaga's phrase) whose inhabitants have largely shaped the history of the world since the fifteenth century. Man is wholly absent from Mr. Egli's study, but the natural forces that furthered his rise in Europe (the ubiquitous sea, the many rivers and their salubrious open valleys and deltas, the easily skirted mountains) and the uses he has made of that endowment (the port cities, the upland villages, the bridges and fields and mines and land-reclaiming dikes) are gloriously on view—vivid, provocative, and, in the context of the author's purpose, definitive. Fifteen dollars.

Shirley MacLaine is a composite of every animal in the jungle. She can be a doe, a panther, a monkey or even a racehorse at the drop of a hat. She's the only woman since Carole Lombard to give me that impression.—*Edith Head, Hollywood designer, quoted in the Journal-American.*

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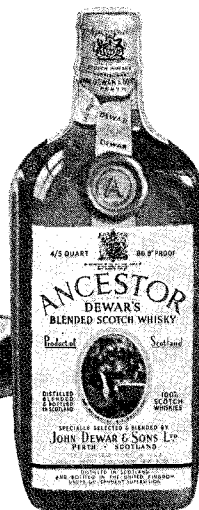
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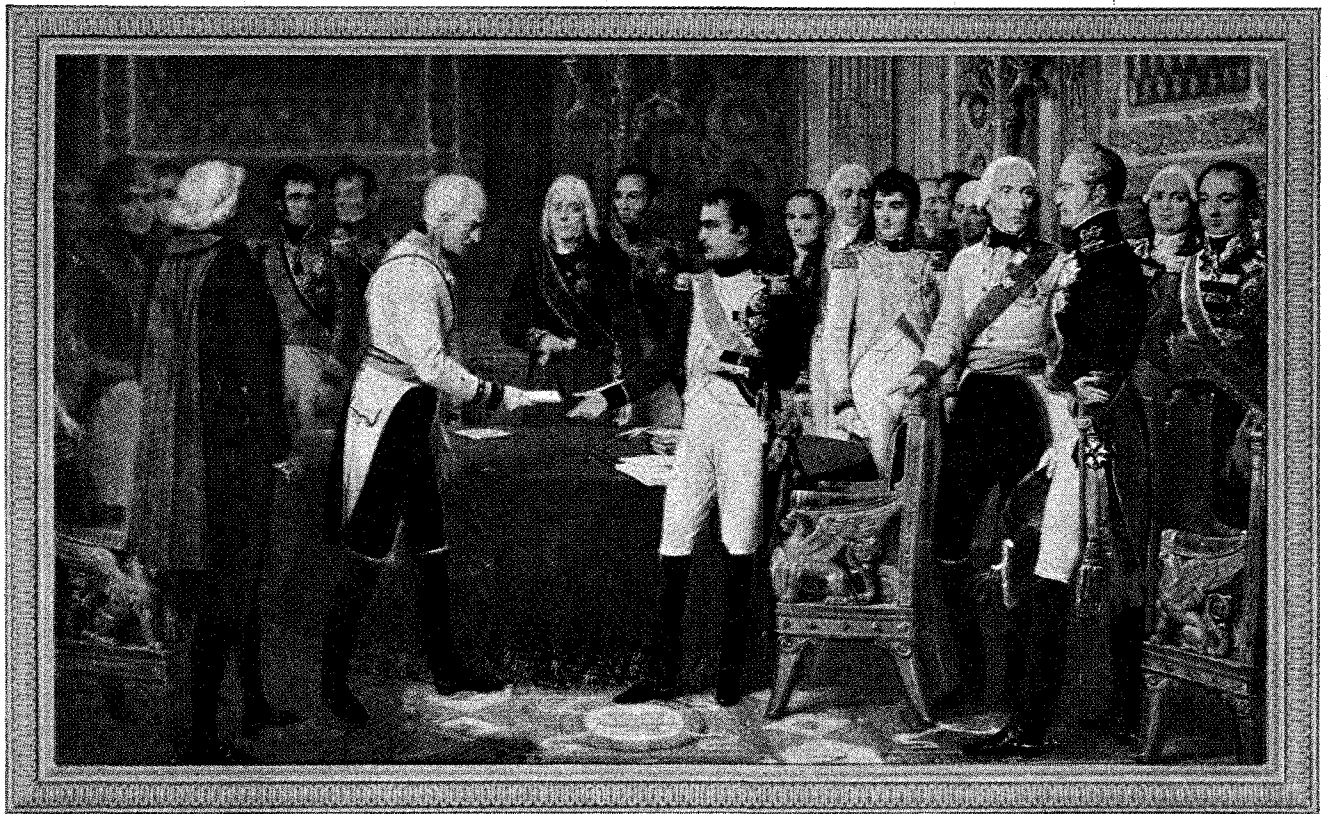
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